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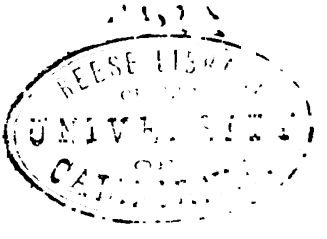
VOICES

OF

THE TRUE-HEARTED.



Whose hearts have a look southward, and are open
To the great noon of Nature. FESTUS.

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TO

THE LOVERS OF THAT TRUTH AND BEAUTY WHICH SHALL EXALT MEN TO A HIGHER LIFE,

THIS VOLUME,

—ALTHOUGH WRITTEN BY THOSE WHO, BECAUSE THEY WERE HUMAN, OFTEN ERRED; AND EVEN IN THE PIECES HEREIN COLLECTED DID NOT APPROVE THEMSELVES PERFECT,—

25086

IS DEDICATED,

IN THE HOPE THAT ITS GOOD MAY LIVE FOR EVER, AND ITS EVIL DIE WITH IT.

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POEMS BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch—
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest—
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to *act*, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

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ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumberiug eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings
An angel touched its quivering strings,
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O, no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

REFORM.

A new year of labor has begun in the stillness of winter. In the moral world, however, the fields are ever white for the harvest, and the reaper has only to put in the sickle, and do his part towards the great in-gathering. There are no seasons of repose to the reformer. It is ever, with him, seed-time and harvest. Though the seed he scatters broadcast over the world, is invisible to the unanointed eye, it is still a reality—the only reality—for that seed is truth. It becomes him ever to be ready, with his loins girded, and his seed in his hand, to go abroad, scattering the unseen, but almighty germs of happiness. Much discouragement and disheartening will he meet with from a froward and perverse generation—because they look still for an outward redemption, for an earthly Messiah. The evils of outward condition absorb their sight. They scoff at, and belie, and, it may be, crucify him who would draw them from their physical bondage, by the mighty

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VOICES

OF

THE TRUE-HEARTED.

No. I.

So loud and long have the multitude chaunted the glory of low pleasures, that the voices of true-hearted men have scarcely been heard in the world's chorus. Now and then, in the interludes of passion, when a holy calm has fallen upon the spirits of all,—when the pestilence has walked at noon-day, or the power of the Most High has been otherwise vividly shown,—Truth and Holiness seemed to bear some sway in the souls and words of men. But again came the old passion:—again the old chaunt arose from city, hill-side, and valley-depth; and again the voice of God in the soul, and the voices of true-hearted men were unheeded; or, if some fragments of them were caught, heeded only to be derided by those whose spirits grovelled in the dust, and knew not how glorious was the love and beauty of the Most High.

One there was, ages ago, who amid scoffing—loneliness of heart—peril—death—spake out the pure truth as he received it from the Father. His was no wreath of flowers awarded by men to the noblest. And as to him was awarded a crown of thorns,—to those whose voices joined with his for love and truth, in defiance of form—custom—selfishness, like crowns were given; and soldiers who enlisted in works of darkness,—Pharisees trailing about long texts on their garments, but not in their hearts,—Sadducees living only for the present,—and the fickle mob, shouted in derision, and spit upon them, and crucified them in not less fearful Golgothas than that of old.

But danger never stifled truth. In all ages some brave men have been raised up, true lovers of God, who lived only in Him, whose only fear was to neglect His will,—men who could bear the taunt calmly, who could joy in the tortures of the Inquisition, who could give up home, and parents, and children, and wife for Truth's sake. These men reasoned and exhorted and rebuked by the way side,—at the social gathering, public feast, and solemn meeting—unawed by the presence of the self-righteous or open scoffer; and wrought their good works, until *many* hearts beat—not for praise—not for wealth—not for power—not for showy learning, but—for the pure truth spoken by Jesus, and now uttered by God in every spirit willing to heed it.

On, on, on!—The voices grew as time rocked the zephyr into the hurricane. The strong soul poured forth glorious thoughts. Men became habituated to the idea and practice of high truth. The possibility of change for the better was acknowledged. Glory to God rang abroad over the earth—Io Pæns, unlike the foul praises that were wont to be offered up.

Some of the words of these lovers of the All-True, or echoes of them, have fallen upon my ear, and stirred up within me such free born thoughts and craving for true purity, that I cannot forbear to scatter them still more widely over the earth. Reader! they are seeds borne upon the untrammeled breezes of thought into every open heart—into thine, if thou wilt. Keep them there, and nurture them. Love them as a maiden loves the sweet flowers that grow beneath her eye,—yea, love them infinitely more—and they shall impart rich fragrance to thy whole nature, and endow thee with strength, not only in the life-giving morning, and quiet moonlight even-time, but in the heat and trial of the day, when not only a truth-loving but truth-acting heart is required of thee to do nobly thy devoir as a man and a Christian.

Joyfully—oh joyfully, let us look forward to the time when the world's chorus shall be battle-cries for the right,—when blood-stained fields, with all their pomp, shall be only heard of as a tale of evil days long gone,—when wealth and birth shall no more be esteemed,—when love shall be pure, not sensual,—when all shall seek their neighbor's good, and the good of all mankind, as they now seek their own. Joyfully let us look forward, and with no craven heart speed the good work.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 8th, 1844.

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EXCELSIOR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath!
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch—
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior.

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star!
Excelsior!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest—
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returneat,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to *act*, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the glorious Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of all great men remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Stil achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

REFORM.

A new year of labor has begun in the stillness of winter. In the moral world, however, the fields are ever white for the harvest, and the reaper has only to put in the sickle, and do his part towards the great in-gathering. There are no seasons of repose to the reformer. It is ever, with him, seed-time and harvest. Though the seed he scatters broadcast over the world, is invisible to the unanointed eye, it is still a reality—the only reality—for that seed is truth. It becomes him ever to be ready, with his loins girded, and his seed in his hand, to go abroad, scattering the unseen, but almighty germs of happiness. Much discouragement and disheartening will he meet with from a froward and perverse generation—because they look still for an outward redemption, for an earthly Messiah. The evils of outward condition absorb their sight. They scoff at, and belie, and, it may be, crucify him who would draw them from their physical deliverance, by the mighty

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leading of great principles. What they do not see with their eyes, they cannot receive. Their faith in the unseen God, is but traditional, and not vital. He is an unknown God to them as much as he was to the scoffing Atheniana. They do not believe in the soul, but in the body. Motion is to them volition—action is thought—meeting-houses are religion—state-houses are government. They do not look behind the shows and forms with which the world is filled, and discern the secret principles which they outshadow. This it is that makes the path of the reformer hard. He is misunderstood. His method is not comprehended. The connection between his means and his ends is not perceived—and men say, he hath a devil and is mad. But, still, he hath his reward. The veil is lifted from his eyes, in degree as he is true and worthy, and he sees the secrets of the machinery in the midst of whose operations he lives. He discerns the causes of its disarrangements, and how it is that a Divine contrivance for the happiness of mankind, has become perverted to their misery and wo. He sees that no half measures are of any virtue. False and disturbing principles have been introduced which destroy the harmony of the machine, and make it produce results the opposite of the Inventor's design. Nothing can repair the ruin but the removal of the disturbing forces, and the restoration of the true motive power. To this work he applies himself, and proclaims aloud the error which has obtained, and the remedy for it. He heeds not the sneers of the faithless, nor the doubts of the timid good. He knows that he has an omnipotent engine in his hands, which, though he may not live to see the day, will rectify the disordered frame of things, and reduce the chaotic scene to order and beauty.

How few there are who truly perceive the omnipotence of a principle! How is the true life concealed by its visible manifestations! And yet can there be anything more apparent than that principles of Truth are all that is conservative and recuperative in the world? And that the dissemination and true reception of these principles. are the only means by which abuses can be reformed? And yet men will look at Presidents, and Congresses, and Courts, for the help which they themselves alone can give themselves. Outward victory—the ascendancy of this or that party—the predomination of this or that sect—is regarded as the sign of reform and of progress. And yet, how continually has disappointment been written on every page of history that has recorded such triumphs! As wise were the fanatic reformers who destroyed miracles of art and of architecture, thinking that thereby they exterminated Popery—or the republican zealots who rifled the sepulchres of St. Denys, and scattered to the winds the ashes of a hundred kings, as an additional bulwark of freedom. It is by slow degrees, and difficult experience, that the world grows wise—for, by a strange infirmity, it is apt to look upon the old errors and sins of the past, as precedents to be followed, rather than as warnings to be shunned. But it will yet grow wise, and learn the things that pertain unto peace.

This has ever been the process of reform, as far as it has yet effected the interests of mankind. A single mind perceives a truth, which had been before hidden from men's eyes—because they would not see it. He that has perceived the truth, states it. The mass of men reject it and him. Perhaps they persecute him to strange cities, or even unto death itself. Whatever be the form in which men revenge themselves upon those who disturb them in their hereditary slumbers, in the particular age in which he lives, he is sure to endure it. But almost from the very first, there are some minds to which the new truth commends itself, as a newly-discovered part of their own being, and these cluster around the original truth-founder. Perhaps they but imperfectly understand its meaning and the extent of its bearing; but according to their capacity, they are filled with its power. From them the circle widens and widens till it embraces within its ring a sea, or perhaps, an ocean. This was the truth which Christ shadowed forth in the parables of the grain of mustard seed, and of the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal. And how strong an illustration does his own mission furnish of this growth of reform! Even his disciples, during his life, and even after his death, but imperfectly comprehended his doctrine. And what lies have been extorted from it, from that day to this! What streams of human blood has the Prince of Peace been made to shed! Of what abominations has he not been made the patron and the founder. The world is but little in advance of his contemporaries in the reception of the great truths which he perceived and stated. But still there are some minds which do begin to discern with a perfect vision the laws of the soul, and to recognize their Divine beauty and almighty power. The circumstances of the times are in many respects favorable to their more general reception. The great doctrine of the equality and brotherhood of mankind is now, in this country at least, universally acknowledged, though in but too many instances with lying lips. This great idea is becoming more and more practically familiar to men's minds. Gross physical persecution is almost obsolete. The right of free inquiry and discussion is admitted by almost all lips, though denied by many hearts, and still obstructed by inveterate prejudice, spiritual tyranny, and sometimes by popular violence. The old ideas are losing their hold upon men's minds, and the institutions that stand for them are tottering to their foundations. Men are looking about them for some surer foundation on which to build their hopes, and some will be found ready to embrace the only ground of truth. A state of moral

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movement prevails, which is the atmosphere in which reform takes deepest root, and sheds forth its most vigorous branches. These are hopeful days for the reformer. Let him not allow the appointed time to pass by unimproved.

And let not his soul be troubled because his progress seems to be slow. The generation in whose ears he first utters the unwelcome message may refuse to receive it—but how soon it melts away, and another reigns in its stead! At first, it seems almost impossible to produce any impression upon the unbelieving multitudes in the high places and in the low places. But by the gradual, but mighty, process of nature, the world is by degrees filled with new life, and the old passes silently into the sepulchre of the past. The mighty men who seemed to fill up the whole field of vision now, whither will twenty years bear them away? Whence have come the new multitudes which throng this breathing world, that were but just born into time a score of years since? What a change has come over men's minds in the quarter century that has passed over the world since Napoleon shook the scene! With new minds come new ideas—and with new ideas, will, in due time, come a new world. What a change will twenty years make in the aspect of the anti-slavery movement, for example, should chattle slavery endure so long! Where will be Webster, and Tyler, and Clay, and Calhoun? Where will be the troops of honorable and reverend asserters of the divinity and inviolability of the peculiar institution? They will be all gone, and their places will be filled by a race taught in other schools. So with respect to the systems of violence with which the earth is filled. The pillars of these systems will have fallen. Younger minds, pervaded with new views, will succeed them, and by degrees the institutions of society will conform to the changed current of men's minds. Mighty revolutions will be achieved without a blow, and freedom and happiness purchased without the price of bloodshed and misery. The leaven will change the mass of society just as fast and as far as its virtue pervades it. Nothing can retard the progress of this peaceful revolution—for its theatre is the unseen soul. Its battles are there fought and won. It is from thence that its triumphal movements, which are to be seen in the outward world, are projected. In this revolution of thoughts and opinions, we must all needs take a part, whether we will or no. It rests with ourselves to decide whether our part shall be magnanimous or pitiful—whether our efforts shall be directed to spread or retard the coming triumph.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade—
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.

What though the summer day
Passes at eve away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?—
"Bright things can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Phœbus, though *he* pass by,
Leaves us his light.

Kind words can never die—
Spoken in jest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye—in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
"Kind words can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float on the memory
E'en to the last.
Many a happy thing—
Many a daisied Spring,
Flown on Time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away,
"Childhood can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die—
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream,
In the lone glade.
Yet though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy—
"Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade."

A CHRISTIAN COLONY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The highest gifts my soul has received, during its world-pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I particularly remember a hard-working, uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me that he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years

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before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbors; and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other's houses, to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then no anti-slavery societies; but thus taught, and reverently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency, to discover that it was wicked to enslave. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes, and non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to His influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

Rich in spiritual culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens; they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, 'You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good.' Lawyers came into the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, 'We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist.' 'What will you do, if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvests?' 'We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency.'

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damages as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, 'Neighbour, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk.'

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, 'Don't throw that stone Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you would be ashamed to throw stones at *their* chickens.' Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance, beyond their neighbours, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologized, when he took their hard earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied, ''Tis a bad trade friend. Examine it in the light of conscience and see if it be not so.' But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price; which at that time was $1.25 per acre. But the fever of land-speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom, or equity, would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five and thirty dollars an acre. The Christian colony had small hope of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of those facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed, with grateful surprise, that their neighbours were everywhere busy among the crowd, begging and expostulating:—'Don't bid on *these* lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighbourhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on *their* lands. Let them go at the government price.

The sale come on; the cultivators of the soil offered $1.25, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, *not one bid over them!* Without an opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence, I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. 'What would you do,' said I, 'if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?' 'We

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would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother.' 'Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun by them?' 'Such characters would either reform or not remain with us. We should never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty, but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them.'

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed labourer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, money is not wealth.—*Letters from New York.*

The following beautiful poem is from the December number of Blackwood's Magazine It is a noble picture of that sublime old man, who, sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of friends, still held fast his heroic integrity, rebuking with his unbending republicanism the treachery, and cowardice, and servility of his old associates. He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth; he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the feet of the shameless, debauched, and unprincipled Charles the Second, crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forswearing at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends. Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting place, for even in death the effeminate tyrant hated and feared the conqueror of Naseby and Marston Moor. Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves. He was left alone in age, and penury, and blindness; oppressed with the knowledge that all his pure heart and free soul abhorred, had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern, old republican remained to the last unbroken, realizing the truth of the language of his own Samson Agonistes.

> ——"Patience is the exercise
> Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
> Making them each their own deliverer
> And victor over all
> That tyranny or fortune can inflict."

True, the overwhelming curse had gone over his country. Harlotry and atheism sat in the high places, and "the caresses of wantons and the jest of buffoons regulated the measures of the government, which had just ability enough to deceive, just religion enough to persecute." But while Milton mourned over this disastrous change, no self-reproach mingled with his sorrow. To the last he had striven against the oppressor. Who, that has read his powerful and thrilling appeal to his countrymen, when they were on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule which at the expense of so much blood and treasure had been thrown off, can ever forget it? How nobly does liberty speak through him. "If," said he, "ye welcome back a monarchy, it will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter, over any people who shall resist oppression, and their song shall then be to others, 'How sped the rebellious English,' but to our posterity, 'How sped the rebels, your fathers.'" How solemnly awful is his closing paragraph: "What I have spoken, is the language of that which is not called amiss, 'The good old cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange I hope, than convincing, to backsliders. This much I should have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones; and had none to cry to but with the prophet, O earth, earth, earth! to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to; nay, though what I have spoken should prove (which Thou suffer not, who didst create mankind free! nor Thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) to be the last words of our expiring liberty." It was the consciousness of having done all in his power to save his countrymen from the guilt and folly into which they had madly plunged, the answer of a good conscience, which sustained him in his old age and destitution.—*Joshua Leavitt.*

BLIND OLD MILTON.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

Place me, once more, my daughter, where the sun
  May shine upon my old and time-worn head,
For the last time, perchance. My race is run;
  And soon amidst the ever-silent dead
I must repose, it may be, half forgot.
  Yes! I have broke the hard and bitter bread
For many a year, with those who trembled not
  To buckle on their armor for the fight,
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot;
  And I have never bowed me to his might,
Nor knelt before him—for I bear within
  My heart the sternest consciousness of right,
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin
  Which made me what I am; and though the stain
Of poverty be on me, yet I win
  More honor by it than the blinded train
Who hug their willing servitude, and bow
  Unto the weakest and the most profane.
Therefore, *with unencumbered soul I go*
  Before the footstool of my Maker, where
I hope to stand as undebased as now!
  Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind;
  I feel the odors that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
  Within my heart I picture them, and then

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I almost can forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face;
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace,
I hear thy voice so musical and mild,
The patient, sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,
And wait the hour which is approaching fast,
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
And Heaven itself be opened up at last,
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.
I have had visions in this drear eclipse
Of outward consciousness, and clomb the skies,
Striving to utter with my earthly lips
What the diviner soul had half divined,
Even as the saint in his Apocalypse
Who saw the inmost glory, where enshrined,
Sat He who fashioned glory. This hath driven
All outward strife and tumult from my mind,
And humbled me until I have forgiven
My bitter enemies, and only seek
To find the straight and narrow path to heaven.

Yet I am weak—O, how entirely weak,
For one who may not love or suffer more!
Sometimes unbidden tears will wet my cheek,
And my heart bound as keenly as of yore,
Reponsive to a voice, now hushed to rest,
Which made the beautiful Italian shore
With all its pomp of summer vineyards dressed,
An Eden and a Paradise to me.
Do the sweet breezes from the balmy West
Still murmur through thy groves, Parthenope,
In search of odors from the orange bowers?
Still on thy slopes of verdure does the bee
Cull her rare honey from the virgin flowers?
And Philomel her plaintiff chant prolong,
'Neath skies more calm and more serene than ours,
Making the summer one perpetual song?
Art thou the same as when in manhood's pride
I walked in joy thy grassy meads among,
With that fair, youthful vision by my side,
In whose bright eyes I looked—and not in vain?
O, my adored angel! O, my bride!
Despite of years, and wo, and want, and pain,
My soul yearns back toward thee, and I seem
To wander with thee, hand in hand, again,
By the bright margin of that flowing stream.
I hear again thy voice, more silver sweet
Than fancied music floating in a dream,
Possess my being; from afar I greet
The waving of thy garments in the glade,
And the light rustling of thy fairy feet—
What time as one half eager, half afraid,
Love's burning secret faltered on my tongue,
And tremulous looks and broken words betrayed
The secret of the heart from whence they sprung.
Ah me! the earth that rendered thee to heaven
Gave up an angel beautiful and young;
Spotless and pure as snow when freshly driven;
A bright Aurora for the starry sphere
Where all is love, and even life forgiven.
Bride of immortal beauty—ever dear!
Dost thou await me in thy blest abode!—
While I, Tithonus-like, must linger here,
And count each step along the rugged road,
A phantom, loitering to a long made grave,
And eager to lay down my weary load!
I, that was fancy's lord, am fancy's slave—
Like the low murmurs of the Indian shell
Ta'en from its coral bed beneath the wave,
Which, unforgetful of the ocean's swell,
Retains within its mystic urn the hum
Heard in the sea-grots, where the Nereids dwell—
Old thoughts that haunt me, unawares they come
Between me and my rest, nor can I make
Those aged visitors of sorrow dumb.

O, yet awhile, my feeble soul awake!
Nor wander back with sullen steps again!—
For neither pleasant pastime canst thou take
In such a journey, nor endure the pain.
The phantoms of the past are dead for thee;
So let them ever uninvoked remain,
And be thou calm till Death shall set thee free.
Thy flowers of hope expanded long ago,
Long since their blossoms withered on the tree;
No second spring can come to make them blow,
But in the silent winter of the grave
They lie with blighted love and buried wo.

I did not waste the gifts which nature gave,
Nor slothful lay in the Circean bower;
Nor did I yield myself the willing slave
Of lust for pride, for riches, or for power.
No! in my heart a nobler spirit dwelt;
For constant was my faith in manhood's dower;
Man—made in God's own image—and I felt
How of our own accord we courted shame,
Until to idols like ourselves we knelt,
And so renounced the great and glorious claim
Of freedom, our immortal heritage.
I saw how bigotry, with spiteful aim,
Smote at the searching eyesight of the sage,
How Error stole behind the steps of Truth,
And cast delusion on the sacred page.
So, as a champion, even in early youth
I waged my battle with a purpose keen;
Nor feared the hand of Terror, nor the tooth
Of serpent Jealousy. And I have been
With starry Galileo in his cell,
That wise magician with the brow serene,
Who fathomed space; and I have seen him tell
The wonders of the planetary sphere,

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And trace the ramparts of Heaven's citadel
On the cold flag-stones of his dungeon drear.
And I have walked with Hampden and with Vane,
Names once so gracious to an English ear
In days that never may return again.
My voice, though not the loudest, hath been heard
Whenever freedom raised her cry of pain,
And the faint effort of the humble bard
Hath roused up thousands from their lethargy,
To speak in words of thunder. What reward
Was mine or theirs? It matters not; for I
Am but a leaf cast on the whirling tide,
Without a hope or wish, except to die.
But truth, asserted once, must still abide,
Unquenchable, as are those fiery springs
Which day and night gush from the mountain side,
Perpetual meteors, girt with lambent wings,
Which the wild tempest tosses to and fro,
But cannot conquer with the force it brings.

Yet I, who ever felt another's wo
More keenly than my own untold distress;
I, who have battled with the common foe,
And broke for years the bread of bitterness;
Who never yet abandoned or betrayed
The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,
Am left alone to wither in the shade,
A weak old man, deserted by his kind—
Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid!

O, let me not repine! A quiet mind,
Conscious and upright, needs no other stay;
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,
In the rich promise of eternal day.
Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone,
Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away,
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,
Bowed down with travel, at his Master's gate
Now sits, his task of life-long labor done,
Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,
After sore journey through this world of sin,
In hope and prayer, and wistfulness to wait,
Until the door shall ope and let him in.

FOOT-PRINTS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells bells were ringing together. From all the neighbouring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, —all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself seemed to pray, so silent was it everywhere.

The venerable old men, —high priests and patriarchs were they in the land, —went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation, —for the pulpit stairs were in front and very high.

Paul Femming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right before him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house, but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And, still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee, and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet.

"She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross, wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; And then they all went into the church, each one stopping as he passed the grave to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with holy water.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading the fresh earth into the grave of the little child, with his clouted shoes. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and shrugging his shoulders replied;

'Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died early this morning?'

'A brief existence,' said Flemming. 'The child seems to have been born only to be buried, and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone.'

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The sexton went on with his work and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices, by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the Temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms, did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold!—Strange, that in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the 'Land of the great departed, into the silent Land,' should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse—such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour glass—the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the 'remarkable retirement' of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish Poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. A beautiful design it is, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted!

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

'Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.'

It seemed to him, as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said:

'I will be strong!'

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved, that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved hence forward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm, and strong; he was reconciled with himself! His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him.

'Thither I will turn my wandering foostetps,' said he; 'and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own

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sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life;

> 'Life that shall send
> A challenge to its end,
> And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!'

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that Man begins to see, that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that, upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's story, with which the book began.'—*Hyperion.*

MY SOUL IS FREE.

Disguise! and coward fear! away!
My soul is free; and loves the day,
The day who veils her blushes bright,
And wails in tears the gloomy night;
So bleeds my breast by sorrow torn,
When'ere degenerate manhood's form
Bows slave-like to a tyrant's power,
Lost to himself, and heaven's high dower.

Away with chains! my soul is free,
And joyeth as the summer sea,
When love's low tones around it play,
Or friendship gilds the closing day.
And as the pitying sea doth moan,
So swells my heart at sorrow's tone;
So echoes back each murmur'd sigh,
Like ocean, when the storm is nigh.

And as the tossing waves loud roar
With deafening thunders on the shore;
So may my soul rise in her might,
And sternly battle for the right.
Oh! when the righteous flight is done,
And calmly sinks the weary sun,
Still shall my song triumphant be;
Rejoice! rejoice! my soul is free!

DEMOCRACY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*Matthew vii.* 12.

Spirit of Truth, and Love, and Light!
The foe of Wrong, and Hate, and Fraud!
Of all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;
And fires unkindled of the skies
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time!
The faith in which my father stood,
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood.

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
For through the mists which darken there
I see the flame of Freedom burn—
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of *all* divine—
The pitying heart—the helping arm—
The prompt, self-sacrifice—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the cords of caste and birth!
How equal in their suffering lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper on Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou see'st a MAN
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—
Pale priest or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squallid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there.

Not from the cold and shallow fount
Of vain philosphy thou art;
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed by turns the list'ner's heart.

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels lean'd to know,
Proclaimed thy message from on high—
Thy mission to a world of wo.

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That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue lake of Gallilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchward o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs;
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering:—

The voiceless utterance of his will—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

BY JOHN TODD.

How many beautiful visions pass before the mind in a single day, when the reins are thrown loose, and fancy feels no restraints! How curious, interesting and instructive would be the history of the workings of a single mind for a day! How many imaginary joys, how many airy castles, pass before it, which a single jostle of this rough world at once destroys! Who is there of my readers who has not imagined a summer fairer than ever bloomed,—scenery in nature more perfect than was ever combined by the pencil,—abodes more beautiful than were ever reared,—honors more distinguished than were ever bestowed,—homes more peaceful than were ever enjoyed,—companions more angelic than ever walked this earth,—and bliss more complete, and joys more thrilling than were ever allotted to man? You may call these the dreams of imagination, but they are common to the student. To the man who lives for this world alone, these visions of bliss, poor as they are, are all that ever come. But good men have their anticipations—not the paintings of fancy, but the realities which faith discovers. Good men have the most vivid conceptions. Witness those of old. As they look down the vale of time, they see a star arise,—the everlasting hills do bow, the valleys are raised, and the moon puts on the brightness of the sun. The deserts and the dry places gush with waters. Nature pauses. The serpent forgets his fangs; the lion and the lamb sleep side by side, and the hand of the child is in the mane of the tiger. Nations gaze till they forget the murderous work of war, and the garments rolled in blood. The whole earth is enlightened, and the star shines on till it brings in everlasting day. Here are glowing conceptions, but they are not the work of a depraved imagination. They will all be realized. Sin and death will long walk hand in hand on this earth, and their footsteps will not be entirely blotted out until the fires of the last day have melted the globe. But the head of the one is already bruised, and the sting is already taken from the other. They may long roar, but they walk in chains, and the eye of faith sees the hand that holds the chains.

But we have visions still brighter. We look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. No sin will be there to mar the beauty, no sorrow to diminish a joy, no anxiety to corrode the heart, or cloud the brow. Our characters may be tested, in part, by our anticipations. If our thoughts and feelings are running in the channel of time, and dancing from one earthly bubble to another, though our hopes may come in angel-robes, it is a sad proof that our hearts are here also.

The world, the great mass of mankind, have utterly misunderstood the real object of life on earth, or else he misunderstands it who follows the light of the Bible. You look at men as individuals, and their object seems to be to gratify a contemptible vanity, to pervert and follow their low appetites and passions, and the dictates of selfishness, wherever they may lead. You look at men in the aggregate, and this pride and these passions terminate in wide plans of ambition, in wars and bloodshed, in strifes and the destruction of all that is virtuous or lovely. The history of mankind has its pages all stained with blood; and it is the history of a race whose object seemed to be, to debase their powers, and sink what was intended for immortal glory, to the deepest degradation which sin can cause. At one time, you will see an army of five millions of men following a leader, who, to add to his poor renown, is now to jeopardize all these lives, and the peace of his whole kingdom. This multitude of minds fall in, and they live, and march, and fight and perish to aid in exalting a poor worm of the dust. What capacities were here assembled! What minds were here put in motion! What a scene of struggles were here! And who, of all this multitude, were pursuing the real object of life? From Xerxes, at their head, to the lowest and most debased in the rear of the army, was there one, who, when weighed in the balances of eternal truth, was fulfilling the object for which he was created, and for which life is continued?—Look again. All Europe rises up in phrensy, and pours forth a living tide towards the Holy Land. They muster in the name of the Lord of Hosts.—The cross waves on their banners, and the holy sepulchre is the watchword by day and night.—They move eastward, and whiten the burning sands of the deserts with their bleaching bones. But of all these, from the fanatic whose voice awoke Eu-

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rope to arms, down to the lowest horse-boy, how few were actuated by any spirit which Heaven, or justice, to say nothing about love could sanction!—Suppose the same number of men, the millions which composed the continent which rose up to exterminate another, and who followed the man who was first a soldier and then a priest and hermit, and who has left the world in doubt whether he was a prophet, a madman, a fool, or a demagogue, had spent the same treasures of life, and of money, in trying to spread the spirit of that Saviour for whose tomb they could waste so much; and suppose this army had been enlightened and sanctified men, and had devoted their powers to do good to mankind, and to honor their God, how different would the world have been found to-day! How many, think you, of all the then Christian world, acted under a spirit, and with an object before them such as the world will approve, and especially such as the pure beings above us will approve?

Look a moment at a few of the efforts which avarice has made. For about four centuries, the avarice of man, and of Christian men too, has been preying upon the vitals of Africa. It has taken the sons and daughters of Ham, and doomed soul and body to debasement, to ignorance, to slavery. And what are the results? Twenty-eight millions—more than twice the population of this country—have been kidnapped and carried away from the land of their birth. The estimate is, that the increase in the house of bondage since those times, is five-fold, or nearly one hundred and seventy millions of human, immortal beings, cut off from the rights of man, and, by legislation and planning, reduced far towards the scale of the brutes. This is only a single form in which avarice has been exerting its power. Suppose the same time and money, the same effort, had been spent in spreading the arts of civilization, learning and religion, over the continent of Africa, what a vast amount of good would have been accomplished! And at the day when the recording angel reads the history of the earth, how very different would be the picture, and the eternal condition of untold numbers! If the marks of humanity are not all blotted out from that race of miserable men, it is not because oppression has not been sufficiently legalized, and avarice been allowed to pursue its victims, till the grave became a sweet asylum.

I am trying to lead you to look at the great amount of abuse and of perversion of mind, of which mankind are constantly guilty. When Christianity began her glorious career, the world had exhausted its strength in trying to debase itself, and to sink low enough to embrace paganism; and yet not so low, as not to try to exist in the shape of nations. The experiment had been repeated, times we know not how many. Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, polished Greece, iron-footed Rome, mystical Hindooism, had all tried it. They spent each, mind enough to regenerate a nation, in trying to build up a system of corrupt paganism; and when that system was built up—let the shape and form be what it might—the nation had exhausted its energies, and it sunk and fell under the effects of misapplied and perverted mind. No nation existed on the face of the earth, which was not crumbling under the use of its perverted energies, when the gospel reached it. Our ancestors were crushed under the weightof a Druidical priesthood, and the rites of that bloody system of religion.

Another striking instance of the perversion of mind, and the abuse of the human intellect and heart, is the system of the Romish church. No one created mind, apparently, could ever have invented a scheme of delusion, of degradation of the soul, the intellect, the whole man, so perfect and complete as is this.—What minds must have been employed in shutting out the light of heaven, and in burying the manna, which fell in showers so extended! What a system! To gather all the books in the world, and put them all within the stone walls of the monastery and the cloister,—to crush schools, except in these same monasteries, in which they trained up men to become more and more skilful in doing the work of ruin,—to delude the world with ceremonies and fooleries, while the Bible was taken away, and religion muttered her rites in an unknown tongue,—and all this was the result of a settled plan to debase the intellect and mock poor human nature!—And, when the Reformation held up all these abominations to light, what a master piece was the last plan laid to stifle the reason forever!—the inquisition.—It was reared through the Christian world: the decree by a single blow, proscribed between sixty and seventy printing presses, and excommunicated all who should ever read any thing which they might produce. A philosopher, who, like Galileo, could pour light upon science, and astonish the world by his discoveries, must repeatedly fall into the cruel mercies of the inquisition. The ingenuity of hell seemed tasked to invent methods by which the human mind might be shut up in Egyptian darkness; and never has a Catholic community been known to be other than degraded, ignorant, superstitious and sunken. Let light in, and all who receive it rush to infidelity. But what a mass of mind has been, and still is, employed in upholding this system! And what a loss to the world has it produced, in quenching, in everlasting darkness, the uncounted millions of glorious minds which have been destroyed by it! If I could find it in my heart to anathematize any order of men,—and I hope I cannot,—it would be those who are thus taking away the key of knowledge, and preventing all within the compass of their influence from fulfilling the great object for which they were created.

Was man created for *war?* Did his Maker create the eye, that he might take better aim on the field of battle? give him skill that he might invent

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methods of slaying by thousands? and plant a thirst in the soul, that it might be quenched by the blood of men? What science or art can boast of more precision, of more to teach it, to hail it with enthusiasm, and to celebrate it in song? Genius has ever sat at the feet of Mars, and exhausted his efforts in preparing exquisite offerings. Human thought has never made such gigantic efforts as when employed in scenes of butchery. Has skill ever been more active and successful—has Poetry ever so kindled, as when the flames of Troy lighted her page? What school-boy is ignorant of the battle ground, and the field of blood, where ancient and modern armies met and tried to crush each other? Has Music ever thrilled like that which led men to battle, and the plume of the desert-bird ever danced so gracefully as when on the head of the warrior? Are any honors so freely bestowed, or cheaply purchased, as those which are gained by a few hours of fighting? See that man, who, so late, was the wonder of the world, calling out, marshalling, employing and wasting almost all the treasures of Europe, for twelve or fifteen years. What multitudes of minds did he call to the murderous work of war!—minds that might have blessed the world with literature, with science, with schools, and with the gospel of peace, had they not been perverted from the great and best object of living! Says a philosophical writer, speaking on this subject, "I might suppose for the sake of illustration, that all the schemes of ambition, and cruelty, and intrigue, were blotted from the page of history, that, against the names of the splendid and guilty actors, whom the world, for ages, has wondered at, there were written achievements of Christian benevolence, equally grand and characteristic,—and then ask what a change would there be in the scenes which the world has beheld transacted, and what a difference in the results! Alexander should have won victories in Persia more splendid than those of Granicus and Arbela; he should have wandered over India, like Buchanan, and wept for another world to bring under the dominion of the Saviour; and returning to Babylon, should have died, like Martyn, the victim of Christian zeal. Cæsar should have made Gaul and Britain obedient to the faith, and crossing the Rubicon with the apostolic legions, and making the Romans freemen of the Lord, should have been the forerunner of Paul, and done half his work. Charlemange should have been a Luther.—Charles of Sweeden should have been a Howard; and, flying from the Baltic to the Euxine, like an angel of mercy, should have fallen, when on some errand of love, and, numbering his days by the good deeds he had done, should have died like Mills in an old age of charity. Voltaire should have written Christian tracts. Rousseau should have been a Fenelon. Hume should have unravelled the intricacies of theology, and defended like Edwards, the faith once delivered to the saints."

We call ours the most enlightened nation on earth, inferior to none in owning the spirit of Christianity; and we claim this as an age behind none ever enjoyed, for high moral principle and benevolent, disinterested action. But what is the principle in the great mass of mankind! When clouds gather in the political horizon, and war threatens a nation, how are the omens received? How many are there who turn aside and weep, and deprecate the guilt, the woe, and the indescribable evils and miseries of war? The great majority of the nation feel that the path of glory is now opening before them, and that the honor which *may* possibly be attained by a few battles, is ample compensation for the expense, the morals, the lives and the happiness, which *must* be sacrificed for the possibility. Let that nation rush to war for some supposed point of honor.—Watch the population as they collect, group after group, under the burning sun, all anxious, all eager, and all standing as if in deep expectation for the signal which was to call them to judgment. They are waiting for the first tidings of the battle, where the honor of the nation is staked. No tidings that ever came from Heaven can send a thrill of joy so deep as the tidings that one ship has conquered or sunk another.

Was it any thing remarkable, that, in the very heart of a Christian nation, a single horse-race brought over fifty thousand people together? Were they acting so much out of the character of the mass of mankind as to cause it to make any deep impression upon the moral sensibilities of the nation?

Suppose it were known that a mind was now in process of training, which might, if its powers were properly directed, be equal to Milton or Locke; but that, instead of this, it will waste its powers in creating such song as Byron wrote, or in weaving such webs as the schoolmen wove. Would the knowledge of such a waste of mind, such perversion of powers, cause a deep sensation of regret among men? or have such perversions been so common in the world, that one such magnificent mind might be lost to mankind, and no one would mourn? The answer is plain. The world has become so accustomed to seeing mind prostituted to ignoble purposes, and influence which might reach round the globe like a zone of mercy thrown away forever, that we hardly think of it as greatly out of the way.

A generation of men come on the stage of action; they find the world in darkness, in ignorance, and in sin. They live, gain the few honors which are easily plucked, gather the little wealth which toil and anxiety will bestow, and then pass away. As a whole, the generation do not expect or try to throw an influence upon the world which shall be redeeming.—They do not expect to leave the world materially better than they found it. Why do we not mourn that such myriads of immortal minds are destined

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to pass away, and never to break out in acts of mercy and kindness to the world? Because we have so long been so prodigal of mind, that we hardly notice its loss.

CHRIST-LIKE.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

To-day is Christmas. For several days past, cart-loads of ever-greens have gone by my windows, the pure snow falling on them, soft and still as a blessing. To-day, churches are wreathed in ever-green, altars are illuminated, and the bells sound joyfully *in Gloria Excelsis*. Throngs of worshippers are going up to their altars, in the Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Roman and English churches. Eighteen hundred years ago, a poor babe was born in a stable, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly voices, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, proclaiming "Peace on earth, and good will towards men." Earth made no response to the chorus. It always entertains angels unawares. When the HOLY ONE came among them, they mocked and crucified him. But now the stars, in their midnight course listen to millions of human voices, and deep organ-tones struggling upwards, vainly striving to express the hopes and aspirations, which that advent concentrated from the past and prophesied for the future. From East to West, from North to South, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the Principle of Love?—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religious, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept, *only* to swear by, that gospel which says "Swear not at all."

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have "ushered in our brief to-day;" and *is* there peace and good will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, "This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice *now;* men are not yet prepared for it." The same spirit says, "It would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they must first be fitted for freedom." As if slavery ever *could* fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses, laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never venture into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position, as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping-knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologized for killing the only two Quakers they were ever known to attack! "The men carried arms," said they, "and therefore we did not *know* they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards." The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. "They carried arms," said they, "and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm, if we had known they were men of God."

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, "We will not fight, under any provocation. If other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen." Think you that any nation would *dare* to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry fie upon them, and by universal consent, brand them as paltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptation of the term. I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march, into a small town, (in the Tyrol, I think,) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians." Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

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This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress, above mentioned.

The doctrines of Jesus are not beautiful abstractions, but living, vital truths. There is in them no elaborate calculation of consequences, but simply the divine impulse uttered. They are few and simple, but infinite in spirit, and of universal application. Like the algebraic X, they stand for the unknown quantity, and, if consulted aright, always give the true answer. The world has been deluged with arguments about war, slavery, &c., and the wisest product of them all, is simply an enlightened application of the maxims of Jesus. Faith in God, love to man, and action obedient thereto, from these flow all that belong to order, peace, and progress. Probably, the laws by which the universe were made, are thus reducible to three in one, and all varieties of creation are thence unfolded, as all melody and harmony, flow from three primal notes. God works synthetically. The divine idea goes forth and clothes itself in form, from which all the infinity of forms are evolved. We mortals see truth in fragments, and try to trace it upwards to its origin by painful analysis. In this there is no growth. All creation, all life, is evolved by the opposite process. We must reverence truth. We must have that faith in it, of which action is the appropriate form; and lo, the progress which we have sought for so painfully, will unfold upon us, as naturally as the seed expands into blossoms and fruit.

I did not mean to preach a sermon. But the evergreens, and the music from neighboring churches, carried me back to the hill-sides of Palestine, and my spirit involuntary began to ask, What response does earth now give to that chorus of peace and good will?

It matters little that Christ was not born on that day, which the church has chosen to commemorate his birth. The associations twined around it for many centuries, have consecrated it to my mind. Nor am I indifferent to the fact, that it was the old Roman festival for the birth of the Sun. As a form of *their* religious idea, it is interesting to me, and I see peculiar beauty in thus identifying the birth of the natural sun, with the advent of the Son of Righteousness, which, in an infinitely higher sense, enlightens and vivifies the nations. The learned argue that Christ was probably born in the spring; because the Jewish people were at that season enrolled for taxation, and this was the business which carried Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem:—and because the shepherds of Syria would not be watching their flocks in the open air, during the cold months. To these reasons, Swedenborgians would add another; for according to the doctrine of Correspondence unfolded by their "illuminated scribe," spring corresponds to peace; that diapason note, from which all growth rises in harmonious order.

But I am willing to accept this wintry anniversary, and take it to my heart. As the sun now begins to return to us, so may the truth and love which he typifies gradually irradiate and warm the globe. The Romans kept their festival with social feasts and mutual gifts; and the windows of New York are to-day, filled with all forms of luxury and splendor, to tempt the wealthy, who are making up Christmas boxes for family and friends. Many are the rich jewels and shining stuffs, this day bestowed by affection or vanity. In this I have no share; but if I were as rich as John Jacob Astor, and not so fearful of poverty, as he is said to be, I would this day go to the shop of Baronto, a poor Italian artist, in Orchard street, buy all he has, and give freely to every one who enjoys forms of beauty. There are hidden in that small obscure workshop, some little gems of art. Alabaster nymphs, antique urns of agate, and Hebe vases of the costly Verd de Prato. There is something that moves me strangely in those old Grecian forms. They stand like petrified melodies from the world's youthful heart. I would like to buy out Baronto every Christmss, and mix those "fair humanities of old religion," with the Madonnas and Saviours of a more spiritual time.

A friend of mine, who has no money to spend for jewels or silks, or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this; and in his action, there is more angelic music, than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, to distribute them among hungry children. How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled as they led along some shivering barefooted urchin, and cried out, "This little boy has had no cake, sir!" Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretences; but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never ate cake from Christmas to Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket, excited a prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine out-pouring of hearts. An honest son of the Emerald Isle stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed, "Did my eyes ever see the like o' that? A jintleman giving cake to folks he don't know, and never asking a bit o' money for the same!"

Alas, eighteen centuries ago, that chorus of good will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathizing kindness, astonishes the poor!

In the course of his Christmas rambles, my friend

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entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe, three days old, without food or fire. In another very small apartment, was an aged, weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins and tape, as she said, "For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm, through the streets of New York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a loaf of bread to eat or not." Seeing the bed without clothing, her visiter inquired how she slept. "Oh the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and the rain and snow come driving in. When any of us are sick, or the weather is extra cold, we lend our bedding, and some of us sit up while others get a nap." As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say, "Mammy wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?" "To be sure, I will, dear," she replied, in the heartiest tone imaginable. She would have been less generous, had her fork been a silver one. Her visiter smiled as he said, "I suppose you borrow your neighbor's knife, in return for your fork?" "Oh, yes," she replied; "and she is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have." The kind-hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort as the angels have in heaven; only theirs is without the drawback of physical suffering and limited means.

I have said that these families, owning a knife and fork between them, and loaning their bedclothes after a day of toil, were always compelled to pay their rent in advance. Upon adding together the sums paid by each, for accommodations so wretched, it was found that the income from that dilapidated building, in a filthy and crowded street, was greater than the rent of many a princely mansion in Broadway. This mode of oppressing the poor, is a crying sin, in our city. A benevolent rich man could not make a better investment of capital, than to build tenements for the laboring class, and let them on reasonable terms.

This Christmas tour of observation, has suggested to my mind many thoughts concerning the present relations of labor and capital. But I forbear; for I see that this path, like every other, "if you do but follow it, leads to the end of the world." I had rather dwell on the perpetual efforts of Divine Providence to equalize what the selfishness of man strives to make unequal. If the poor have fewer pleasures than the rich, they enjoy them more keenly; if they have not that consideration in society, which brings with it so many advantages, they avoid the irksome slavery of conventional forms; and what exercise of the benevolent sympathies could a rich man enjoy, in making the most magnificent Christmas gift, compared with the beautiful self-denial which lends its last blanket, that another may sleep? That there should exist the *necessity* for such sacrifices, what does it say to us concerning the structure of society, on this Christmas day, nearly two thousand years after the advent of Him, who said, "God is your father, and all ye are brethren"?

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd;
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry—
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought—but thou,
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,—
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are her's;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When those who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave!

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 2.

THE STAR-GAZER.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Star after star looked glimmering down,
As in the night he sat alone:
And in the firmament of mind
Thought after thought upon him shone.

An inner sky did sometimes seem
To show him truths of deepest worth,
Which custom's daylight long had dimmed,
Or sense had clouded in their birth.

And well he knew the world was dark,
And few would hear what he could tell,
And fewer still would sit with him
And watch that sky he loved so well.

One solitary soul he seemed—
And yet he knew that all might see
The orbs that showed to him alone
The fulness of their majesty.

He knew that all the silent scorn
Which now in meekness he must bear,
Would change to worship when his ear
No longer was a list'ner there.

And when the cold and rugged sod
Had pressed the brain that toiled for them,
That on his statue men would hang
The unavailing diadem.

All this he felt, and yet his faith,
In uncomplaining silence, kept
With starry Truth its vigils brave,
While all his brothers round him slept.

They slept and would not wake—until
The distant lights that fixed his gaze,
Came moving on, and spread abroad
The glory of a noontide blaze.

And then they started from their dreams,
And slowly oped their leaden eyes,
And saw the light whose splendors now
Are darting through the azure skies.

Then turned and sought for him whose name
They in their sleep had mocked and cursed,
But he had left them long before
The vision on their souls had burst.

And underneath the sod he lay,
Now all bedued with fruitful tears;
And they could only deck the tomb
That told of his neglected years.

A LONDON LYRIC.

BY "BARRY CORNWALL."

(Without.)

The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain.
Without—in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth alone her grief, her pain;
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But hunger, her friend, with his cold, gaunt hand,
Grasps her throat—whispering huskily,
"What dost thou in a Christian land?"

(Within.)

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl within;
Slaves are waiting in crimson and gold—
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The crackling wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happines"—"honor"—and all for him!

(Without.)

She who is slain 'neath the winter weather—
Ah, she once had a village fame,
Listened to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame.
Now her allies are the tempests howling,
Prodigal's curses—self disdain,
Poverty—misery—Well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain.

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
Disdain—despair; by to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusky night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and it's "fever" o'er;
So—let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(Within.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town.
Liar—betrayer—false as cruel—
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn?—high dames, they shun him?
Unbar yon palace and gaze within.

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There—yet the deeds are all trumpet sounded—
  There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
  Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
  Men of high honor salute him "friend;"
Skies! Oh, where are your cleansing waters?
  World! oh, where do thy wonders end?

BLANKETS.

To be read on a cold night in November.

BY "OLD HUMPHREY."

Help me my young friends! Help me, for the poor stand in need of comfort: let us try to do them a kindness.

How the casements rattle! and hark, how the bitter, biting blast whistles among the trees! It is very cold, and soon will be colder. I could shiver at the thought of winter, when the icicles hang from the water-butt, when the snow lies deep upon the ground, and the cold, cold wind seems to freeze the heart as well as the finger ends.

Yet, after all, the darkest night, the bitterest blast, and the rudest storm confer some benefit, for they make us thankful for the roof that covers us, the fire that warms us, and for the grateful influence of a comfortable bed.

Oh the luxury of a good, thick, warm pair of blankets, when the wintry blast roars in the chimney, while the feathery flakes of snow are flying abroad, and the sharp hail patters against the window-panes!

Did you ever travel a hundred miles on the outside of a coach, on a sharp frosty night; your eyes stiffened, your face smarting, and your body half-petrified! Did you ever keep watch in December in the open air, till the more than midnight blast had pinched all your features into sharpness; till your feet were cold as a stone, and the very stars appeared as if frozen to the sky? If you have never borne these things, I have; but what are they compared with the trials that some people have to endure?

Who can tell the sufferings of thousands of poor people in winter, from the want of warm bed-clothes! and who can describe the comfort that a pair or two of blankets communicate to a destitute family! How often have I seen the wretched children of a wretched habitation, huddling together on the floor, beneath a ragged great-coat, or flimsy petticoat, striving to derive that warmth from each other which their scanty covering failed to supply!

In many places, benevolent persons give or lend blankets to the poor, and thus confer a benefit, the value of which can hardly be told. May they be abundantly repaid by the grace of that Saviour who said, when speaking of kindnesses done to his disciples, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Think of these things now, for it will be of no use to reflect on them in summer. Charity is never so cordial as when it feels the misery it relieves; while you feel the cold, then do something to protect others from the inclemency of the season. It is enough to be ill-fed, and ill-clothed, and to sit bending over a dying fire without a handful of fuel to revive it; but after that to pass the night without a blanket for a covering, must indeed be terrible.

See in the sharpest night the poor old man, over whose head threescore and ten winters have rolled, climbing with difficulty his narrow staircase, to creep beneath his thin and ragged coverlet! See the aged widow, once lulled in the lap of luxury, but now girt around with trials, in fastings often, in cold, and almost nakedness, worn by poverty to the very bones, stretching her cramped limbs upon her bundle of straw! Fancy,—but why fancy what you know to be true?—these poor, aged, miserable beings have to shiver through the live-long night, when a blanket would gird them round with comfort. I could weep at such miseries as these,—miseries which so small an effort might relieve. The table-crumbs of the rich would make a banquet for the poor, and the spare remnants of their clothing would defend them from the cold.

Come, come, reader! you are not without some feeling of pity and affection for your fellow creatures. Be not satisfied in wishing them well; let something be done for their welfare,

If there be a heart within you, if you have a soul that ever offered up an expression of thanksgiving for the manifold mercies which your heavenly Father has bestowed upon you, then sympathize with the wretched, and relieve, according to your ability, the wants of the destitute. Let me beseech you to do something this very winter towards enabling some poor, aged, helpless, or friendless person, who is slenderly provided for, to purchase a blanket. You will not sleep the less comfortably, when you reflect that some shivering wretch has been, by your assistance, enabled to pass the wintry night in comfort. It is not a great thing that is required; do what you can, but do something. Let me not plead in vain; and shame betide me if I neglect to do myself the thing that I recommend to you to perform.

Did you ever lie snug and warm in bleak December, the bed-clothes drawn close round your neck, and your nightcap pulled over your ears, listening to the midnight blast, and exulting in the grateful glow of your delightful snuggery? I know you have, and I trust, too, that the very reading of these remarks will affect your hearts, and dispose you to some "gentle deed of charity" towards those who are destitute of such an enjoyment.

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Now, then, while the subject is before you, while you look round on your manifold comforts, while you feel the nipping and frosty air, resolve, aye, and act, in a way that will bless others, and give comfort to your own heart.

Youth and health may rejoice in frost and snow, and while the warm blood rushes through the exulting frame, we can smile at the wintry blast; but age, sickness, and infirmity, can take no exercise sufficient to quicken the sluggish current of their veins. Wrap them round, then, with your charity; help them to obtain a pair of warm blankets, and the blessing of the widow and the fatherless, the aged and infirm, the destitute, and those ready to perish, shall rest upon you.

TRUE REST.

Sweet is the pleasure,
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best!
'Tis ONWARDS! unswerving,
And that is true rest.

THE MOURNERS.

BY CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day;
She may not smile, she will not rise,—
The life hath passed away!

Yet there is a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep;
She is there of whom our souls were found,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound;
There was gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone,
There is silence still and deep;
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,—
And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep;
She is gone where young hearts do not break,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright;
This is a world of wo:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we'll keep;
We have only given her back to God,—
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

MY MOTHER.

BY "OLD HUMPHREY."

Whether you have, or have not a mother, my present address will not be unsuitable.

With whatever respect and admiration a child may regard a father, whose example has called forth his energies and animated him in his various pursuits, he turns with greater affection, and intenser love, to a kind-hearted mother. The same emotion follows him through life, and when the changing vicissitudes of after years have removed his parents from him, seldom does the remembrance of his mother occur to his mind, unaccompanied by the most affectionate recollections.

Show me a man, though his brow be furrowed, and his hair grey, who has forgotten his mother, and I shall suspect that something is going on wrong within him; either his memory is impaired, or a hard heart is beating in his bosom. "My Mother"

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is an expression of music and melody that takes us back agian to the days of our childhood, places us once more kneeling in the soft lap of a tender parent, and lifts up our little hands in morning and evening prayer.

For my own part, I never think of my mother, without thinking, at the same time, of unnumbered kindnesses, exercised not towards me only, but to all around her. From my earliest years, I can remember that the moment her eye caught the common beggar, her hand mechanically fumbled in her pocket. No shoeless and stockingless Irish-woman, with her cluster of dirty children, could pass unnoticed by her; and no weary and wayworn traveller could rest on the mile-stone opposite our habitation, without being beckoned across to satisfy his hunger and thirst. No doubt she assisted many who were unworthy, for she relieved all within her influence.

> "Careless their merits or their faults to scan
> Her pity gave ere charity began."

Had her kindness, like that of many, been confined to good counsel, or the mere act of giving what she had to bestow, it would not have been that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," 1 Cor. xiii. 7. Her benevolence was uniform and unceasing; it was a part of her character. In benefiting another, difficulty only increased her desire and determination to be useful. She was one "who searched out" the cause that she knew not; her pen addressed the peer, and her feet trod the threshold of the pauper, with equal alacrity in the cause of charity. To be occupied in relieving the poor, and pleading the cause of the friendless, was medicine to her body and mind.

No child could cry, no accident take place, no sickness occur, without my mother hastening off to render assistance. She had her piques and her prejudices; she never pretended to love those whom she did not like; and she remembered, perhaps too keenly, an act of unkindness, but kindness was the reigning emotion of her heart.

Reader, if you think that I have said enough, bear with me; remember, I am speaking of my mother.

Among the many sons and daughters of affliction, whose hearts were made glad by her benevolence, was a poor widow of the name of Winn, who resided in an almshouse; my mother had known her in her childhood. Often have I gazed on the aged woman, as she shaped her tottering steps, leaning on a stick, towards our dwelling. A weekly allowance, a kind welcome, and a good dinner, once a week, were hers to the close of her existence. She had a grateful heart, and the blessing of her who was "ready to perish," literally rested on my mother.

I could weary you with instances of my mother's kindness of heart; one more, and I have done.

With her trowel in her hand, my mother was busily engaged, one day, among the shrubs and flowers of her little garden, and listening with pleasure to the sound of a band of music, which poured around a cheerful air from a neighbouring barrack-yard, where a troop or two of soldiers were quartered; when a neighbour stepped into the garden to tell her, that a soldier was then being flogged, and that the band only played to drown the cries of the suffering offender. Not a word was spoken by my agitated parent; down dropped her trowel on the ground, and away she ran into the house, shutting herself up, and bursting into tears. The garden was forgotten, the pleasure had vanished, and music had turned into mourning in the bosom of my mother.

Reader! have you a mother? If you have, call to mind her forbearance, her kindness, her love. Try also to return them by acts of affection, that when the future years shall arrive, when the green sod shall be springing over the resting-place of a kind-hearted parent, you may feel no accusing pang when you hear the endearing expression, My Mother!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

> "Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet.*

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully—
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

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Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, or a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS.

Father of Heaven and Earth!
I bless thee for the night,
The soft, still night,
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
Have shut around the sleeping wood-lark's nest;
The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'er-wearied one,
O'er-wearied and o'er-wrought,
Bless thee, O God, O Father of the oppressed,
With my last waking thought.
In the still night!

Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven!—
I bless thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers, the night,
The soft, still, holy night!

HOW JESUS WAS RECEIVED.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, that the seed, however broadcast, will catch somewhere, and produce its hundredfold. Some kept his sayings and pondered them in their heart. Others heard them gladly. Did priests and Levites stop their ears? Publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before them. Those blessed women, whose hearts God

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had sown deepest with the orient pearl of faith; they who ministered to him in his wants, washed his feet with tears of penitence, and wiped them with the hairs of their head, was it in vain he spoke to them? Alas, for the anointed priest, the child of Levi, the sons of Aaron, men who shut up inspiration in old books, and believed God was asleep --They stumbled in darkness, and fell into the ditch. But doubtless there was many a tear-stained face that brightened like fires new stirred, as truth spoke out of Jesus' lips. His word swayed the multitude as pendent vines swing in the summer wind; as the spirit of God moved on the waters of chaos, and said, "Let there be light," and there was light. No doubt many a rude fisherman of Gennesareth heard his words with a heart bounding and scarce able to keep in his bosom, went home a new man, with a legion of angels in his breast, and from that day lived a life divine and beautiful. No doubt, on the other hand, Rabbi Kozeb Ben Shatan, when he heard of the eloquent Nazarene and his Sermon on the Mount, said to his disciples, in private, at Jerusalem, "This new doctrine will not injure us prudent and educated men; we know that men may worship as well out of the temple as in it; a burnt offering is nothing; the ritual of no value; the Sabbath like any other day; the law faulty in many things, offensive in some, and no more from God than other laws equally good. We know that the priesthood is a human affair, originated and managed like other human affairs. We may confess all this to ourselves, but what is the use of telling it? The people wish to be deceived; let them. The Pharisee will conduct wisely like a Pharisee—for he sees the eternal fitness of things—even if these doctrines should be proclaimed. But this people, who know not the law, what will become of *them?* Simon Peter, James, and John, those poor unlettered fishermen on the lake of Galilee, to whom we gave a farthing and the priestly blessing, in our summer excursion, what will become of them when told that every word of the law did not come straight out of the mouth of Jehovah, and the ritual is nothing! They will go over to the flesh and the devil, and will be lost. It is true, that the law and the prophets are well summed up in one word, love God and man. But never let *us* sanction the saying, it would ruin the seed of Abraham, keep back the kingdom of God, and "destroy our usefulness." Thus went it at Jerusalem. The new word was "Blasphemy," the new prophet an "Infidel," "beside himself, had a devil." But at Galilee, things took a shape somewhat different; one which blind guides could not foresee. The common people, not knowing the law, counted him a prophet come up from the dead, and heard him gladly. Yes, thousands of men, and women also, with hearts in their bosoms, gathered in the field, and pressed about him in the city and the desert place, forgetful of hunger and thirst, and were fed to the full with his words, words so deep that a child could understand them; James and John leave all to follow him who had the word of eternal life; and when that young carpenter asks Peter, "Who sayest thou that I am?" it has been revealed to that poor unlettered fisherman, not by flesh and blood, but by the word of the Lord, and he can say, "Thou art the Christ the son of the living God." The Pharisee went his way, and preached a doctrine that he knew was false; the fisherman also went his way; but which went to the flesh and the devil?

We cannot tell, no man can tell, the feelings which the large free doctrines of absolute religion awakened when heard for the first time. There must have been many a Simeon waiting for the consolation; many a Mary longing for the better part; many a soul in cabins and cottages and stately dwellings, that caught glimpses of the same truth, as God's light shone through some crevice which piety made in the wall prejudice and superstition had built up betwixt man and God; men who scarce dared to trust that revelation—"too good to be true" such was their awe of Moses, their reverence for the priest. To them the word of Jesus must have sounded divine; like the music of their home sung out in the sky, and heard in a distant land, beguiling toil of its weariness, pain of its sting, affliction of despair There must have been men, sick of forms which had lost their meaning, pained with the open secret of sacerdotal hypocrisy, hungering and thirsting after the truth, yet whom error, and prejudice, and priestcraft had blinded so that they dare not think as men, nor look on the sun-light God shed upon the mind.

In a recent work of L. F. Tasistro—"Random Shots and Southern Breezes"—is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommends the woman on the stand as a *good Christian!*

A CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A Christian—going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image? for His grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath, in her suffering, won?

My God! Can such things be?
Hast thou not said—that whatso'er is done
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of thy pitying love, I see *Thee* stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking-band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

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A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame;
Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years;
But *her* low broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou *prudent* teacher;—tell the toiling slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's *free* gospel, from the simple heart;
And to her darkened mind alone impart,
One stern command—Obey.

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market-price of human flesh: and while,
On thee, the pampered guest, the planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how Thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, *first* and *best*
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh shame! The Moslem thrall
Who with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla, feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeon open, and hath cine
Their inmates into day.

But *our* poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody hand,
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamps, from the trader's cell,
From the black slave-ships foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long! Oh God! How long!

SONG WRITING.

BY JAMES R. LOWEL.

The songs of a nation are like wild flowers pressed, as it were, by chance, between the blood-stained pages of history. As if man's heart had paused for a moment in its dusty march, and looked back, with a flutter of the pulse and a tearful smile, upon the simple peacefulness of happier and purer days, gathering some wayside blossom to remind it of childhood and home, amid the crash of battle or the din of the market. Listening to these strains of pastoral music, we are lured away from the records of patriotic frauds of a cannibal policy which devours whole nations with the refined appetite of a converted and polished Polyphemus who has learned to eat with a silver fork, and never to put his knife in his mouth,—we forget the wars and the false standards of honor which have cheated men into wearing the fratricidal brand of Cain, as if it were but the glorious trace of a dignifying wreath, and hear the rustle of the leaves and the innocent bleat of lambs, and the low murmur of lovers beneath the moon of Arcady, or the long twilight of the north. The earth grows green again, and flowers spring up in the scorching footprints of Alaric, but where love hath but only smiled, some gentle trace of it remains freshly forever. The infinite sends its messages to us by untutored spirits, and the lips of little children, and the unboastful beauty of simple nature; not with the sound of trumpet, and the tramp of mail-clad hosts. Simplicity and commonness are the proofs of Beauty's divinity. Earnestly and beautifully touching is this eternity of simple feeling from age to age,—this trustfulness with which the heart flings forth to the wind its sybilline leaves to be gathered and cherished as oracles forever. The unwieldy current of life whirls and writhes and struggles muddily onward, and there in midcurrent the snow-white lilies blow in unstained safety, generation after generation. The cloud-capt monuments of mighty kings and captains crumble into dust and mingle with the nameless ashes of those who reared them; but we know perhaps the name and even the color of the hair and eyes of some humble shepherd's mistress who brushed through the dew to meet her lover's kiss, when the rising sun glittered on the golden images that crowned the palace-roof of Semiramis. Fleets and navies are overwhelmed and forgotten, but some tiny, love-freighted argosy launched (like those of the Hindoo maidens) upon the stream of time in days now behind the horizon, floats down to us with its frail lamp yet burning Theories for which great philosophers wore their hearts out, histories over which the eyes of wise men ached for weary years, creeds for which hundreds underwent an exulting martyrdom, poems which had once quickened the beating of the world's great heart, and the certainty of whose deathless-

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ness had made death sweet to the poet, all these have mouldered to nothing, but some word of love, some outvent of a sorrow which haply filled only one pair of eyes with tears, there seem to have become a part of earth's very lifeblood. They live because those who wrote never thought whether they would live or not. Because they were the children of human nature, human nature has tenderly fostered them, while children only begot to perpetuate the foolish vanity of their father's name, must trust for their support to such inheritance of livelihood as their father left them. There are no pensions, and no retired lists in the pure democracy of nature and truth.

A good song is as if the poet had pressed his heart against the paper, and that could have conveyed its hot, tumultuous throbbings to the reader. The low, musical rustle of the wind among the leaves is song-like, but the slow unfolding of the leaves and blossoms, and under them the conception and ripening of the golden fruit through long summer days of sunshine and of rain, are like the grander, but not more beautiful or eternal, offspring of poesy. The song-writer must take his place somewhere between the poet and the musician, and must form a distinct class by himself. The faculty of writing songs is certainly a peculiar one, and as perfect in its kind as that of writing epics. They can only be written by true poets; like the mistletoe they are slender and delicate, but they only grow in oaks. Burns is as wholly a poet, but not as great a poet as Milton. Songs relate to us the experience and hoarded learning of the feelings, greater poems detail that of the mind. One is the result of that wisdom which the heart keeps by remaining young, the other of that which it gains by growing old. Songs are like inspired nursery-rhymes which makes the soul child-like again. The best songs have always some tinge of a mysterious sadness in them. They seem written in the night-watches of the heart, and reflect the spiritual moonlight, or the shifting flashes of the northern-light, or the trembling lustre of the stars, rather than the broad and cheerful benediction of the sunny day. Often they are the merest breaths, vague snatches of half-heard music which fell dreamily on the ear of the poet while he was listening for grander melodies, and which he hummed over afterwards to himself, not knowing how or where he learned them.

A true song touches no feeling or prejudice of education, but only the simple, original elements of our common nature. And perhaps the mission of the song-writer may herein be deemed loftier and diviner than any other, since he sheds delight over more hearts, and opens more rude natures to the advances of civilization, refinement and a softened humanity, by revealing to them a beauty in their own simple thoughts and feelings, which wins them unconsciously to a dignified reverence for their own noble capabilities as men. He who aspires to the highest triumphs of the muse, must look at first for appreciation and sympathy only from the few, and must wait till the progress of education shall have enlarged the number and quickened the sensibility and apprehension of his readers. But the song-writer finds his ready welcome in those homespun, untutored artistic perceptions which are the birthright of every human soul, and which are the sure pledges of the coming greatness and ennoblement of the race. He makes men's hearts ready to receive the teachings of his nobler brother. He is not positively, but only relatively a greater blessing to his kind, since, in God's good season, by the sure advance of freedom, all men shall be able to enjoy what is now the privilege of the few, and Shakspeare and Milton shall be as dear to the heart of the cottager and the craftsman as Burns or Beranger. Full of grandeur, then, and yet fuller of awful responsibility is the calling of the song-writer. It is no wild fancy to deem that he may shape the destiny of coming ages. Like an electric spark his musical thought flits glittering from heart to heart, and from lip to lip through the land. Luther's noble hymns made more and truer protestants than ever did his sermons or his tracts. The song hummed by some toiling mother to beguile the long monotony of the spinning-wheel, may have turned the current of her child's thoughts as he played about her knee, and given the world a hero or apostle. We know not when or in what soil God may plant the seeds of our spiritual enlightenment and regeneration, but we may be sure that it will be in some piece of clay common to all mankind. Some heart whose simple feelings call the whole world kin. Not from mighty poet or deep-seeking philosopher will come the word which all men love to hear, but in the lowly Nazareth of some unlearned soul, in the rough manger of rudest, humblest sympathies, shall the true Messiah be born and cradled. In the inspired heart, not in the philosophic intellect, all true reforms originate, and it is over this that the song-writer has unbridled sway. He concentrates the inarticulate murmur and longing of a trampled people into the lightning-flash of a fiery verse, and, ere the guilty heart of the oppressor has ceased to flutter, follows the deafening thunderclap of revolution. He gives vent to his love of a flower or a maiden, and adds so much to the store of everyday romance in the heart of the world, refining men's crude perceptions of beauty and dignifying their sweet natural affections. Once it was the fashion to write pastorals, but he teaches us that it is not nature to make all men talk like rustics, but rather to show that one heart beats under homespun and broadcloth, and that it alone is truly classical, and gives eternity to verse.

Songs are scarcely amenable to the common laws of criticism. If anything were needed to prove the utter foolishness of the assertion, that that only is

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good poetry which can be reduced to good prose, we might summon as witnesses the most perfect songs in our language. The best part of a song lies often not at all in the words, but in the metre perhaps, or the structure of the verse, in the wonderful melody which arose of itself from the feeling of the writer, and which unawares throws the heart into the same frame of thought. Ben Jonson was used to write his poems first in prose and then translate or distil them into verse, and had we not known the fact, we might have almost guessed it from reading some of his lyrics, the mechanical structure of whose verse is as different from the spontaneous growth of a true song (which must be written one way or not at all) as a paper flower is from a violet. In a good song, the words seem to have given birth to the melody, and the melody to the words. The strain of music seems to have wandered into the poet's heart, and to have been the thread round which his thoughts have crystallized. There is always something of personal interest in songs. They are the true diary of the poet's spiritual life, the table-talk of his heart. There is nothing egotistical in them, for the inward history of a poet is never a commonplace one, and egotism can only be a trait of little minds, its disagreeable quality lying wholly in this, that it constantly thrusts in our faces the egotist's individuality, which is really the least noticeable thing about him. We love to hear wonderful men talk of themselves, because they are better worth hearing about than anything else, and because what we learn of them is not so much a history of self as a history of nature, and a statement of facts therein which are so many fingerposts to set us right in our search after true spiritual knowledge. Songs are translations from the language of the spiritual into that of the natural world.

As love is the highest and holiest of all feelings, so those songs are best in which love is the essence. All poetry must rest on love for a foundation, or it will only last so long as the bad passions it appeals to, and which it is the end of true poesy to root out. If there be not in it a love of man, there must at least be a love of nature which lies next below it, and which, as is the nature of all beauty, will lead its convert upward to that nobler and wider sympathy. True poetry is but the perfect reflex of true knowledge, and true knowledge is spiritual knowledge which comes only of love, and which, when it has solved the mystery of one, even the smallest effluence of the eternal beauty which surrounds us like an atmosphere, becomes a clue leading to the heart of the seeming labyrinth. All our sympathies lie in such close neighborhood, that when music is drawn from one string, all the rest vibrate in sweet accord. As in the womb the brain of the child changes with a steady rise, through a likeness to that of one animal and another till it is perfected in that of man, the highest animal, so in this life, which is but as a womb wherein we are shaping to be born in the next, we are led upward from love to love till we arrive at the love of God which is the highest love. Many things unseal the springs of tenderness in us ere the full glory of our nature gushes forth to the one benign spirit which interprets for us all mystery, and is the key to unlock all the most secret shrines of beauty. Woman was given us to love chiefly to this end, that the sereneness and strength which the soul wins from that full sympathy with one, might teach it the more divine excellence of a sympathy with all, and that it was man's heart only which God shaped in his own image, which it can only rightly emblem in an all-surrounding love. Therefore we put first those songs which tell of love, since we see in them not an outpouring of selfish and solitary passion, but an indication of that beautiful instinct which prompts the heart of every man to turn toward its fellows with a smile, and to recognise its master even in the disguise of clay; and we confess that the sight of the rudest and simplest love-verses in the corner of a village newspaper, oftener bring tears of delight into our eyes than awaken a sense of the ludicrous. In fancy we see the rustic lovers wandering hand in hand, a sweet fashion not yet extinct in our quiet New England villages, and crowding all the past and future with the blithe sunshine of the present. The modest loveliness of Dorcas has revealed to the delighted heart of Reuben, countless other beauties, of which, but for her, he had been careless. Pure and delicate sympathies have overgrown protectingly the most exposed part of his nature, as the moss covers the north side of the tree. The perception and reverence of her beauty has become a new and more sensitive conscience to him, which, like the wonderful ring in the fairy tale, warns him against every danger that may assail his innocent self-respect. For the first time he begins to see something more in the sunset than an omen of to-morrow's weather. The flowers, too, have grown tenderly dear to him of a sudden, and, as he plucks a sprig of blue succory from the roadside to deck her hair with, he is as truly a poet as Burns when he embalmed the "mountain daisy" in deathless rhyme. Dorcas thrills at sight of quivering Hesperus as keenly as ever Sappho did, and, as it brings back to her, she knows not how, the memory of all happy times in one, she clasps closer the brown, toil-hardened hand which she holds in hers, and which the heart that warms it makes as soft as down to her. She is sure that the next Sabbath evening will be as cloudless and happy as this. She feels no jealousy of Reuben's love of the flowers, for she knows that only the pure in heart can see God in them, and that they will but teach him to love better the wild-flower-like beauties in herself, and give him impulses of kindness and brotherhood to all. Love is the truest radicalism, lifting all to the same clear-aired level of humble, thankful humanity. Dorcas begins to think that her

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childish dream has come true, and that she is really an enchanted princess, and her milkpans are forthwith changed to a service of gold plate with the family arms engraved on the bottom of each, the device being a great heart, and the legend, *God gives, man only takes away.* Her taste in dress has grown wonderfully more refined since her betrothal, though she never heard of the Paris fashions, and never had more than one silk gown in her life, that one being her mother's wedding dress, made over again. Reuben has grown so tender-hearted, that he thought there might be some good even in "Transcendentalism," a terrible dragon of straw, against which he had seen a lecturer at the village Lyceum valorously enact the St. George,—nay, he goes so far as to think that the slavewomen (black though they be, and therefore not deserving so much happiness), cannot be quite so well off as his sister in the factory, and would sympathize with them if the constitution did not enjoin all good citizens not to do so. But we are wandering,—farewell, Reuben and Dorcas! remember that you can only fulfil your vow of being true to each other by being true to all, and be sure that death can but unclasp your bodily hands that your spiritual ones may be joined the more closely.

The songs of our great poets are unspeakably precious. In them find vent those irrepressible utterances of homely fireside humanity, inconsistent with the loftier aim and self-forgetting enthusiasm of a great poem, which preserve the finer and purer sensibilities from wilting and withering under the black frost of ambition. The faint records of flitting impulses, we light upon them sometimes imbedded round the bases of the basaltic columns of the epic or the drama, like heedless insects or tender ferns whieh had fallen in while those gigantic crystals were slowly shaping themselves in the molten entrails of the soul all a-glow with the hidden fires of inspiration, or like the tracks of birds from far-off climes, which had lighted upon the ductile mass ere it had hardened into eternal rock. They make the lives of the masters of the lyre encouragements and helps to us, by teaching us humbly to appreciate and sympathize with, as men, those whom we should else almost have worshipped as beings of a higher order. In Shakspeare's dreams, we watch with awe the struggles and triumphs, and defeats which seem almost triumphs, of his unmatched soul:—in his songs we can yet feel the beating of a simple, warm heart, the mate of which can be found under the first homespun frock you meet on the high road. He, who instead of carefully plucking the fruit from the tree of knowledge as others are fain to, shook down whole showers of leaves and twigs and fruit at once; who tossed down systems of morality and philosophy by the handful; who wooed nature as a superior, and who carpeted the very earth beneath the delicate feet of his fancy with such flowers of poesy as bloom but once in a hundred years,—this vast and divine genius in his songs and his unequalled sonnets, (which are but epic songs, songs written, as it were, for an organ or rather ocean accompaniment), shows all the humbleness, and wavering, and self-distrust, with which the weakness of the flesh tempers souls of the boldest aspiration and most unshaken self-help, as if to remind them gently of that brotherhood to assert and dignify whose claims they were sent forth as apostles.

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The true way of judging the value of any one of the arts is by measuring its aptness and power to advance the refinement, and sustain the natural dignity of mankind. Men may show rare genius in amusing or satirizing their fellow-beings, or in raising their wonder, or in giving them excuses for all manner of weakness by making them believe that, although their nature prompts them to be angels, they are truly no better than worms,—but only to him will death come as a timely guide to a higher and more glorious sphere of action and duty, who has done somewhat, however little, to reveal to the soul its beauty, and to awaken in it an aspiration towards what only our degradation forces us to call an ideal life. It is but a half knowledge which sneers at *utilitarianism*, as if that word may not have a spiritual as well as a material significance. He is indeed a traitor to his better nature who would persuade men that the use of anything is proportioned to the benefit it confers upon their animal part. If the spirit's hunger be not satisfied, the body will not be at ease, though it slumber in Sybaris and feast with Apicius. It is the soul that makes men rich or poor, and he who has given a nation a truer conception of beauty, which is the body of truth, as love is its spirit, has done more for its happiness and to secure its freedom, than if he had doubled its defences or its revenue. He who has taught a man to look kindly on a flower or an insect, has thereby made him sensible of the beauty of tenderness toward men, and rendered charity and lovingkindness so much the more easy, and so much the more necessary to him. To make life more reverend in the eyes of the refined and educated, may be a noble ambition in the scholar, or the poet, but to reveal to the poor and ignorant, and degraded, those divine arms of the eternal beauty which encircle them lovingly by day and night, to teach them that they also are children of one Father, and the nearer haply to his heart for the very want and wretchedness which half-persuaded them they were orphan and forgotten, this, truly is the task of one who is greater than the poet or the scholar, namely, a true Man, —and this belongs to the song-writer. The poet as he wove his simple rhymes of love, or the humble delights of the poor, dreamed not how many toil-worn eyes brightened, and how many tyrant hearts softened with reviving memories of childhood and

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innocence. That which alone can make men truly happy and exalted in nature, is freedom; and freedom of spirit, without which mere bodily liberty is but vilest slavery, can only be achieved by cultivating men's sympathy with the beautiful. The heart that makes free only is free, and the tyrant always is truly the bondman of his slaves. The longing of every soul is for freedom, which it gains only by helping other souls to theirs. The power of the song-writer is exalted above others in this, that his words bring solace to the lowest ranks of men, loosing their spirits from thraldom by cherishing to life again their numbed and deadened sympathies, and bringing them forth to expand and purify in the unclouded, impartial sunshine of humanity. Here truly is a work worthy of angels, whose brightness is but the more clearly visible when they are ministering in the dark and benighted hovels of life, and whose wings grow to a surer and more radiant strength, while they are folded to enter these humblest tenements of clay, than when they are outspread proudly for the loftiest and most exulting flight. The divinity of man is indeed most wonderful and glorious in the mighty and rare soul, but how much more so is it in the humble and common one, and how far greater a thing is it to discern and reverence it there. We hear men often enough speak of seeing God in the stars and flowers, but they will never be truly religious till they learn to behold him in each other also, where he is most easily, yet most rarely discovered. But to have become blessed enough to find him in anything, is a sure pledge of finding him in all, and many times, perhaps, some snatch of artless melody floating over the land, as if under the random tutelage of the breeze, may have given the hint of its high calling to many a soul which else had lain torpid and imbruted. Great principles work out their fulfilment with the slightest and least regarded tools, and destiny may chance to speak to us in the smell of a buttercup or the music of the commonest air.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

To-day, I cannot write of beauty; for I am sad and troubled. Heart, head, and conscience, are all in battle-array against the savage customs of my time. By and by, the law of love, like oil upon the waters, will calm my surging sympathies, and make the current flow more calmly, though none the less deep or strong. But to-day, do not ask me to love governor, sheriff or constable, or any man who defends capital punishment. I ought to do it; for genuine love enfolds even murderers with its blessing. By to-morrow, I think I can remember them without bitterness; but to-day, I cannot love them; on my soul, I cannot.

We were to have had an execution yesterday; but the wretched prisoner avoided it by suicide. The gallows had been erected for several hours, and with a cool refinement of cruelty, was hoisted before the window of the condemned; the hangman was already to cut the cord; marshals paced back and forth, smoking and whistling; spectators were waiting impatiently to 'see whether he would 'die game.' Printed circulars had been handed abroad to summon the number of witnesses required by law:—'You are respectfully invited to witness the execution of John C. Colt.' I trust some of them are preserved for museums. Specimens should be kept, as relics of a barbarous age, for succeeding generations to wonder at. They might be hung up in a frame; and the portrait of a New Zealand Chief, picking the bones of an enemy of his tribe, would be an appropriate pendant.

This bloody insult was thrust into the hands of *some* citizens, who carried hearts under their vests, and they threw it in tattered fragments to the dogs and swine, as more fitting witnesses than human beings. It was cheering to those who have faith in human progress, to see how many viewed the subject in this light. But as a general thing, the very spirit of murder was rife among the dense crowd, which thronged the place of execution. They were swelling with revenge, and eager for blood. One man came all the way from New Hampshire, on purpose to witness the entertainment; thereby showing himself a likely subject for the gallows, whoever he may be. *Women* deemed themselves not treated with becoming gallantry, because tickets of admittance were denied *them*; and I think it showed injudicious partiality; for many of them can be taught murder by as short a lesson as any man, and sustain it by arguments from Scripture, as ably as any theologian. However *they* were not admitted to this edifying exhibition in the great school of public morals; and had only the slim comfort of standing outside, in a keen November wind, to catch the first toll of the bell, which would announce that a human brother had been sent struggling into eternity by the hand of violence. But while the multitude stood with open watches, and strained ears to catch the sound, and the marshals smoked and whistled, and the hangman walked up and down, waiting for his prey, lo! word was brought that the criminal was found dead in his bed! He had asked one half hour alone to prepare his mind for departure; and at the end of that brief interval, he was found with a dagger thrust into his heart. The tidings were received with fierce mutterings of disappointed rage. The throng beyond the walls were furious to see him with their own eyes, to be sure that he was dead. But when the welcome news met *my* ear, a tremendous load was taken from my

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heart. I had no chance to analyze right and wrong; for over all thought and feeling flowed impulsive joy, that this 'Christian' community were cheated of a hanging. They who had assembled to commit legalized murder, in cold blood, with strange confusion of ideas, were unmindful of their own guilt, while they talked of his suicide as a crime equal to that for which he was condemned. I am willing to leave it between him and his God. For myself, I would rather have the burden of it on my own soul, than take the guilt of those who would have executed a fellow creature. *He* was driven to a fearful extremity of agony and desperation. He was precisely in the situation of a man on board a burning ship, who being *compelled* to face death, jumps into the waves, as the least painful mode of the two. But they, who thus drove him 'to walk the plank,' made cool, deliberate preparations to take life, and with inventive cruelty sought to add every bitter drop that *could* be added to the dreadful cup of vengeance.

To me, human life seems so sacred a thing, that its violent termination always fills me with horror, whether perpetrated by an individual or a crowd; whether done contrary to law and custom, or according to law and custom. Why John C. Colt should be condemned to an ignominious death for an act of resentment altogether unpremeditated, while men, who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, go out to murder another for some insulting word, are judges, and senators in the land, and favorite candidates for the President's chair, is more than I can comprehend. There is, to say the least, a strange inconsistency in our customs.

At the same moment that I was informed of the death of the prisoner, I heard that the prison was on fire. It was soon extinguished, but the remarkable coincidence added not a little to the convulsive excitement of the hour. I went with a friend to look at the beautiful spectacle; for it was exceedingly beautiful. The fire had kindled at the very top of the cupola, the wind was high, and the flames rushed upward, as if the angry spirits below had escaped on fiery wings. Heaven forgive the feelings that, for a moment mingled with my admiration of that beautiful conflagration! Society had kindled all around me a bad excitement, and one of the infernal sparks fell into my heart. If this was the effect produced on me, who am by nature tender-hearted, by principle opposed to all retaliation, and by social position secluded from contact with evil, what must it have been on the minds of rowdies and desperadoes? The effect of executions on *all* brought within their influence is evil, and nothing but evil. For a fortnight past, this whole city has been kept in a state of corroding excitement, either of hope or fear. The stern pride of the prisoner left little in his peculiar case to appeal to the sympathies of society; yet the instincts of our common nature rose up against the sanguinary spirit manifested toward him. The public were, moreover, divided in opinion with regard to the legal construction of his crime; and in the keen discussion of *legal* distinctions, *moral* distinctions became wofully confused. Each day hope and fear alternated; the natural effect of all this was to have the whole thing regarded as a game, in which the criminal might, or might not, become the winner; and every experiment of this kind shakes public respect for the laws, from centre to circumference. Worse than all this was the horrible amount of diabolical passion excited. The hearts of men were filled with murder; they gloated over the thoughts of vengeance, and were rabid to witness a fellow-creature's agony. They complained loudly that he was not to be hung high enough for the crowd to *see* him. 'What a pity!' exclaimed a woman, who stood near me, gazing at the burning tower; 'they will have to give him two hours more to live.' 'Would you feel so, if he were your *son?*' said I. Her countenance changed instantly. She had not before realized that every criminal was *somebody's* son.

As we walked homeward, we encountered a deputy sheriff; not the most promising material, certainly, for lessons on humanity; but to him we spoke of the crowd of savage faces, and the tones of hatred, as obvious proof of the bad influence of capital punishment. 'I know that,' said he; 'but I don't see how we could dispense with it. Now suppose we had fifty murderers shut up in prison for life, instead of hanging 'em; and suppose there should come a revolution; what an awful thing it would be to have fifty murderers inside the prison, to be let loose upon the community!' 'There is another side to that proposition,' we answered; 'for every criminal you execute, you make a hundred murderers *outside* the prison, each as dangerous as would be the one inside.' He said perhaps it was so; and went his way.

As for the punishment and the terror of such doings, they fall most keenly on the best hearts in the community. Thousands of men, as well as women, had broken and startled sleep for several nights preceding that dreadful day. Executions always excite a universal shudder among the innocent, the humane, and the wise-hearted. It is the voice of God, crying aloud within us against the wickedness of this savage custom. Else why is it that the instinct is so universal?

The last conversation I had with the late William Ladd made a strong impression on my mind. While he was a sea-captain, he occasionally visited Spain, and once witnessed an execution there. He said that no man, however low and despicable, would consent to perform the office of hangman; and whoever should dare to suggest such a thing to a decent man, would have had his brains blown out. This feeling was so strong, and so universal, that the only

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way they could procure an executioner, was to offer a condemned criminal his own life, if he would consent to perform the vile and hateful office on another. Sometimes executions were postponed for months, because there was no condemned criminal to perform the office of hangman. A fee was allotted by law to the wretch who did perform it, but no one would run the risk of touching his polluted hand by giving it to him; therefore, the priest threw the purse as far as possible; the odious being ran to pick it up, and hastened to escape from the shuddering execrations of all who had known him as a hangman. Even the poor animal that carried the criminal and his coffin in a cart to the foot of the gallows, was an object of universal loathing. He was cropped and marked, that he might be known as the 'Hangman's Donkey.' No man, however great his needs, would use this beast, either for pleasure or labour; and the peasants were so averse to having him pollute their fields with his footsteps, that when he was seen approaching, the boys hastened to open the gates, and drive him off with hisses, sticks, and stones. Thus does the human heart cry out aloud against this wretched practice!

A tacit acknowledgment of the demoralizing influence of executions is generally made, in the fact that they are forbidden to be *public*, as formerly. The scene is now in a prison yard, instead of open fields, and no spectators are admitted but officers of the law, and those especially invited. Yet a favourite argument in favour of capital punishment has been the terror that the spectacle inspires in the breast of evil doers. I trust the two or three hundred singled out from the mass of New York population, by particular invitation, especially the judges and civil officers, will feel the full weight of the compliment. During the French Revolution, public executions seemed too slow, and Fouquier proposed to put the guillotine under cover, where batches of a hundred might be despatched with a few spectators. 'Wilt thou *demoralize the guillotine?*' asked Callot, reproachfully.

That bloody guillotine was an instrument of *law*, as well as our gallows; and what, in the name of all that is villanous, has *not* been established by law? Nations, clans, and classes, engaged in fierce struggles of selfishness and hatred, made laws to strengthen each other's power, and revenge each other's aggressions. By slow degrees, always timidly and reluctantly, society emerges out of the barbarisms with which it thus became entangled. It is but a short time ago that men were hung in this country for stealing. The last human brother who suffered under this law, in Massachusetts, was so wretchedly poor, that when he hung on the gallows, his rags fluttered in the wind. What think you was the comparative guilt, in the eye of God, between him and those who hung him? Yet, it was *according to law*; and men cried out as vociferously then as they now do, that it was not *safe* to have the law changed. Judge McKean, governor of Pennsylvania, was strongly opposed to the abolition of death for stealing, and the disuse of the pillory and whipping-post. He was a very humane man, but had the common fear of changing old customs. 'It will not do to abolish these salutary restraints,' said the old gentleman; 'it will break up the foundations of society.' Those relics of barbarism were banished long ago: but the foundations of society are nowise injured thereby.

The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws. The *real* danger is in having laws on the statute-book at variance with the universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The *evasion*, even of a bad law, is attended with many mischievous results; its *abolition* is always safe.

In looking at Capital Punishment in its practical bearings on the operation of justice, an observing mind is at once struck with the extreme *uncertainty* attending it. The balance swings hither and thither, and settles, as it were, by chance. The strong instincts of the heart teach juries extreme reluctance to convict for capital offences. They will avail themselves of every loophole in the evidence, to avoid the bloody responsibility imposed upon them. In this way, undoubted criminals escape all punishment, until society becomes alarmed for its own safety, and insists that the next victim *shall* be sacrificed. It was the misfortune of John C. Colt, to be arrested at a time when the popular wave of indignation had been swelling higher and higher, in consequence of the impunity with which Robinson, White, and Jewell had escaped. The wrath and jealousy which they had excited was visited upon him, and his chance for a merciful verdict was greatly diminished. The scale now turns the other way; and the next offender will probably receive very lenient treatment, though he should not have so many extenuating circumstances in his favour.

Another thought which forces itself upon the mind in consideration of this subject is the danger of convicting the innocent. Murder is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and therefore the proof must be mainly circumstantial. This kind of evidence must be in its nature so precarious, that men have learned great timidity in trusting to it. In Scotland, it led to so many terrible mistakes, that they long ago refused to convict any man of a capital offence, upon circumstantial evidence.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp

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knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to prepare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual; but he sat with his back toward them, and being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street, and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation, or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that from that day to this, he has refused to have any connexion with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and, on her death-bed, confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

Many of my readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, which still circulates in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family, in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited, her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this popular sentiment, and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well, that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practiced with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity, and shot her betrayer when no one was near, to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity, he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution, he endeavord to cut his throat; but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a *Christian* community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic, when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs, and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honour was in accordance with public sentiment, her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated exeited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.

Few know how numerous are the cases where it has subsequently been discovered that the innocent suffered instead of the guilty. Yet one such case in an age is surely enough to make legislators pause before they cast a vote against the abolition of Capital Punishment.

But many say 'the Old Testament requires blood for blood.' So it requires that a woman should be put to death for adultery; and men for doing work on the Sabbath; and children for cursing their parents; and 'If an ox were to push with his horn, in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.' The commands given to the Jews, in the old dispensation, do not form the basis of any legal code in Christendom. They *could not* form the basis of any civilized code. If one command is binding on our consciences, *all* are binding; for they all rest on the same authority.

They who feel bound to advocate capital punishment for murder, on account of the law given to Moses, ought, for the same reason, to insist that children should be executed for striking or cursing their parents.

'It was said by them of *old* time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but *I* say unto you resist not evil.' If our 'eyes were lifted up,' we should see, not Moses and Elias, but *Jesus only*.

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MOMENTS.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

I lie in a heavy trance,
With a world of dream without me;
Shapes of shadows dance
In waving bands about me.
But at times some mystic things
Appear in this phantom lair,
That almost seem to me visitings
Of Truth known elsewhere—
The world is wide; these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all.

A prayer in an hour of pain
Begun in an undertone,
Then lowered, as it would fain
Be heard by the heart alone;—
A throb when the soul is entered
By a light that is lit above,
Where the God of nature is centered,
The beauty of love—
The world is wide; these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all.

A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill
If you have no power of giving;—
An arm of aid to the weak;—
A friendly hand to the friendless;—
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless—
The world is wide; these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all.

The moment we think we have learnt
The love of the All-wise One,
By which we could stand unburnt
On the ridge of the seething sun;—
The moment we grasp at the clue,
Long-lost and strangely riven,
Which guides our souls to the True,
And the Poet to Heaven—
The world is wide; these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all.

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

BY R. W. EVANS.

Oh great, unspeakable is the blessing of a godly home. Here is the cradle of the Christian. Hence he sallies forth for encounter with the world, armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full of hope and victory under his heavenly leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a dutiful and affectionate look, regarding it as the type and pledge of another home. Hither, too, when sore wounded in the conflict, he resorts to repair his drooping vigor. Here when abandoned by the selfish sons of this world, he finds, as in a sanctuary, the children of God ready with open arms to receive him. And here the returning prodigal, enfolded in the embrace of those who know not of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels all at once his heart burst with shame and repentance. Merciful God, what a city of refuge hast thou ordained in the Christian Home!

A true Christian Home can scarcely be said to die. It may disappear from the eyes of flesh, but its better parts, those which are truly valuable, belong also to our everlasting home. It has but to throw off the elements of flesh, and it becomes at once that spiritual home to which eternal bliss is appended. All its occupations are preparations for another life; all its actions converge to that point; its society originating in the flesh, has long ago been established in the spirit. Its inmates regard each other as companions of the life to come, and deride the power of any separation which this world can effect. They look with contemptuous pity upon the miserable expedient for union after death to which worldlings resort, the laying up their bones in a costly vault; thus making a mockery of home in a disgusting assemblage of mouldering skeletons. Being one in spirit, whether in the same grave or with half the world between, they are still in union.

Rectory of Valehead.

DEMAGOGUE ARTS.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham concludes his sketches of the celebrated English radical, John Wilkes, with the following just and forcible passage on the arts of the Demagogues:

"The fall, the rapid and total declension of Wilkes' fame—the utter oblivion into which his very name has passed for all purposes save the remembrance of his vices—the very ruins of his reputation, no longer remaining in our political history—this affords also a salutary lesson to the followers of the multitude—those who may court applause of the hour, and regulate their conduct towards the people, not by their own sound and conscientious opinions of what is right, but by the desire to gain fame by doing what is pleasing, and to avoid giving the displeasure that arises from telling wholesome, though unpalatable truths. Never man more pandered to the appetites of the mob, than Wilkes; never political pimp gave more uniform contentment to his employers. Having the moral and sturdy English, and not the voluble and versatile Irish, to deal with, he durst not do or say as he chose himself: but was compelled to follow that he might seem to lead, or at least to go two steps

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with his followers, that he might get them to go three with him. He dared not deceive them grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently—dared not tell them opposite stories—in the same breath—give them one advice to-day, and the contrary to-morrow—pledge himself to a dozen things at one and the same time; then come before them with every pledge unredeemed, and ask their voices, and ask their money on the credit of as many other pledges, for the succeeding half year—all this, with the obstinate and jealous people of England, was out of the question; it could not have passed for six weeks. But he committed as great, if not as gross, frauds upon them; abused their confidence as entirely, if not so shamelessly; catered for their depraved appetites in all the base dainties of sedition and slander, and thoughtless violence, and unreasonable demands, instead of using his influence to guide their judgment, improve their taste, reclaim them from bad courses, and better their condition by providing for their instruction. The means by which he retained their attachment were disgraceful and vile—like the hypocrite, his whole life was a lie. The tribute which his unruly appetites kept him from paying to private morals, his dread of the mob, or his desire to use them for his selfish purposes, made him yield to public virtue: and he never appeared before the world without the mask of patriotic enthusiasm or democratic fury;—he who, in the recesses of Mendenham Abbey, and before many witnesses, gave the eucharist to an ape, or, prostituted the printing press to multiply copies of a production that would dye with blushes the cheek of an impure.

It is the abuse, no doubt, of such popular courses, that we should reprobate. Popularity is far from being contemptible; it is often an honourable acquisition; when duly earned, always a test of good done or evil resisted. But to be of a pure and genuine kind, it must have one stamp—the security of one safe and certain die; it must be the popularity that follows good actions, not that which is run after. Nor can we do a greater service to the people themselves, or read a more wholesome lesson to the race, above all, of rising statesmen, than to mark how much the mock-patriot, the mob-seeker, the parasite of the giddy multitude, falls into the very worst faults for which popular men are wont the most loudly to condemn, and most heartily to despise, the courtly fawners upon princes. Flattery, indeed! obsequiousness! time serving! What courtier of them all ever took more pains to soothe an irritable or to please a capricious prince, than Wilkes, to assauge the anger or gain the favor by humoring the prejudices of the mob? Falshood, truly! intrigue! manœuvre! Where did ever titled suitor for promotion lay his plots more cunningly, or spread more wide his net, or plant more pensively in the fire those irons by which the waiters on royal bounty forge to themselves and their country chains, that they also may make the ladder they are to mount by, than the patriot of the city did to delude the multitude, whose slave he made himself, that he might be rewarded with their sweet voices, and so rise to wealth and to power? When he penned the letter of cant about administering justice, rather than join a procession to honor the accession of a prince whom in a private petition he covered over thick and threefold with the slime of his flattery, he called himself a "manœuvre." When he delivered a rant about liberty before the reverent judges of the land—he knew full well that he was not delighting those he addressed, but the mob out of doors, on whose ears the trash was to be echoed back. When he spoke a speech in parliament, of which no one heard a word, and said aside to a friend who urged the fruitlessness of the attempt at making the house listen—"Speak it I must, for it has been printed in the newspapers this half hour"—he confessed that he was acting a false part in one place to compass a real object in another; as thoroughly as ever minister did when affecting by smiles to be well in his prince's good graces, before the multitude, all the while knowing that he was receiving a royal rebuke. When he and one confederate, in the private room of a tavern, issued a declaration, beginning, "we the people," and signed "by the order of the meeting,"—he practised as gross a fraud upon that people, as ever peer or parasite did, when affecting to pine for the prince's smiles, and to be devoted to his pleasure. in all the life they led consecrated to the furtherance of their own."

AN EVENING SONG.

BY FRANCES K. BUTLER.

Good night, love!
May heaven's brightest stars watch over thee!
Good angels spread their wings, and cover thee!
And through the night,
So dark and still,
Spirits of light
Charm thee from ill!
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling-place,
Good night, dear love! God bless thee with his grace!

Good night, love!
Soft lullabies the night winds sing to thee!
And on its wings sweet odours bring to thee!
And in thy dreaming
May all things, dear,
With gentle seeming,
Come smiling near!
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer,
Good night, dear love!—God keep thee in his care!

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 3.

LILIAS GRIEVE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

There was fear and melancholy in all the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or down upon St. Mary's Loch, for it was the time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted on the hill-side and in the hollow; some had felt the fire, and been consumed, and violent hands had torn off the turf roof from the green shealing of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life was nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts in which the fox had kenneled, were now the shelter of Christian souls—and when a lonely figure crept stealingly from one hiding place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert. When the babe was born, there might be none near to baptize it; or the minister, driven from his kirk, perhaps poured the sacramental water upon its face from some pool in the glen, whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals now were unfrequent, and in the solemn sadness of love many died before their time, of minds sunken, and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

But this is the dark side of the picture. For even in their caves were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild flowers that blossomed all about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged unto the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate—the wild were tamed—the unfeeling were made compassionate—hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul, and so it was now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, austere, impenetrable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break—the calm, serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes, and unblanched cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer—the silent beauty of maidens, who, with smiles, received their death—and the mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocence and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dew-drops on the green sward, and died fearlesly by their parents' sides. Arrested were they at their work, or in their play, and with no other bandage over their eyes, but haply some clustering ringlets of their sunny hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers, ask just to be allowed to say her prayers, and then go, unappalled, from her cottage-door to the breast of her Redeemer.

In those days had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house, willing to die there, or to be slaughtered whenever God should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little grand-daughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her girlhood, and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the sadest talk with her old parents, would she glide off with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears—while the grandmother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed at last, and our heads in the mould, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter, in which to fauld her bonnie wings?"

Lilias Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pastures at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the little neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful church-yard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves—where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water of the Loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read—and day after day the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knowe, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

"My Fairy," was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned away from all melancholy

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thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Lilias well—for she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green graceful plants that grew among the hills were wreathed round her hair. So was she dressed on Sabbath-day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor—when in a moment a party of soldiers were upon a mount on the opposite side of a narrow dell. Lilias was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass—but her sweet voice had betrayed her—and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes, and as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roe—a roe—see how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport, half in ferocity. Lilias kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew as on wings, across a piece of black heathery moss, full of pits and hollows—and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor little innocent child—but he at length fired—and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf—till, like a cushat, she dropt into a little birchen glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard—she seemed to have sunk into the ground—and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke toward the spot where she had vanished.

A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down together upon a ledge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear—curse me, if she be not one of those hill-fairies, else she had been as dead as a herring—but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair, as against a buckler." "By St. George, it was the act of a gallows-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy—and you deserve the weight of this hand—the hand of an Englishman, you brute, for your cruelty!"—and uprose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket—but the Englishman ran upon him, and with a Cumberland gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned and almost insensible. "That serves him right, Allan Sleigh—shiver my timbers, if I would fire upon a petticoat. As to fairies, why, look ye, 'tis a likely place enow for such creatures—if this be one, it is the first I ever saw, but as to your mermaids, I have seen a score of them, at different times, when I was at sea. As to shooting them, no—no—we never tried that, or the ship would have gone to the bottom. There have I seen them sitting on a rock, with a looking-glass, combing their hair, that wrapped round them like a net, and then down into a coral cave in a jiffey to their mermans—for mermaid, fairy, or mere flesh and blood women, they are all the same in that respect—take my word for it."

The fallen ruffian now rose, somewhat humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allan Sleigh—"I wager you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down yonder shingle where the fairy disappeared;" and the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on toward the head of the glen, and was heard crushing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes he returned, declaring, with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry countenance, and that he had tumbled backward into the burn, and been nearly drowned. "Drowned!" cried Allan Sleigh. "Ay, drowned—why not? a hundred yards down that bit glen, the pools are as black as pitch, and deep as hell—and the water roars like thunder—drowned—why not, you English son of a deer stealer?" "Why not—because who was ever drowned that was born to be hanged?" Aud that jest caused universal laughter—as it is always sure to do, often as it may he repeated in a company of ruffians, such is felt to be its perfect truth and unanswerable simplicity.

After an hour's quarrelling, and gibing, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the solitude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious epithets. The hut was soon rifled of any small articles of wearing apparel, and Samuel, without emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread, and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they, in their parental hearts, that their little Lilias was among the hills—and the old man trusted, that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see from some distance their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brakens.

The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last one of the party ordered him to return thanks in words impious and full of blasphemy, which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them, at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not so to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting covenanter—I will prick him with my bayonet if he won't say grace;" and the blood trickled

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down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead. The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant blood-thirstiness in the tiger-heart of the soldier, who now swore that if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead. And, as if cruelty were contagious, almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and the old hypocritical knave must preach or perish. "Damn him," cried one of them, in a fury, "here is the Word of God, a great musty Bible, stinking of greasy black leather, worse than a whole tanyard. If he won't speak, I will gag him with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Peden the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw. St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well, here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced towards the old man, from whose face his terrified wife was now wiping off the blood.

Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and in his younger days he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave, made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-haired man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor

That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others—and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst reprove Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the High Priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it!' So, now, oh, my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words the old man knelt down, unbidden; and, after one solemn look to Heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but, oh! what will become of our dear Lilias?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his, "Sarah—be not afraid." "Oh! Samuel, I remember at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read—'Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do.'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice—"we, two old gray-headed people, on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready—be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

It seemed that an angel was sent down from Heaven to save the lives of these two old gray-headed folks. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly nature, with eyes beaming lustre, and yet streaming tears, with white arms extending in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away, came on over the meadow befor the hut, the same green-robed creature that had startled the soldiers with her singing on the moor, and crying loudly but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives." She fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

They all stood heart-stricken, and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the green-sward. "God bless you, kind, good soldier, for this," exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy; "ay—ay, you will be all happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilias, your grandfather speaks unto you;—his last words are—leave us—leave us—for they are going to put us to death. Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Lilias, give us each a kiss—and then go into the house."

The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty, smote them to the core—and they bade them that were still kneeling to rise up and go their ways—then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilias, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into their hut—the child between them—and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

The following was inspired by the facts elicited by investigating the condition of the children employed in the mines, factories, &c. of Great Britain.

—

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing in the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing from the West;

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But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
Which is lost in long ago,
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost!
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see;
For the Man's grief untimely draws and presses
Down the cheeks of Infancy.
"Your old Earth," they say, "is very dreary!
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek!
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewild'ring,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we may die before our time!
Little Alice died last year,—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her,
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying—"Get up, little Alice, it is day!"
If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the new smile which has grown within her eyes.
For merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk chime!
"It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"

Alas, the young children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do!
Pluck your handfulls of the meadow cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
But the children say, "Are cowslips of the meadows
Like the weeds anear the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of our coal-shadows
From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For, oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap:
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall on our face trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
For all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round.

All day long the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces!
Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places!
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning all the day, and we with all!
All day long, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O, ye wheels, (breaking off in a mad moaning,)
Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay, be silent! let them hear each other breathing,
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing,
Of their tender human youth;
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion,
Is not all the life God giveth them to feel;
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheel!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
As if fate in each were stark!
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the weary children, O my brothers!
That they look to Him and pray
For the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
To bless them another day.
They answer—"Who is God, that He should hear us,
While this rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass unhearing—at least, answer not a word;
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door.
Is it likely God with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,

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Our Father! looking upward in our chamber,
We say softly for a charm.*
We say no other words except *Our Father!*
And we think that, in some pause of angel's song,
He may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather.
And hold both in his right hand, which is strong.
Our Father! If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call him good and mild)
Answer, (smiling down the steep world very purely,)
'Come and rest with me, my child.'"

"But no," say the children, weeping faster,
"He is silent as a stone;
And they tell us of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
"Go to," say the children; "up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find!
Do not mock us! we are atheists in our grieving,
We look up to Him, but tears have made us blind!"
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye teach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each!

And well may the children weep before ye,
They are weary ere they run!
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun!
They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom,
They sink in their despair, with hope at calm,
Are slaves without liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs by the pang, without the palm!
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
No joy of memory keep,
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly—
Let them weep, let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see;
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation!
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart?—
Trample down with mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants!
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence,
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

* The report of the commissioners present repeated instances of children, whose religious devotion is confined to the repetition of the two first words of the Lord's Prayer.

"A spirit of pure and intense humanity, a spirit of love and kindness, to which nothing is too large, for which nothing is too small, will always be its own "exceeding great reward."

INSTINCT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A beautiful child stood near a large open window. The window was completely overshadowed by wild grape and blossoming honey-suckle, and the drooping branches of a prodigious elm—the largest and handsomest you ever saw. The child was leaning forward with half-open mouth and thoughtful eyes, looking into the firmament of green leaves forever at play, that appeared to overhang the whole neighborhood; and her loose, bright hair, as it broke away in the cheerful morning wind, glittered like stray sunshine among the branches and blossoms.

Just underneath her feet, and almost within reach of her little hand, swung a large and prettily covered bird cage, all open to the sky! The broad plentiful grape leaves lay upon it in heaps—the morning wind blew pleasantly through it, making the very music that birds and children love best—and the delicate branches of the drooping elm swept over it—and the glow of blossoming herbage round about fell with a sort of shadowy lustre upon the basin of bright water, and the floor of glittering sand within the cage.

"Well, *if ever*!" said the child; and then she stooped and pulled away the trailing branches and looked into the cage; and then her lips began to tremble, and her soft eyes filled with tears.

Within the cage was the mother bird, fluttering and whistling—not cheerfully, but mournfully—and beating herself to death against the delicate wires; and three little bits of birds watching her, open-mouthed, and trying to follow her from perch to perch, as she opened and shut her golden wings, like sudden flashes of sunshine, and darted hither and thither, as if hunted by some invisible thing—or a a cat foraging in the shrubbery.

"There, now! there you go again! you foolish thing, you! Why what *is* the matter? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Hav'nt we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you? Hav'nt you had enough to eat, and the best that could be had for love or money—sponge cake—loaf sugar, and all sorts of seeds? Didn't father put up a nest with his own hands; and havn't I watched over you? you ungrateful little thing! till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds, no bigger than grasshoppers, and so noisy—ah, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand—where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish, or such beautiful bright sand, if we were to take you at your word, and let you out, with that little nest full of young ones, to shift for yourselves, *hey?*"

The door opened, and a tall benevolent looking man stepped up to her side.

"Oh, father, I'm so glad you're come. What do you think is the matter with poor little birdy?"

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The father looked down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of the poor little girl growing more and more perplexed and more sorrowful every moment.

"Well, father—what is it? does it see any thing?"

"No my love, nothing to frighten her; but where is the father bird?"

"He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the birds began to chipper this morning, that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby, he frightened him into the cage and carried him off."

"Was that right, my love?"

"Why not, father? He would'nt be quiet, you know; and what was I to do?"

"But, Moggy, dear, these little birds may want their father to help to feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to take care of them, or sing to her?

"Or, perhaps, to show them how to fly, father?"

"Yes, dear. And to separate them just now—how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nothing at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?"

The child grew more thoughtful. She looked up into her father's face, and appeared as if more than half disposed to ask a question, which might be a little out of place; but she forbore, and after musing a few moments, went back to the original subject:

"But father, what *can* be the matter with the poor thing? you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her, and tumbling upon their noses, and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and could'nt see straight."

"I am afraid she is getting discontented."

"*Discontented!* How can that be, father? Has'nt she her little ones about her, and every thing on earth she can wish, and then, you know, she never used to be so before."

"When her mate was with her, perhaps."

"Yes, father; and yet now I think of it, the moment these little witches began to peep-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and mother began to fly about in the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? The water, you see, is cool and clear; the sand bright; they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand; the fountain filled; and the seed box—and—and—I declare I cannot think what ails them."

"My love, may it not be the very things you speak of? Things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all their trouble, you see. The father and mother are *separated*. How can they teach their young to fly in that cage! How teach them to provide for themselves?"

"But father—dear father!" laying her little hand on the spring of the cage door, "dear father! *would you?*"

"And why not, my dear child?" and the father's eyes filled with tears, and he stooped down and kissed the bright face upturned to his, and glowing as if illuminated with inward sunshine. "*Why not?*"

"I was only thinking, father, if I should let them out, who will feed them?"

"Who feeds the young ravens, dear? Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?"

"True, father; but they have never been imprisoned, you know, and have already learned to take care of themselves."

The father looked up and smiled.

"Worthy of profound consideration, my dear; I admit your plea; but have a care lest you overrate the danger and the difficulty, in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds."

"Father!" and the little hand pressed upon the spring, and the door flew open—wide open!

"Stay, my child! What you do must he done thoughtfully, conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself, hereafter, and allow me to hear all your objections."

"I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters, and how the poor little birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones."

"In our climate, my love, the winters are very short; and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then, you know, birds always follow the sun; if our climate is too cold for them, they have only to go farther south. But in a word, my love, you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you; as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf sugar and sponge cake—as you—"

"That'll do father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! hither Bobby! bring the little cage with you; there's a dear!"

Brother Bobby sang out in reply; and after a moment or two of anxious inquiry, appeared at the window with a little cage. The prison doors were opened: the father bird escaped; the mother bird immediately followed, with a cry of joy; and then came back and tolled her little ones forth among the bright green leaves. The children clapped their hands in an ecstacy, and the father fell upon their necks and kissed them; and the mother, who sat by, sobbed over them both for a a whole hour, as if her heart would break; and told her neighbors with tears in her eyes.

* * * * * *

"The ungrateful hussy! What! after all that we

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have done for her; giving her the best room that we could spare; feeding her from our own table; clothing her from our own wardrobe; giving her the handsomest and shrewdest fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us; allowing them to live together till a child is born; and now, because we have thought proper to send him away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now, forsooth! we are to find my lady discontent with her situation!"

"Dear father!"

"Hush, child!"

"Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with her condition! the jade! with the best of every thing to make her happy—comforts and luxuries she could never dream of obtaining if she were free to-morrow—and always contented; never presuming to be discontented till now."

"And what does she complain of father?"

"Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months; he was idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not picked him off. And then, instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her heavenly Father, for the gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she found her crying over it, calling it a little *slave*, and wished the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench! when the death of that child would be two hundred dollars out of my pocket—every cent of it!"

"After all we have done for her too!" sighed the mother.

"I declare I have no patience with the jade!" continued the father.

"Father—dear father!"

"Be quiet, Moggy! don't teaze me now."

"But, father!" and, as she spoke, the child ran up to her father and drew him to the window, and threw back her sun-shiny tresses, and looked up into his eyes with the face of an angel, and pointed to the cage as it still hung at the window, with the door wide open!

The father understood her, and colored to the eyes; and then, as if half ashamed of the weakness, bent over and kissed her forehead—smoothed down her silky hair—and told her she was a child now, and must not talk about such matters till she had grown older.

"Why not, father?"

"Why not? Why bless your little heart! Suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn her adrift, with her child at her breast, what would become of her? Who would take care of her? who feed her?"

"Who feeds the ravens, father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babes we see?"

"Yes, child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there's a mighty difference, let me tell you, between a slave mother and a white mother—between a slave child and a white child."

"Yes, father."

"Don't interrupt me. You drive every thing out of my head. What was I going to say? Oh! ah! that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and—a—"

"Yes, father; but *could't they follow the sun, too? or go further south?*"

"And why not be happy here?"

"But, father—dear father! *How can they teach their little ones to fly in a cage?*"

"Child, you are getting troublesome!"

"And how teach their young to provide for themselves, father?"

"Put the little imp to bed, directly: do you hear?"

"Good night, father! Good night, mother! Do AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY."

MY FRIEND.

Wouldst thou be friend of mine?—
  Thou must be quick and bold
When the right is to be done,
  And the truth is to be told;

Wearing no friend-like smile
  When thine heart is not within,
Making no truce with fraud or guile,
  No compromise with sin.

Open of eye and speech,
  Open of heart and hand,
Holding thine own but as in trust
  For thy great brother-band.

Patient and stout to bear,
  Yet bearing not for ever;
Gentle to rule, and slow to bind,
  Like lightning to deliver!

True to thy fatherland,
  True to thine own true love;
True to thine altar and thy creed,
  And thy good God above.

But with no bigot scorn
  For faith sincere as thine,
Though less of form attend the prayer,
  Or more of pomp the shrine;

Remembering Him who spake
  The word that cannot lie,
"Where two or three in my name meet
  There in the midst am I!"

I bar thee not from faults—
  God wot it were in vain!
Inalienable heritage
  Since that primeval stain!

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The wisest have been fools—
The surest stumbled sore:
Strive thou to stand—or fall'n arise,
I ask the enot for more!

This do, and thou shalt knit
Closely my heart to thine;
Next the dear love of God above,
Such friend on earth, be mine!

THE FACTORY GIRLS OF LOWELL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Acres of girlhood — beauty reckoned by the square rod, or miles by long measure!—The young, the graceful, the gay—flowers gathered from a thousand hill-sides and green vallies of New England—fair, unveiled Nuns of Industry—Sisters of Thrift,—and are ye not also Sisters of Charity, dispensing comfort and hope and happiness around many a hearth-stone of your native hills, making sad faces cheerful and hallowing age and poverty with the sunshine of your youth and love!—Who shall sneer at your calling? Who shall count your vocation otherwise than noble and ennobling?

Four years ago, in a hasty visit to Lowell I was, at the Boott Corporation in company with JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, the calm, devoted leader of the Democracy of England, and my friend Lt. Renshaw, of South Carolina, and more recently a missionary in Jamaica, among the newly emancipated blacks of that Island. As the bell was ringing, and the crowd of well-dressed, animated and intelligent-looking young women passed by us on their way to their lodgings, the philanthropic Englishman could not repress his emotions at the strong contrast they presented to the degraded and oppressed working-women of his own country; and the spectacle, I doubt not, confirmed and strengtheend his determination to consecrate his time, wealth, and honorable reputation, to the cause of the laborer, at home.—My friend Renshaw, who was banished from his mother's fireside, and his father's grave, for the cause of abolitionism, deeply impressed with the beauty of Freedom, and hope-stimulated industry, exclaimed—"Would to God my mother could see this!" At home, he had seen the poor working-women of the South driven by the whip to their daily tasks; here with gaiety and hope, and buoyant gracefulness, he saw the women of New England pass from their labors, making industry beautiful, and throwing the charm of romance and refinement over the dull monotony of their self-alloted tasks. Not in vain then, are the lessons of Free Labor taught by the "Factory Girls." The foreign traveller has repeated them in aristocratic England, in Germany, in France, and Prussia—and thus have the seeds of democratic truth been sown in the waste places of the Old World. The slaveholder dragging his languid frame from the rice-region and the sugar-plantation, full of contempt for the laborer, and bitter in his scorn of Yankee meanness, has been awed into reverence for Industry in the presence of the working-women of Lowell; and, painfully contrasting the unpaid and whip-driven labor of his plantation, with the free and happy thrift of the North, he has returned home,

"A sadder but a wiser man,"

feeling from henceforth that woman may "labor with her hands," and lose nothing of the charm and glory of womanhood by so doing—that it is only his own dreadful abuse of labor, attempting to reverse its just and holy laws, and substitute brutal compulsion for generous and undegrading motives, that has made the women of his plantation mere beasts of burden, or objects of unholy lust, cursing alike themselves and their oppressors.

Thus is it, that our thousands of "Factory Girls," become apostles of Democracy, and teachers of the great truth, which even John C. Calhoun, slaveholder as he is, felt constrained to recognize in his controversy with Webster: "The laborer has a title to the fruits of his industry against the universe." They demonstrate the economy of free and paid labor.—They dignify woman, by proving that she can place herself in independent circumstances, without derogating from the modesty and decorum of her character:—that she can blend the useful with the beautiful, and that, instead of casting herself, as a fair but expensive burthen upon the other sex—its plaything and its encumbrance—she is capable of becoming a help-mete and a blesssing.

Yet, I do not overlook the trials and disadvantages of their position. Not without a struggle have many of these females left the old paternal home-stead, and the companions of their childhood. Not as a matter of taste and self-gratification have many of them exchanged the free breezes, and green meadows, and household duties, of the country, for the close, hot city, and the jar and whirl of these crowded and noisy mills. In the midst of the dizzy rush of machinery, they can hear in fancy the ripple of brooks, the low of cattle, the familiar sound of the voices of home. Nor am I one of those who count steady, daily toil, consuming the golden hours of the day, and leaving only the night for recreation, study and rest, as in itself a pleasurable matter. There have been a good many foolish essays written upon the beauty and divinity of labor by those who have never known what it really is to earn one's livelihood by the sweat of the brow—who have never, from year to year, bent over the bench or loom, shut out from the blue skies, the green grass, and sweet waters, and felt the head reel, and the heart faint, and the limbs tremble with the exhaustion of unremitted toil. Let such be silent. Their sentimentalism is a weariness to the worker. Let not her who sits daintily with her flowers, "herself the fairest,"

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looking out from cool verandahs on still, green woods and soft flowing waters, to whom Music and Poetry and Romance minister, whose slightest wish is as law to her dependents,—undertake to sentimentalize over the "working classes," and quote Carlyle and Goethe, concerning the romance and beauty, and miraculous powers of Work—in the abstract. How is it that with such admirers of Labor, the laborer is so little considered? How is it that they put forth no hand to pull down that hateful wall of distinction which pride has built up between the labourer and the labored for? Excellent was the advice of Dr. Johnson to Boswell: "My dear sir, clear your mind of CANT."

My attention has been called to a neat volume just published in London, consisting of extracts from the Lowell Offering, written by females employed in the mills, to which the English editor has given the title of "*Mind amongst the Spindles.*" Thousands will read it, and admire it, who will not reflect upon the fact that these writings are only an exception to the general rule, that after twelve or more hours of steady toil, mind and body are both too weary for intellectual effort. "MIND AMONG THE SPINDLES!" Let all manner of Factory Agents, and "Corporations without souls," consider it. The mind of the humblest worker in these mills is of infinitely more consequence in the sight of Him who looks on the realities of His universe, than all the iron-armed and steam-breathed engines of mechanism. It is a serious fact, gentlemen, that among your spindles, and looms, and cottons, and woolens, are thousands of immortal souls—children of our Great Father—fearfully dependent for their bias towards good or evil, for their tendency upward or downward, upon the circumstances with which they are environed.—Think less of your monster-mechanisms, and more of the "SPIRIT WITHIN THE WHEELS." The one may wear out with constant friction, but it is only dead matter. It may be restored. But, who shall repair the worn out body, and renovate that spirit, the life of which has been exhausted by toil too protracted?

Yes—let the unpractical say what they will, there is much that is wearisome and irksome in the life of the factory operative. All praise then to those, who, by the cultivation of their minds, and the sweet influences of a healthful literature, have relieved this weariness, and planted with flowers the dusty path-way of Toil. Honor to those who have demonstrated to the blind aristocrats of Europe and America, that the rich and the idle cannot become the entire monopolists of refined taste—that in the temple of Nature, which is open to all, the Beautiful stands side by side with the Useful—Grace throwing her oaken garland over the sun-brown brow of Labor—with the same soft skylight of OUR FATHER'S blessing resting upon all.

THE LABOURER.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more!
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a MAN
As moves the human mass along,
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurb'd passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked—

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labour and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 'tis but dust!
Nor place: uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

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REFORM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

A voice peals o'er life's wildly heaving waters,
More startling than the anthem of the storm;
Sweet as the hymn wherewith Etruria's daughters
Went forth of old to welcome in the morn:
It shakes with fear the despot stern and hoary;
He totters on his blood-cemented throne—
It breathes into the warrior's ear the story
Of days when fields of blood will be unknown—
It fills the gray old idol-fanes, whose altars
Are fitly builded o'er the hollow tomb;
The Priest amid his incantation falters,
And trembles with the presence of their doom;
Falsehood, with fearful agony dissembles,
And vice, within her gilded chamber trembles
And hate grows darker still with idle rage.

But the crushed bondsman hears it, and upspringeth
To burst his shackles and once more be free,
And shouts aloud until the echo ringeth
O'er the far islands of the Eastern sea.
The faithful lover of his race rejoices—
The champion girds his gleaming armor on—
The seer saith "God speaks in those earnest voices:
Earth's fearful battle-field shall yet be won."
Each hallowed martyr of the ages olden
Leapeth for joy within his darkened grave,
And new-born poets wake with voices golden
To chant the glorious actions of the brave;
O'er earth it rolls like peals of gathering thunder,
And nations rise from slumber on the sod,
And angels list, all mute with breathless wonder,
Its echo in the living soul of God!
O'er every radiant island of creation
The music of that swelling peal is borne,
Land bears to land, and nation shouts to nation
The war-cry of the age—*reform!*—REFORM!

List to that mighty music—O, my brother!
Heed thou those anthem-voices, as they roll,
Like bursting flames that darkness fain would smother
Through the deep chambers of the inner soul,
Waking the spirit, in its deathless power,
To gird its armor for the daily fight;
And in the Present's dark and fearful hour
Go forth to battle for the true and right.
Hearken, and burst the slimy chains of fashion,
Let the false worlding scorn thee if he will;
Rise, sun-like, o'er the storms of earthly passion,
And stem with fearless breast the tide of ill.

Success will crown each arduous endeavor,
And from the strife thy soul rise great and free,
And deed give birth to deeds that roll forever,
Wave after wave, o'er time's grand, azure sea.
A crown of thorns the foe may twine around thee:
Press on, the way is open, heed not them—
The mournful wreath, wherewith their hate hath bound
Shall change unto a starry diadem. [thee,
The grand of soul, the true, the noble-hearted,
Will hear thy strokes and rally at thy side,
And round thy brow, through rifted clouds and parted,
Stream down the smile of God. O, glorified!
From life and voice the wakened world inherit
A legacy of truth and love sublime,
Whose charm shall echo when thy earnest spirit
Rests with the mighty of the olden time;
Rests, filled with joy beyond all human story,
As looking down, with calm and god-like eyes,
It views the race, in mind's transcendant glory,
Scaling the star-crowned mountains of the skies!

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"He is the FREEMAN whom the TRUTH makes free,
And all are slaves beside."—COWPER.

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whatsoever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are FREEMEN,
We have made and published wide.

He who hath the Truth, and keeps it,
Keeps what to himself belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a Freeman:—
He, at least, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a MAN.

Friend, this simple lay who readest,
Be not thou like either them,—
But to Truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises, stem.

Bold in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Roman—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear,
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear.

Be thou like the first Apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

Face thine enemies!—accusers!
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hath TRUTH to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

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A GLIMPSE AT 'MERRIE ENGLAND.'

BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Time, which tarries not for mortals, has brought me to the close of my look at England. It is very awkward to sum up and generalize when one has only begun to observe; therefore understand me as giving generalizations of things as they *seem* to me—what a fly that lights upon England for a twinkling and is off, thinks of it.

As to the bounties of Providence, substantial blessings and beauties, I cannot conceive how more could have been granted in the same space, than is the lot of this, so far as nature has made it, "merrie England." After seeing the golden harvests of the rich eastern counties and Yorkshire, the meadows of the Thames, above all, the garden valley of the Tweed; the mines of Derbyshire, and another region to which the wise do not carry coals; the bens and lochs of Scotland; the pikes and fells, and dales and meres of Westmoreland; the springs of Malvern; the valleys of the Severn and the Wye—even taking a nap on the brow of the Wyndecliffe—surely I have a right to say, "Avaunt, all geography; this island is the very spot where the human race ought to develop itself in all its power and glory." But truly, the race, as a man, is far and painfully below what a nurseling of republicanism, alighting on the Wyndecliffe, and drinking in the beauties of the wide landscape, and knowing nothing more of England, would expect to find it. There is ignorance and coarse brutality, and sullen hopelessness, and haggared wretchedness, far beyond what there ought to be in the midst of such beauties and blessings. Yet there is not a little, but a great deal among the human inhabitants, that is, like the land-scape, noble and lovely and glorious, and that, not in no one class, but in all classes, from the highest to the lowest. And a peep at history will convince one, too, that the race is here making a progress that is truly encouraging and sublime. Indeed, history writes this upon the landscape. The old feudal castles, now possessed by ivy and owls; the ruinous abbeys, the dimly-remembered battle fields and "Smithfields," are way-marks that show how the race has gone forward. The Alfreds, the Shakspeares, the Hampdens, the Newtons, the Miltons, the Howards, the Wesleys, the Hogarths, have not lived in vain. Their mantles are worn worthily by men whom it might be invidious to mention now, but who will shine as the stars by and by; men who are doing what Cromwell did, in a wiser way. They have approached in fact, nearer than in form, to the desired goal. In enumerating the governing powers of England, you have not done when you have mentioned king, lords and commons. The press is to be named, and that not at the tail of the list. The press has outgrown the power of what is called the government, to control either by fear or favor. Look at the Times newspaper with a net revenue equal to that of a third rate European potentate. Ministers have bribed it till it is beyond the reach of their bribery. They look up to it with fear and trembling, and a degree of humble obedience. It is the voice of the most vigorous intellect of England, saying what will be most likely to find an echo in the breasts of one hundred thousand independent Englishmen as they swallow their buttered toast and boiled egg. Look at Punch, too, with wit and wisdom enough to insure him a hundred patents of immortality. He governs a great part of England, very much for its good. The Pecksniffs of the land take hints from him, much to the benefit of their dupes. Hence one may conclude that England is growing, and has grown wiser, and, of course happier. Yet if one were to ask himself to write down the folly and humbug and unhappiness of England, it would be difficult to decide where to begin, and quite impossible to end.

England may be said to live under a trinity of evil, kingcraft, priestcraft, and beercraft. In this let me not be understood to speak disrespectfully of this interesting daughter of Eve, the Queen, who with such exemplary patience obeys the command imposed upon her aforesaid mother, nor of the reverend clergy, nor yet of the noble brewers, many of whom write *sir* before and *bart.* after their names. They are all honorable persons, I hope and trust; but the *craft* to which they were born or bred, does, I am sure, cost England immeasurable woes. O that I had the eye of a prophet and could say that there was in the visible dimmest distance of the future, any thorough relief. As it is, sanguine hope, without seeing any thing, guesses that deliverance must come, somehow and at sometime or other. The order in which the evils press upon the country seem to me to be first, *beercraft*, second *priestcraft*, third *kingcraft*. Till the beercraft is removed—till the people get the clear heads and strong hearts which pure water gives—in vain you lift at the others. Suppose you abolish the taxes and tithes and give England a cheap government, and free church and full suffrage, to what will it amount, so far as the masses are concerned? Precisely to more beer and consequences of beer! I may be mistaken; truly I have found warm and zealous promoters of thorough temperance, but they seem to be regarded as the maddest of fanatics. Nine men out of ten of the laboring classes, so far as I have been able to observe, and I have been quite inquisitive, have not the slightest barrier between themselves and stupidity and drunkenness but their inability to get enough beer. It is their undoubted creed that beer is a blessing, and one of their deepest sorrows is that their wages will not allow them to get plenty of it, with a drop or two of gin by way of luxury. Look at poor Chartism, befogged in beer! fighting as often as any way against itself, and

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selling to its worst enemies even the little suffrage it commands! If the masses of England could be roused to enter upon the career so gloriously begun by those of Ireland, they would soon take a position which would settle many of the knottiest questions of politics, and the *crafts* of the priest and the king would be swept away like the meshes of the spider. The state and the church would then take their places as servants of the people—not masters. Yet with all this, which to an American mind is so evident, staring them in the face, there are plenty of sincere philanthropists here, enemies of slavery, of corn laws, of church tyranny, of a vampyre aristocracy, who will *pity* you for not drinking wine with them! who will raise the cup of Circe to their own lips, and then lament the oppression and dagradation of England's poor! Put the brewers of England in the same condition with her feudal castles and monasteries, and her poor will soon take care of other vampyres.

There is one sign of the times, however, which is hopeful. The discovery in Germany of the wonderful sanatory principles of *cold water*, is making a deep impression upon the higher and middle classes here. The doctors are not able to laugh it down. After spending fortunes on physicians in vain, invalids go to Grafenburg and are healed. A child with the scarlet fever is wrapped in a wet sheet and gets well. Men rummage their libraries and find that just such cures have been performed at Malvern a hundred years ago, and the water when analysed is the purest possible. And they find cases in which patients with raging fever and delirium have broken loose from their nurses and jumped into the Thames or some horsepond, and their madness has proved better than the wisdom of the doctors.

Many are coming to the conclusion that disease is chiefly some mysterious modification of that great poison, *diet*, with which we are sent into the world to battle, and this redounds greatly to the advantage of *pure water*. Setting poisons to catch poisons is growing into disrepute with these people, and consequently they may by and by be expected to see the absurdity of sending one dram of alcohol into the stomach to cure the disease made by its predecessor. The multitude of experiments which have now put the matter fairly to the test, seem to demonstrate that coldness combined with pure water, is the best means that has ever been tried to quench human inflammations, and when properly applied will cure any patient *who has strength to be cured in any way*. This being true, the occupation—I do not say of the doctors, for it will require science and wisdom to apply cold water—but of the druggists—of all medical poison manufacturers, is gone. And shall not alcohol be included?

From the hold this subject has taken of the most intelligent here, I look for a great *pathological* reform, which I think cannot fail to set the principle of total abstinence upon a more commanding foundation than it has hitherto occupied. If you can get the *wine* out of the heads of the philanthropic of the higher class, then will they see clearly the effects of beer upon the lower. Both once delivered, the nation would not be long in discovering the folly of working itself to death to support a class of grand and idle hereditary pickpockets, nor long in devising means of relief. See if the new vision bestowed upon the Irish people does not work out such results. England wants an occulist like Father Mathew.

WE ARE BRITHEREN A'.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

A happy bit hame this auld warld wad be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An'ilk said to his neebour, in cottage an' ha',
'Come, gi'e me your hand, we are britheren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither sud fight,
Whan to 'gree wad make a' body cosie an' right.
Whan man meets wi' man, tis the best way ava,
To say, 'Gi'e me your hand—we are britheren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
An' I maun drink water, while you may drink wine,
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw,
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are britheren a'.

The knave ye wad scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye wad stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae wad I, an' nought else wad I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are britheren a'.

Ye wad scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I hand by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are britheren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane hie an' laigh, an' we should na be twa—
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are britheren a'.

We luve the same simmer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame! O! how we lo'e it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air o' Heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are britheren a'.

Frail shakin' Auld Age will sune come o'er us baith,
An' creepin' alang at his back will be Death;
Syne into the same mither yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRITHEREN A'.

"God is better lodged in the heart than in great edifices."

"By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior."

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THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN

TO HER APOSTATE LOVER.

Oh, lost to faith, to place, to Heaven—
  Canst thou a recreant be
To Him whose life for thine was given,
  Whose cross endured for thee?
Canst thou for earthly joys resign
A love immortal, pure, divine;
Yet link thy plighted troth to mine,
  And cleave unchanged to me!

Thou canst not; and 'tis breathed in vain—
  Thy sophistry of love.
'Tis not in pride or cold disdain
  Thy falsehood I reprove.
Inly my heart may bleed—but yet
Mine is no weak, no vain regret,
Thy wrongs to me I might forget,
  But not to Him above.

Cease then thy fond impassioned vow
  In happier hours so dear.
No virgin pride restrains me now,
  I must not turn to hear;
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love,
And tears—though feigned and false—might move,
  And prayers, though insincere.

But no.—The tie so firmly bound
  Is torn asunder now;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound
  It reaks not to avow.
Go thou to fortune and to fame,
I sink to sorrow—suffering—shame—
Yet think, when glory gilds thy name,
  I would not be as thou.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
  My bosom, all thy own,
Thou knowest, in joys enlivening beam,
  Or fortune's adverse frown,
My pride—my bliss had been to share
Thy hopes; to soothe thine hours of care;
With thee the martyr-cross to bear,
  Or win the martyr's crown.

Tis o'er—but never from my heart
  Shall time thine image blot.
The dreams of other days depart.
  Thou shalt not be forgot;
And never in the suppliant sigh
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky
Shall my own name be breathed on high,
  And thine remembered not.

Farewell! and oh may He whose love
  Endures, though man's rebel,
In mercy yet this guilt reprove—
  Thy dark'ning clouds dispel.
Whe'ere thy wandering steps decline,
My fondest prayers,—nor only mine;
The aid of Israel's God—be thine;
  And in his name—farewell.

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CHILDREN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Unto me there are no blessings,
  Which high Heaven, indulgent, lends,
Dearer than the sweet caressings
    Of my little friends.

When they flock, like birds, about me—
  Birds in rainbow plumage clad—
Their bright looks and thrilling voices
    Make my spirit glad.

Pure, confiding, free from sorrow,
  Free from even a shade of sin,
They, like lilies in their glory,
    Neither toil nor spin.

Wicked tongues have not assailed them,
  Or the serpent, slander, stung,
Or the poisonous ivy clambered
    Their green leaves among.

Parasites, and false companions,
  Have not stolen their guileless trust,
And their tenderest flowers of feeling
    Trampled in the dust.

Dark suspicion, envy, malice—
  Fiends to man and foes to God—
Never scathed the blooming gardens
    By their footsteps trod.

Mother-love has folded round them
  Arms more soft than angel's wings,
And with sweeter accents lulled them
    Than an angel sings.

Father-love, defending, keeping,
  Leading strengthening, cheering, throws
Its broad shield above them, waking
    Or in deep repose.

Gentle darlings, spotless creatures,
  How, through many a live-long day,
Have I, neither vexed nor weary,
    Joined your merry play!

I, a lonely man, am friendless
  Never where young children be;
Though my love for them be endless,
    Large is theirs for me.

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NELLY BELCHER.

Uncle Snooks had a pretty hard time on it sometimes, when the women folks used to come and plague him about not selling any more rum to their husbands. There was one Barney Belcher, who drank up his farm. They used to say his old cow choked him, because he sold her last of all his stock, and died in a fit, while he was drinking the very first dram that he bought with the money he got for her. Barney's wife tormented uncle 'Zeik from morning to night; and her persecution, together with the loss of his property, as I always thought, drove him out of his business, and shortened his days. She was a proper firebrand, though she never took any spirit herself. There was not a happier couple in our parish, when they were first married; and they had a family of four little children, that every body used to notice, for their neat appearance, I've seen them many a time, of a Sunday going to meeting, hand in hand, and all four abreast, along with their father and mother. Barney was a very thrifty farmer, and I never thought he was the man to die a drunkard. It used to be said, that there had'nt been a likelier couple married in the parish for many years; for though they had almost nothing to start with, yet they were amazing handsome to look at; they were generally as smart as a couple of steel traps, and very industrious into the bargain. They did surprising well for years. But he got to be an ensign, and rum and regimentals did the business for poor Barney in less than no time. When he got to be pretty bad, she first came to the house, and then to the shop, to get uncle 'Zeik not to let him have any more liquor. They had a good many talks about it, but uncle 'Zeik would have his way. At last she consulted a lawyer, and came over to the shop, and gave uncle 'Zeik a real dressing, before more than a dozen customers. "Well, Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik, when she came in, resolved to be beforehand with her, "what do you want to-day?" "Mercy," said she, "if I can't have justice. You well know what I want. I now request you once again to sell my husband no more spirits." "And how can I help it?" said uncle 'Zeik, somewhat disturbed by her resolute manner. "I have taken a lawyer's advice," said she, "and you have no right to sell liquor to common drunkards." "Do you say that your husband is a common drunkard?" said he. "To be sure I do," she replied. "I really do not think your husband is a common drunkard, Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik. "Snooks," said she, clinching her fist, "you are—what you are. You know that Barney is a common drunkard, and you made him so, you old—licensed, rumselling, church member." "Go out of my shop," cried uncle 'Zeik; stepping towards her. "I would'nt touch the poor woman," said one of the company; "she's driven on by the state of her husband and children." "Touch the poor woman!" cried Nelly, stretching herself up—and she was the tallest woman in the parish—"let him lay the weight of his rummy finger upon me if he dares; and, though I'm poor enough in purse, Heaven knows, I'll show him that I've the same spirit of my father, who thrashed him when he was eighteen, for stealing a sheep-skin. I won't go out of his shop, nor budge an inch, till I've said my say, in the presence of ye all." "Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik, "you'll have to pay for this." "Pay for it!" cried Nelly, in a screaming voice, "and hav'nt you got your pay already?—Hav'nt you got the homestead and the stock and the furniture? And did'nt Barney pawn the children's clothes last Friday, and bring you every cent he got for them? You've got every thing from the ridge-pole down; you've got all here, among your wages of iniquity; and as she said this, she gave a blow with her fist, upon the top of uncle 'Zeik's till, that made the coppers pretty lively I tell ye. "Snooks" said she, "you've got every thing. I have not a pint of meal, nor a peck of potatoes for my children. Stop—I'm mistaken, there's an old rum jug in the house, that's been in your shop often enough; you ought to have that; and there's a ragged straw bed, you shall have them both, and any thing else you'll find, if you don't let Barney have any more rum. You've made your bargain, Snooks, your own way; but there's a third party to it, that's the devil. You've got poor Barney's money in your till, and the devil's got your soul in his fire-proof, and he'll keep it there till the day of judgment." Uncle 'Zeik offered 'Bijah Cody a handsome present, if he'd turn her out of the shop. "I'd a leetle rather not, Mr. Snooks," answered 'Bijah with a look that showed plainly enough how much he enjoyed uncle 'Zeik's torment. "Look here Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik—and he was getting wrathy, for he stamped his foot pretty smart—"the second Tuesday in November next the court will sit, and you shall answer for this." "What care I for your court?" replied she "the day will come and it may come this hour when a higher court may sit; and you shall answer for more than all this a thousand fold. Then you cold hearted old man, I will lead my poor ragged children, before the bar of a righteous God and make a short story of their wrongs, and that poor young man's who has fallen by your hands, just as though he had been killed with ratsbane. There's none of you here that does'nt remember me and Barney when we were first married. Now, I ask you if ever you dreampt that we should come to this? Was there ever a little farm better managed!—And if I was not a careful, faithful industrious wife to Barney, I wish you to say the very worst to my face. And were my little ones ill-treated? Had'nt they whole clothes for Sunday, and was'nt they constant at meeting for years, till this curse crept in upon

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us, like an adder? And till then did ye ever see a likelier man than Barney? And as for his kindness to me and the children till that hour, it's for me to witness; and I say it before ye all, that before he tasted this old man's liquor, there never was a hard thought or a bitter word between us. He was the boy of my foolish love when he was seventeen, and the man of my choice when he was three and twenty. I gave him an honest heart that never loved another, and the trifle of worldly goods that my mother left me; but he has broken the one and squandered the other. Last night, as I lay upon my straw bed, with my poor children, I thought of our young days, and of our little projects of happiness; and, as I saw poor Barney in my fancy just the trim lad that he was with his bright eye and ruddy cheek, I felt my eyes filling with tears, as they're filling now. I hope I may never shed another," said she, dashing them off with the back of her hand, and resuming her look of vengeance. "I'm going to cross your threshold for the last time, and now mark me well, I ask you once for all, to sell poor Barney no more liquor. If you do, I will curse you till I die, as the destroyer of my husband, and I will teach my children to curse you when I am dead and gone, as the destroyer of their father.

* * * * * *

Uncle Snooks continued to sell rum to Barney Belcher, as before, whenever he got any money. It was thought by a good many that Nelly had lost her reason, or very near it, about that time. She found out that Barney got rum at our store, and sure enough, she brought her four little children, and standing close to the shop door, she cursed uncle 'Zeik, and made them do so too. It worried him exceedingly. Whenever she met him in the road, she stopped short, and said over a form she had, in a low voice; but every body knew, by her raising her eyes and hands, that she was cursing uncle 'Zeik. Very few blamed her; her case was a very hard one; and most folks excused her on the score of her mind's being disordered by her troubles. But even then she made her children obey her, whether present or absent, though it was said she never struck them a blow. It almost made me shudder sometimes, when I've seen these children meet uncle 'Zeik. They'd get out of his way as far as they could; and when he had gone by, they'd move their lips, though you could'nt hear a word, and raise up their eyes and hands just as their mother had taught them. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of heaven upon uncle 'Zeik, for having made them fatherless, it made my blood run cold.

After the death of her husband, she became very melancholy, and a great deal more so, after the loss of her two younger children. She did not curse uncle 'Zeik after that. But she always had a talent for rhyming; and she used to come and sit upon the horse-block before our shop, and sing a sort of song, that was meant to worry uncle 'Zeik, and it did worry him dreadfully, especially the chorus. Whenever he heard that, he seemed to forget what he was about, and every thing went wrong. 'Twas something like this—

He dug a pit as deep as hell,
And into it many a drunkard fell;
He dug the pit for sordid pelf,
And into that pit he'll fall himself.

One time when poor Nelly sung the chorus pretty loud, and the shop was rather full, uncle 'Zeik was so confused that he poured half a pint of rum, which he had measured out, into his till and dropped the change into the tin pot, and handed it to the customer.

I really felt for him; for about this time, two of his sons gave him a sight of trouble. They used to get drunk and fight like serpents. They shut the oldgentleman down in the cellar one night, and one of them when he was drunk slapped his father in the face. They did nothing but run him into debt; and at last he got to taking too much himself, just to drown care. Old Nelly was right; for uncle Snooks fell into his own pit before he died.

After the Temperance Society was formed, he lost his license, and got to be starving poor, and the town had to maintain him. He's been crazy for several years. I went to see him last winter with father, who has tried to get him into the state hospital. It made me feel ugly to see him. He did'nt know me, but all the time I was there he kept turning his thumb and finger as though he was drawing liquor, or scoring it with a bit of chalk upon the wall. It seemed as if he had forgotten all his customers but one; for though the wall was covered with charges of rum and brandy and flip and toddy, the whole was set down against Barney Belcher.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

How fall fame's pillars at the touch of time!
How fade, like flowers, the memories of the dead!
How vast the grave that swallows up a clime!
How dim the light by ancient glory shed!
One generation's clay enwraps the next,
And dead men are the aliment of earth;
"Passing away," is Nature's funeral text,
Uttered co-evous with creation's birth.
What though 'tis certain that my humble name,
With this frail body, shall soon find a tomb?
It seeks a heavenly, not an earthly fame,
Which through eternity shall brightly bloom:
Write it within thy Book of Life, O Lord,
And in "the last great day," a golden crown award!

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THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Narrated in Gibbon's Roman Empire.

Honour'd be the hero evermore,
Who at mercy's call has nobly died!
Echoed be his name from shore to shore,
With immortal chronicles allied!

Verdant be the turf upon his dust,
Bright the sky above, and soft the air!
In the grove set up his marble bust,
And with garlands crown it, fresh and fair.

In melodious numbers, that shall live
With the music of the rolling spheres,
Let the minstrel's inspiration give
His eulogium to the future years!

Not the victor in his country's cause,
Not the chief who leaves a people free,
Not the framer of a nation's laws
Shall deserve a greater fame than he!

Hast thou heard, in Rome's declining day,
How a youth, by Christian zeal impell'd,
Swept the sanguinary games away,
Which the Coliseum once beheld?

Fill'd with gazing thousands were the tiers,
With the city's chivalry and pride,
When two Gladiator's with their spears,
Forward sprang from the arena's side.

Rang the dome with plaudits loud and long,
As, with shields advanced, the athletes stood,
Was there no one in that eager throng
To denounce the spectacle of blood?

Ay, *Telemachus*, with swelling frame,
Saw the inhuman sport renew'd once more:
Few among the crowd could tell his name—
For a cross was all the badge he wore!

Yet with brow elate and God-like mien,
Stepped he forth upon the circling sand;
And, while all were wondering at the scene,
Check'd the encounter with a daring hand.

"Romans!" cried he—"Let this reeking sod
Never more with human blood be stained!
Let no image of the living God
In unhallowed combat be profaned!

Ah! too long has this colossal dome
Fail'd to sink and hide your brutal shows!
Here I call upon assembled Rome
Now to swear, they shall forever close!"

Parted thus, the combatants, with joy,
Mid the tumult, found the means to fly;
In the arena stood the undaunted boy,
And, with looks adoring, gazed on high.

Peal'd the shout of wrath on every side;
Every hand was eager to assail!
"Slay him! slay!" a hundred voices cried,
Wild with fury—but he did not quail!

Hears he, as entranced he looks above,
Strains celestial, that the menace drown?
Sees he angels, with their eyes of love,
Beckoning to him, with a martyr's crown?

Fiercer swell'd the people's frantic shout!
Launched against him flew the stones like rain!
Death and terror circled him about—
But he stood and perish'd—not in vain!

Not in vain the youthful martyr fell!
Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed!
And his high example shall impel
Future heroes to as great a deed!

Stony answers yet remain for those
Who would question and precede the time!
In their season may they meet their foes,
Like TELEMACHUS, *with front sublime.*

SONNET.

The Anniversary of Lovejoy's Martyrdom.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

No tears to-day! a lofty joy should crown
A deed of lofty sacrifice like thine,
LOVEJOY! and bid thy name with honor shine,
As to remotest time we hand it down.
That seed of Liberty, so gladly sown,—
We will not water it with griefs and tears;
But, o'er its harvest in the future years
Rejoice, as those before whose gaze hath shone
A vision of the faithful, girt to die
'Mid hostile crowds, in darkness for the right;
Yet may we mourn that, ringing through the night,
Sharply to theirs thine answering shots reply.
Tears for the blood of others shed by thee;—
Joy for thy blood poured forth so joyously and free.

THE STREET.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago;
They trampled on their faith, and youth, and love—
They cast their hope of humankind away—
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered—and their spirits turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We only truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas, poor fools! the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 4.

"FOR BEHOLD THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

Pilgrim to the heavenly city,
Groping wildered on thy way—
Look not to the outward landmark,
List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking
Some new idol found each day;
All that dazzled, all that glittered,
Lured thee from the path away.

On the outward world relying,
Earthly treasures thou wouldst heap;
Titled friends and lofty honors
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,
All the lore of books is thine:
And within thy stately mansion,
Brightly sparkle wit and wine.

Richly droop the silken curtains,
Round those high and mirrored halls;
And on mossy Persian carpets,
Silently thy proud step falls.

Not the gentlest wind of heaven
Dares too roughly fan thy brow,
Nor the morning's blessed sunbeams
Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.

Yet midst all these outward riches,
Has thy heart no void confessed—
Whispering, though each wish be granted,
Still, oh still I am not blessed?

And when happy, careless children,
Lured thee with their winning ways—
Thou hast sighed in vain contrition,
Give me back those golden days.

Hadst thou stooped to learn their lesson,
Truthful preachers—they had told
Thou thy kingdom hast forsaken,
Thou hast thy own birthright sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions,
Up, and boldly claim thine own:
Seize the crown—that waits thy wearing—
Leap at once into thy throne.

Look not to some cloudy mansion,
'Mong the planets far away;
Trust not to the distant future,
Let thy Heaven begin to-day.

When thy struggling soul hath conquered,—
When the path lies fair and clear—
When thou art prepared for Heaven,
Thou wilt find that Heaven is here.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The population of Lowell is constituted mainly of New Englanders, but there are representatives here of almost every part of the civilized world. The good-humored face of the Milesian meets one at almost every turn,—the shrewdly solemn Scotchman, the trans-Atlantic Yankee, blending the crafty thrift of Bryce Snailsfoot with the stern religious heroism of Cameron,—the blue-eyed, fair-haired German, from the towered hills which overlook the Rhine, slow, heavy, and unpromising in his exterior, yet of the same mould and mettle of the men who rallied for "Father-Land" at the Tyrtean call of Korner, and beat back the chivalry of France from the banks of the Katzbach—the countryman of Ritcher, and Goethe, and our sainted Follen. Here, too, are pedlars from Hamburgh, and Bavaria, and Poland, with their sharp Jewish faces and black keen eyes. At this moment, beneath my window, are two sturdy, sun-browned Swiss maidens, grinding music for a livelihood, rehearsing in a strange Yankee land the simple songs of their old mountain home, reminding me by their foreign garb and language, of

"Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl."

Poor wanderers!—I love not their music; but now as the notes die away, and, to use the words of Dr. Holmes, "silence comes like a poultice to heal the wounded ear," I feel grateful for their visitation.—Away from the crowded thoroughfare, from brick walls and dusty avenues, at the sight of these poor peasants I have gone in thought to the vale of Chaumony, and seen, with Coleridge, the Morning Star pausing on the "bald awful head of Sovran Blanc," and the sunrise and the sunset glorious upon snowy-crested mountains, down in whose vallies the night still lingers—and following in the track of Byron and Rousseau, have watched the lengthening shadows

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of the hills on the beautiful waters of the Genevan lake. Blessings, then, upon these young wayfarers, for they have "blessed me unawares." In an hour of sickness and lassitude, they have wrought for me the miracle of Lorretto's chapel, and borne me away from the scenes around me and the sense of personal suffering, to that wonderful land where Nature seems still uttering, from lake and valley and mountains whose eternal snows lean on the hard blue heaven, the echoes of that mighty hymn of a new-created world, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

But of all classes of foreigners the Irish are by far the most numerous. They constitute a quiet and industrious portion of the population; and are consequently respected by their Yankee neighbors. For myself, I confess I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is divided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion, with all its abuses, is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a stange land, he is to me always an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his apparent gayety of heart, and national drollery and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the "ould mother of him," sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog-side—recollections of a father's blessing, and a sister's farewell are haunting him—a grave-mound in a distant churchyard, far beyond the "wide wathers," has an eternal greenness in his memory—for there perhaps lies a "darlint child," or a "swate crather" who once loved him,—the New World is forgotten for the moment—blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark still mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with Nature's blessing the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the Round Towers of the Phenician sun-worshippers,—beautiful and mournful recollections of his home waken within him—and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. Touching and beautiful was the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews: "Ye shall not oppress the stranger, *for ye know the heart of the stranger*, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

I love my own country—I have a strong New England feeling: but I am no friend of that narrow spirit of mingled national vanity and religious intolerance, which, under the name of "Native Americanism," has made its appearance among us. I reverence man, as man. Be he Irish or Spanish, black or white, he is my brother man. I have no prejudices against other nations—I cannot regard the people of England as my enemies, nor sympathize with that blustering sham-patriotism, which is ever exclaiming, like the giant of the nursery tale:

> "Fee-faw-fum!
> I smell the blood of an Englishman,
> Dead or alive, I will have some."

I remember that the same sun which shines upon England's royalty and priestcraft, streams also into the dusty workshop of Ebenezer Elliot—rests on the drab coat of the Birmingham Quaker Reformer—greets O Connell through the grates of his prison—glorifies the grey locks of Clarkson, and gladdens the heroic-hearted Harriet Martineau, in her sick chamber at the mouth of the Tyne. With heart and soul I respond to the sentiments of Channing, when speaking of a foreign nation: "That nation is not an abstraction to me; it is no longer a vague mass; it spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations; it consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home; it consists of affectionate women and sweet children; it consists of Christians, united with me to the common Savior, and in whose spirit I reverence the likeness of his divine virtue; it consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plough and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded; it consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours, and given life to my intellect and best affections. I love this nation: its men and women are my brothers and sisters."

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame;
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the Future bless thy name;

Begin thy perilous career,
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within
That ever whispers, "Work and win,
And keep thy soul from sloth and sin:

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed:

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight:

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn:
Nor curse the day that thou wert born,
To feed on chaff, and he on corn:

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If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust:

If thou canst see with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd,
While thou must walk in tatter'd vest:

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay:

If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down:

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The jibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race:

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind:—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal!

If not—what matters? tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honors of the game;

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time and force thy way,
By some new combat every day:

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less:

Thy fame might rivalry forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career,
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

SONG OF THE FREE.

On Freedom's holy altar-stone
We lay this day our hearts as one;
And deeply as those hearts can feel,
To Freedom's foes they're hearts of steel!
Hurrah for Freedom's rising sun!
For Freedom's battle well begun!
Hurrah for Freedom's chosen one,
For him for whom her laurels bloom!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

O, not alone our vows we pay;
From rising to the setting day,
From Maine to Huron's prairie flowers,
A thousand voices blend with ours!

Nor hate, nor wrath, nor evil deed,
Nor gift of blood doth Freedom need;
But love, whose service never tires,
And zeal to watch around her fires!

In joy and faith the seeds we cast,
Of Freedom's truth on every blast;
And trust to Heaven's own dew and rain
To nurse the flower and swell the grain.

Who calls thy service, Freedom, hard?
Who feels it not its own reward?
Who for its trials deems it less
A cause for praise and thankfulness?

O, toil-worn brothers, be of cheer!
Rejoice, O sisters, gleaning near!
Like fields of Heaven before your eyes,
The promise of the Future lies!
Hurrah for Freedom's rising sun!
For Freedom's battle well begun!
Hurrah for Freedom's chosen one,
For him for whom her laurels bloom!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE POET.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Poet! who sittest in thy pleasant room,
Warming thy heart with idle thoughts of love,
And of a holy life that leads above,
Striving to keep life's spring flowers still in bloom,
And lingering to snuff their fresh perfume,—
O, there were other duties meant for thee
Than to sit down in peacefulness and Be!
O, there are brother hearts that dwell in gloom,
Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,
So crusted o'er with baseness, that no ray
Of Heaven's blessed light may enter in!
Come down then to the hot and dusky way,
And lead them back to hope and peace again,—
For, save in act, thy love is all in vain.

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THE MAN OUT OF THE MOON.

—

The man of the moon
Came down at noon.

—

Perhaps these lines occurred to some of the individuals who witnessed the disappearance of the man from the moon one balmy summer evening. There must have been at least one astronomer, poet, lunatic, and pair of lovers; and how many more may not easily be ascertained. But the moonshine still came down so gently, and the space vacated by that ancient man was filled with such calm brightness, that little was said and no commotion caused by his withdrawal from that place where he had been an admired fixture. Had he dropped down among any of the evening watchers, doubtless there would have been a great excitement—especially among children and nurses, with whom this man had been an object of greater interest than any other class. And, as every body was once a boy or girl, there might have been a revival of affection which would have manifested itself in waving of handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and clapping of hands, perhaps in ringing of bells, and firing of cannon; and who knows what fine dinners might have been given him, and concerts, also, in which a few particular nursery rhymes might have been set to music by Vieux Temps, or Ole Bull, and the stranger almost paralysed by the excess of joyous sensibility. But those, who knew that he was gone, could not of course tell whether he had started upon a journey to the Sun, or to Venus, or to Herschel, or to some other place among the stars; and perhaps a few of them dreamed that he had come on a pilgrimage of love to the Moon's great satellite, EARTH. But, upon the same principle that "little boats should keep near the shore," the inexperienced traveller had wisely resolved that his first voyage should terminate at the first landing place. Whether those were moonstruck who first saw him

"Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Where a fair lady throned by the west,"

held state upon a little island—whether they were moonstruck or not, matters little; but certainly no skylark ever fluttered into nest more unregarded, no eagle ever descended into its nest more untroubled, no snow-flake ever fell into its deep dingle more unnoticed, and no leaflet ever nestled under its shadowing rock more quietly, than the man from the moon came down, when he alighted under the broad shadow of a noble elm, in a ducal park.

The deer turned upon him their large lustrous eyes, and darted away to their leafy converts; the rooks slowly wheeled around above his head, and sailed upon the breezes of their leafy homes; and the watch-dog met him at the portal with a fawn of affection. At the porter's lodge had gathered some of the juvenile nobility, and with the utmost courtesy they received unquestioned the remarkable stranger, and invited him to their princely home.

"How beautiful is Earth," said the man, as a few days afterwards he rambled to the spot where he first pressed its soil, "and how happy are her children. Before I came here I thought that peace was more common than bliss, that quiet was more frequent than joy; but hitherto I have investigated at a disadvantageous distance, and here I find that my ignorance was proverbial. Nevertheless, I have the will and capacity to learn, and the duke himself shall not know more of his neighbors than I will ascertain."

He bounded over a sweet-briar hedge, and wended his way to a little hamlet, which nestled between the grove and upland at a short distance. He entered the nearest cot, and the first sound which reached his ears was a cry for *bread*.

"*Bread*—BREAD!" repeated he, "I saw it given to the dogs this morning. Bread! there is enough at the castle. Go to the duchess, my child, she will give you enough of bread." The child ceased her cry, but looked at him wonderingly, and an elderly sister shook her head, yet said nothing. Then the man heard a moan from a low pallet, and looking into the dark recess, he saw stretched upon it the emaciated form of a woman. She called the girl to her side.

"Is there not a little more wine in the phial?" she asked.

"Not one drop," was the reply. The woman moaned more faintly.

"Wine! wine!" repeated the man; "we drank last night at the castle until our heads ached, and some of the company were carried away drowned by it. *Wine and bread;*" he repeated, as he turned upon his heel, and flew towards the castle.—He entered the drawing room, and a servant passed him with a silver salver, upon which were refreshments for the ladies, and the sideboard was covered with various wines. He grasped a bottle, and snatching the salver from the waiter, he turned to go. But the astonished domestic made such an outcry, and vociferated, "Thief! Robber!" so lustily that he was soon overtaken. The duke came to learn the cause of the tumult.

"He was stealing your silver." repeated the servant, "after all your kindness to him."

The duke looked at his mysterious guest with a penetrating eye.

"I saw a child almost within a stone's throw of your mansion," replied the man, "who cried for bread. I saw also a woman fainting for a cordial, and here I knew that there was enough of bread and wine. I ran that they might the sooner be relieved from their misery."

The duke blushed as he heard the simple reply of the man, and almost doubted for the moment whether he himself were a man. Bread and wine were

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instantly despatched by the servant, and the duke took the stranger into his closet. What he told him there is what my readers already know—that Want and Misery stand even within the sunshine of Plenty and Prosperity; that Sickness, Pain and Death are in the daily paths of the rich and powerful; that all these things are looked upon as necessary evils, and not allowed for a moment to interrupt the usual course of business and amusement. But he could not make it appear to the man out of the Moon as it did to himself. The more common it is, the more dreadful it seemed to this wanderer from another sphere. The more difficult it appeared to find the remedy, the more earnestly he thought it should be sought. It seemed to him that the great fault was in the government, and at its head was a lady as young, as kind, as compassionate as the duke's eldest daughter. He left the castle, and hastened to the capitol. He lingered not by the way, but sighs obtruded themselves upon his notice which gave him much pain. He sought the palace; he asked audience of the queen. He brought no references, no introductions, and could not be admitted to the young sovereign; but his earnestness gained him an interview with one of her counsellors. He had so much to say, and knew so little how to say it, his ideas were all in such confusion, that it was some time before the minister could gather aught from him.

"To the point," said he at length.—"Tell me, stranger, what you want."

"I want RIGHT!" said the man. "I came a stranger to your land, and at first, all appeared to me very beautiful. But I soon found hunger, destitution, and death. I inquired the cause, and asked for the remedy. I was told there was none; but I found that if relief could be obtained this was the place to look for it. I left for this city. I hurried on my way; but unless I shut my eyes, I could not but see wrong. I have seen huge heaps of grain converted into liquid poison, and starving men drunk of it that they might drown all sense of want and misery. I have seen broad fields lie waste as pleasure ground, while squalid crowds were faint for food. I saw a mighty ship filled with brave men; and their garments glittered with beauty, and gushing strains of music stirred their noble hearts. I thought it a glorious sight, but I learnt that they were sent to kill or be killed of their fellow men. I saw a high and narrow structure spring upward to the sky; and they brought out a man and put him to death between the heavens and the earth. Crowds of men gazed upward at the sight, and think ye not that God looked down? I went into an old moss grown church, and there I saw the man who prayed at the gallows; and all the people said with him 'Be ye also merciful, even as your Father in Heaven is merciful.' 'For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, how will your Father which is in Heaven, forgive your trespasses?' But the more my spirit was pained within me, the more I hurried to this place. And when I was come I saw mighty palaces for the accommodation of a few, and I saw also men herding together in filth and wretchedness; and those who had not where to lay their heads. I have seen warehouses filled with cloths for raiment, and stout men passed by them with scarce a rag to cover them; yet touched they nothing. I have seen bakeries full of bread, and storehouse filled with other food; and savage looking men proved that they were not yet fiends, for they did not strike dead those who withheld from them these provisions. Even here I have seen dogs and horses receive the attention denied to man. You ask me what I want: I want to know if you have known aught of this; and, if so, why stand you here idle?"

"Who are you?" rejoined the astonished courtier.

"The man out of the Moon."

"Aha, aha,—a lunatic! I thought as much. Now let me see if we have not a nice place for you which you have not yet espied;" and calling the servants, he ordered them to take the man to the hospital.

But he slipped from their grasp and was soon out of the way. He strayed to the sea side, for there was there less of the misery he could not relieve. He found a man sitting upon a solitary rock, and gazing far out upon the waters. There was that in his eye which told the Lunarian that there he might meet with sympathy. So they sat together, while the sea-winds moaned around them, and talked of wrong and oppression.

"But why do the people bear all this?" asked the Man. "Why do they not rise in their strength, and demand clothing, food and shelter? Why do they not stretch out their hands and take it, when almost within their grasp? Why at least do they not die as men, rather than live like beasts."

"They are *enchanted*," was the reply of the philosopher.

Then the Man thought how impossible it would be for him to disenchant them, and he sighed; and when the philosopher had gone he unrobed himself, and spread his wings, and flew across the channel till he came to another land.

We will not follow him, as he strayed through various cities, towns, and villages, along the Mediterranean. But he heard of it everywhere—he had heard of it before he crossed the channel—of a happy land, far across many wide waters—a new world, where tyranny, oppression, and corruption, had not found time to generate their train of evils. He yearned for this better land; and one night, when the sky was dark with sombre clouds, and no one could witness his flight, he left the old for the newer continent.

He alighted at the plantation of a wealthy gentle-

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man. With manly courtesy he was received, and entertained with chivalrous generosity which asked no questions of the stranger, and knew nothing but that he needed rest. He was truly weary, and spent some quiet days in the family of his host, for whom he formed quite an attachment. But one day as he was walking in the grounds, he heard the voice of piercing lamentation. He looked around, and saw a negro woman, with her young child pressed to her bosom, and sobbing as though her heart would break. He inquired the cause of her sorrow, and heard that her husband had just been taken away to be sold to another master. Her children had been taken from her long before, all but the babe upon her breast.

The Man could not understand this at first, but after long questioning he learned some of the evils of slavery. He returned to his host. He was sitting with his wife at his side, and his child upon his knee. He caressed them both with affection. The Man looked at him sternly,

"How dare you love your child?" said he. "How dare you adore your wife?" when you have separated mother and child, husband and wife, and consigned them all to misery.

"Who are you?" replied the host, "that you speak thus in my own house, where as yet unquestioned you have been honored and cherished as a stranger and a guest."

"I am the man out of the Moon."

Then the host laughed heartily. "Ah, moon-struck, I see," said he, carelessly; and touching his head he nodded to his wife. After this they would neither of them heed what he said, but treated him good humoredly, as a maniac.

In the neighborhood, however, he met not with this consideration, for he would not hold his peace while he believed a great wrong was calling for redress. They called him an Abolitionist, and proposed assisting him in his departure from a place which did not seem to suit him very well. They would provide feathers, if not wings, and attach them to him with tar, as the best artificial method. They would not furnish him with a horse, but they found a rail, and this with the aid of their own locomotive powers, would assist him greatly.

The Man felt as though he would rather continue free of all such obligations, and on the very night when all things were preparing for his exit, he spread his wings upon the darkness and flew away.

He had heard the negroes speak of a land to the north, where there were no slaves, where oppression, cruelty, and selfishness did not exist; and he thought that must be the better land of which he had so often heard. He came to its far famed city; that where morals, intelligence, and prosperity are more nearly connected than in any other. He was pleased at first, but soon became dissatisfied, because it fell far short of his ideas of social perfection. Here were also Wealth and Poverty—here were Misery, Selfishness, and Pride. He saw a wealthy lady roll along in her carriage, while a feeble woman could hardly totter across the streets. "The carriage would have held more than two," said he to himself. He followed the faltering footsteps until he came to a cellar. The woman approached a bed, upon which two children were gasping for breath,

"Can nothing be done for them?" asked the Man.

"I have just called a physician," replied the mother. In a few moments he came in. He looked tenderly at his little patients. "They are dying of want," said he. "They want every thing they should now have; but first of all, is the want of fresh air." The Man started from the house and ran to a street, in which was the residence of an eminent philanthropist. His questionings had already led him to a knowledge of the good. He came to the house. The master was not at home—he had gone to his country-seat, and his mansion was vacant, with the exception of one servant who was left to open the windows each day, and see the cool air breathed through the deserted rooms. And, as he looked at the lofty, well-ventilated and vacant apartments, he thought of the children who were dying in a neighboring cellar for want of air.

The man was wearied, disappointed and vexed. "If this is the happiest spot on Earth," said he, "then let me go back to the Moon."

It was a lovely starlight night. The moon, like a silver crescent, hung afar in the blue ether, and there was one bright solitary cloud in the clear sky. The Man spread his wings, and, bidding farewell to Earth, he turned his face upward to a better home. As he passed the bright cloud he thought he saw, faintly delineated as though in bright shadow, the outlines of a human form. He approached nearer, and the cloud seemed like a light couch, upon which an etherealized being reclined.—Lofty intellect and childlike mildness were blended in his pale spiritual countenance, but there was a glance of sorrow in his deep eyes which told that, if an angel, he had not forgotten the trials of earth.

The Man said to him, "I have just left Earth for Moon, but I would gladly leave it for any other world. You seemed to have returned to it from Heaven."

"It was my home," replied the spirit. "There I first received existence; there I first drew the breath of life. It was my first home; and, though I know it is full of sin and sorrow, yet at times I leave Heaven that I may view it once again."

"And did you know, while there, that it was filled with Guilt, Ignorance, or Pain? or did you neglect the great interests of Humanity for selfish pleasure?"

"I did *not* live for myself alone. I endeavored to live for my kind, and to find my happiness in try-

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ing to promote the well being of others. I see now that I might have done more, but I saw it not then. God had given me a feeble frame, and I might not go forth actively among my brethren. But I sent my voice among them. I spoke aloud in behalf of the wronged and down-trodden. I spoke not of one evil, but of that which is the source of all evil. I spoke to the young, knowing that they would soon be the middle-aged, to act, and then the aged to die. I sent my voice among the ignorant, and invited them to come to the tree of knowledge. And my bliss is now in the assurance I have received, that my words will not be forgotten."

"But, if you were doing good," said the Man, sternly, "Why did you go thence?"

"I was called," replied the spirit, gently.

"And is there any who may take your place?"

"I hope and believe there are many noble spirits, who are as earnest, as able, as faithful and more active, who are laboring for their brother man. But there is another agent. Would you witness it?" and drawing aside a drapery of cloud, he disclosed a shining volume. The night breeze gently wafted its leaves, and, in letters of brightness, were written upon them such words as these:

"God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The Man glanced at them, and then said, "Is this book there?"

"It is there," replied the spirit, "and there it will remain until its words are embroidered upon the hems of their garments, engraved upon the bells of their horses, and bound as frontlets between their eyes. Yea, even until they are impressed upon the hearts of all men."

The spirit veiled the book again in aerial drapery, and disappeared himself in the bright cloud.

The Man turned away, with a spirit less sad; and ere morning dawned, he looked down again from his "old accustomed place," with his usual placid smile; and none would now know from his benign expression, that we, poor erring mortals, had ever grieved and angered the Man in the Moon.—*Lowell Offering.*

THE LADY'S YES.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!
Colors, seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No!*

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you!*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life or death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be YES for evermore."

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

(A paraphrase of Isaiah lviii. 3—7.)

Is this a Fast, to keep
The larder leane
And clean
From fat of neates and sheep?—
Is to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and soure?
No:—'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;
To shew a *heart* grief rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent!

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CHRISTIAN, AND MERE POETIC BENEVOLENCE, CONTRASTED.

BY THOMAS CHALMERS.

(Extracted from a discourse before the Edingburgh Society for the relief of the Destitute Sick.)

The man who considers the poor, instead of slumbering over the emotions of a useless sensibility among those imaginary beings whom poetry and romance have laid before him in all the elegance of fictitious history, will bestow the labour and the attention of actual business among the poor of the real and the living world. Benevolence is the burden of every romantic tale, and of every poet's song. It is dressed out in all the fairy enchantments of imagery and eloquence. All is beauty to the eye and music to the ear. Nothing seen but pictures of felicity, and nothing heard but the soft whispers of gratitude and affection. The reader is carried along by this soft and delightful representation of virtue. He accompanies his hero through all the fancied varieties of his history. He goes along with him to the cottage of poverty and disease, surrounded, as we may suppose, with all the charms of rural obscurity, and where the murmurings of an adjoining rivulet accord with the finer and more benevolent sensibilities of the mind. He enters this enchanting retirement, and meets with a picture of distress, adorned in all the elegance of fiction. Perhaps a father laid on a bed of languishing, and supported by the labors of an affectionate family, where kindness breathes in every word, and anxiety sits upon every countenance —where the industry of his children struggles in vain to supply the cordials which his poverty denies him—where nature sinks every hour, and all feel a gloomy foreboding, which they strive to conceal, and tremble to express. The hero of the romance enters, and the glance of his benevolent eye enlightens the darkest recesses of misery. He turns to the bed of languishing, tells the sick man that there is still hope, and smiles comfort on his despairing children. Day after day he repeats his kindness and his charity. They hail his approach as the footsteps of an angel of mercy. The father lives to bless his deliverer. The family rewards his benevolence by the homage of an affectionate gratitude; and, in the piety of their evening prayer, offer up thanks to the God of Heaven, for opening the hearts of the rich to kindly and beneficient attentions. The reader weeps with delight. The visions of paradise play before his fancy. His tears flow, and his heart dissolves in all the luxury of tenderness.

Now, we do not deny that the members of the Destitute Sick Society *may* at times have met with some such delightful scene to soothe and encourage them. But put the question to any of their visitors, and he will not fail to tell you, that if they had never moved but when they had something like this to excite and gratify their hearts, they would seldom have moved at all; and their usefulness to the poor would have been reduced to a very humble fraction of what they have actually done for them. What is this but to say, that it is the business of a religious instructor to give you, not the elegant, but the true representation of benevolence—to represent it not so much as a luxurious indulgence to the finer sensibilities of the mind, but according to the sober declaration of Scripture, as a work and as a labor—as a business in which you must encounter vexation opposition, and fatigue; where you are not always to meet with that elegance which allures the fancy, or with that humble and retired adversity, which interests the more tender propensities of the heart; but as a business where reluctance must often be overcome by a sense of duty, and where, though oppressed at every step, by envy, disgust, and disappointment, you are bound to persevere, in obedience to the law of God, and the sober instigation of principle.

The benevolence of the gospel lies in actions. The benevolence of our fiction writers, in a kind of high-wrought delicacy of feeling and sentiment. The one dissipates all its fervor in sighs and tears, and idle aspirations—the other reserves its strength for efforts and execution. The one regards it as a luxurious enjoyment of the heart—the other, as a work and business of the hand. The one sits in indolence, and broods in visionary rapture, over its schemes of ideal philanthropy—the other steps abroad, and enlightens by its presence, the dark and pestilential hovels of disease. The one wastes away in empty ejaculation—the other gives time and trouble to the work of beneficence—gives education to the orphan—provides clothes to the naked, and lays food on the table of the hungry. The one is indolent and capricious, and often does mischief by the occasional overflowings of a whimsical and ill-directed charity—the other is vigilant and discerning, and takes care lest his distributions be injudicious, and the effort of benevolence be misapplied. The one is soothed with the luxury of feeling, and reclines with easy and indolent satisfaction—the other shakes off the deceitful languor of contemplation and solitude, and delights in a scene of activity. Remember, that virtue, in general, is not to feel, but to do—not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution—not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practise what it loves, and to imitate what it admires.

To be benevolent in speculation, is often to be selfish in action and in reality. The vanity and the indolence of man delude him into a thousand inconsistencies. He professes to love the name and the semblance of virtue, but the labor of exertion and of self-denial terrifies him from attempting it. The emotions of kindness are delightful to his bosom

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but then they are little better than a selfish indulgence—they terminate in his own enjoyment—they are a mere refinement of luxury. His eye melts over the picture of fictitious distress, while not a tear is left for the actual starvation and misery with which he is surrounded. It is easy to indulge the imaginations of a visionary heart in going over a scene of fancied affliction, because here there is no sloth to overcome—no avaricious propensity to control—no offensive or disgusting circumstance to allay the unmingled impression of sympathy which a soft and elegant picture is calculated to awaken. It is not so easy to be benevolent in action and in reality, because here there is fatigue to undergo—there is time and money to give—there is the mortifying spectacle of vice, and folly, and ingratitude, to encounter. We like to give you the fair picture of love to man, because to throw over it false and fictitious embellishments, is injurious to its cause.—These elevate the fancy by romantic visions which can never be realized. They embitter the heart by the most severe and mortifying disappointments, and often force us to retire in disgust from what heaven has intended to be the theatre of our discipline and preparation. Take the representation of the Bible. Benevolence is a work and a labor. It often calls for the severest efforts of vigilance and industry—a habit of action not to be acquired in the school of fine sentiment, but in the walks of business, in the dark and dismal receptacles of misery—in the hospitals of disease—in the putrid lanes of great cities, where poverty dwells in lank and ragged wretchedness, agonizing with pain, faint with hunger, and shivering in a frail and unsheltered tenement.

You are not to conceive yourself a real lover of your species, and entitled to the praise or the reward of benevolence because you weep over a fictitious representation of human misery. A man may weep in the indolence of a studious and contemplative retirement; he may breathe all the tender aspirations of humanity; but what avails all this warm and effusive benevolence, if it is never exerted—if it never rise to execution—if it never carry him to the accomplishment of a single benevolent purpose—if it shrinks at activity, and sicken at the pain of fatigue? It is easy, indeed, to come forward with the cant and hypocrisy of fine sentiment—to have a heart trained to the emotions of benevolence, while the hand refuses the labor of discharging its offices—to weep for amusement, and to have nothing to spare for human suffering but the tribute of an indolent and unmeaning sympathy. Many of you must be acquainted with that corruption of Christian doctrine which has been termed Antinomianism. It professes the highest reverence for the Supreme Being, while it refuses obedience to the lessons of his authority. It professes the highest gratitude for the sufferings of Christ, while it refuses that course of life and action which he demands of his followers. It professes to adore the tremendous Majesty of heaven, and to weep in shame and in sorrow over the sinfulness of degraded humanity, while every day it insults heaven by the enormity of its misdeeds, and evinces the insincerity of its wilful perseverane in the practice of iniquity. This Antinomianism is generally condemned; and none reprobate it more than the votaries of fine sentiment—your men of taste and elegant literature—your epicures of feeling, who riot in all the luxury of theatrical emotion, and who, in their admiration of what is tender, and beautiful, and cultivated, have always turned with disgust from the doctrines of a sour and illiberal theology. We may say to such, as Nathan to David, "Thou art the man." Theirs is to all intents and purposes Antinomianism—and an Antinomianism of a far more dangerous and deceitful kind, than the Antinomianism of a spurious and pretended orthodoxy. In the Antinomianism of religion, there is nothing to fascinate or deceive you. It wears an air of repulsive bigotry, more fitted to awaken disgust, than to gain the admiration of proselytes. There is a glaring deformity in its aspect, which alarms you at the very outset, and is an outrage to that natural morality which, dark and corrupted as it is, is still strong enough to lift its loud remonstrance against it. But in the Antinomianism of high-wrought sentiment, there is a deception far more insinuating. It steals upon you under the semblance of virtue. It is supported by the delusive colouring of imagination and poetry. It has all the graces and embellishments of literature to recommend it. Vanity is soothed, and conscience lulls itself to repose in this dream of feeling and of indolence.

Let us dismiss these lying vanities, and regulate our lives by the truth and soberness of the New Testament. Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle, though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendour to your exertions, and no music or poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high and ecstatic emotion. It is an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction, you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere, in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling, but a principle—not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.

It must now be obvious to all of you, that it is not enough that you give money, and add your name to the contributors of charity—you must give it with

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judgment. You must give your time and your attention. You must descend to the trouble of examination. You must rise from the repose of contemplation, and make yourself acquainted with the objects of your benevolent exercises. Will he husband your charity with care, or will he squander it away in idleness and dissipation? Will he satisfy himself with the brutal luxury of the moment, and neglect the supply of his more substantial necessities, or suffer his children to be trained in ignorance and depravity? Will charity corrupt him by laziness? What is his peculiar necessity? Is it the want of health or the want of employment? Is it the pressure of a numerous family? Does he need medicine to administer to the diseases of his children? Does he need fuel or raiment to protect them from the inclemency of winter? Does he need money to satisfy the yearly demands of his landlord, or to purchase books and to pay for the education of his offspring?

To give money is not to do all the work and labour of benevolence. You must go to the poor man's bed. You must lend your hand to the work of assistance. You must examine his accounts. You must try to recover those debts which are due to his family. You must try to recover those wages which are detained by the injuries or the rapacity of his master. You must employ your mediation with his superiors. You must represent to them the necessities of his situation. You must solicit their assistance, and awaken their feelings to the tale of his calamity. This is benevolence in its plain, and sober, and substantial reality, though eloquence may have withheld its imagery, and poetry may have denied its graces and its embellishments. This is true and unsophisticated goodness. It may be recorded in no earthly documents; but if done under the influence of Christian principle—in a word, done unto Jesus, it is written in the book of heaven, and will give a new lustre to that crown to which his disciples look forward in time, and will wear through eternity.

RECOMPENSE.

BY W. G. SIMS.

Not profitless the game, even though we lose;
Nor wanting in reward the thankless toil:
The wild adventure that the man pursues
Requites him, though he gathers not the spoil:
Strength follows labour, and its exercise
Brings Independence—fearlessness of ill—
Courage and pride—all attributes we prize—
Though their fruits fail, not the less valued still.
Though fame withholds the trophy of desire,
And men deny, and the impatient throng
Grows heedless, and the strains, protracted, tire—
Not wholy vain the minstrel and the song,
If, striving to arouse one heavenly tone
In others' hearts, it wakens up his own.

POEMS BY CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE SOUL-FLOWER.

I dreamed of a Flower that bloomed in the ocean,
Far down—all alone,
So deep, there was not a sound or motion,
Nor a sea-beast's ear to catch the groan
Of the upper sea in its strife.
The green waves were noiseless and harmless as sleep.
And a dim light struggled to pierce the deep,
But all was cold and shadowless,
And all was void and motionless,
For here there was no LIFE,
Saving of this one flower.
O 'twas a starlike thing,
A vision of calm, undying power;
Bell-like and deep, like an urn of pearl,
With anthers all golden and glittering,
And slowly its petals of white did unfurl;
A marble flower, yet living and growing;
Sweet and pure as a seraph's dream.
O dim are the diamond and ruby's gleam,
And the myriad gems that are glowing,
When I think on the light of this lonely flower,
Far down in its silent and dim sea-bower.
The storms of the upper waves raged on,
But here was no tempest or noise to dread;
Huge wrecks and bodies of men came down,
But they hung drifting far over head,
They sank not down to the sacred bower
Where bloomed the peaceful ocean-flower.
The sea-snake and whale in their giant race,
Were lost when they sought for this lonely place,
And all the bright-colored things that gleam
And dart through the deep, were like meteors that stream
Through a summer sky; while the sea-stars shone,
Some in clusters, and some alone,
Whose far off twinklings feebly sent
A light through the vast dim element.

And I know whenever this dream comes back,
That there is a flower like this, on earth;
It hath not here its place of birth,
And seldom may we track
The path that leads to the inner shrine
Where its glories spread and shine.
Yet ye need not roam from star to star;
Ye need not seek this flower afar;
It blooms deep down in the human heart;
It hath no peer in the pride of art,
It blooms in the breast of the wise and pure,
But withers a sinful heart within,
For its amaranth beauty cannot endure
The blighting atmosphere of sin.

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O holy and beautiful Spirit-Flower!
Thou art no dream of an idle hour!
Immortal as the Primal Beam—
Too true, too lovely for a dream.

Wouldst thou know what this beauty is?
Wouldst thou give all to have but this?
Wouldst thou know how and for what to live?
Wouldst thou garner what worlds cannot give?
Then guard thine own heart: in its fathomless deeps
The swelling bud of that flower sleeps.

Watch, lest it sleep till it wither away!
Watch, till it opens and blooms to the day!

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Tell us, tell us whence thou comest,
Little thing of the rainbow wing;
Tell us if thou always hummest:
If thou canst not sing.

Tell us when thou fell'st in love
With the honey-suckle flower,
That thou comest every eve
To her fragrant bower.

Or art thou her guardian sprite,
Ever hearkening to her sigh,
And robed so bright with colored light,
Droppest from the sky?

Take me to thy hidden nest
In the far off realm of Faery,
Where thou sinkest to thy rest
When thy wings are weary.

When a boy I often dreamed,
Wondering what thou wast and whence,
For thy quivering winglets seemed
Scarce like things of sense.

Darting here and darting there,
Now half-buried in a flower,
Now away, and none knew where,
By some mysterious power.

When the rosy twilight came
Softly down the slumbering sky,
Thy emerald wing and throat of flame
Flashed before my eye.

Round the lattice and the porch,
Ere the dew began to fall,
Kissing all the bashful buds
Clambering up the wall.

But like a suspected lover,
Darting off into the sky,
Ere we could with truth discover
Half thy brilliancy.

I'll not blame thee, little thing,
That thou was then a mystery,
When life and thought were in their spring,
And fancy wandered free.

For I was like thee, gentle bird,
As wild and gay, as strange and shy,
And all my hours were with the flowers,
Beneath a summer sky.

But now that I've become a man,
I'd have thee come and tell to me,
If the boyish dreams are true
I have had of thee.

Tell me why and whence thou comest,
On thy little rainbow wing;
Why unto the flower thou hummest,
And dost never sing.

But I hear a sober spirit
Talking as unto a child;
I must leave my bird and listen
To its accents mild.

Question not all things thou seest;
Things there are thou canst not know,
Learn from thy own dreams of childhood
Not too far to go.

Thou canst seldom track THE SPIRIT,
Whence or how or why it is;
In its unseen deeps for ever
Are there mysteries.

Be content to see—and seeing,
On the threshold pause and bow
To the great all-loving Being
With an humble brow!

SILENCE AND SPEECH.

A little pleasant bubbling up
From the unfathomable ocean;
A little glimmering from the unmeasured sun;
A little noise, a little motion—
Such is human speech;
I to thee would teach
A truth diviner, deeper
Than this empty strife;
For thou art the keeper
Of the wells of life.

Godlike Silence! I would woo thee—
Leave behind this thoughtless clamour;
Journey upward, upward to thee,
Put on thy celestial armor.
Let us speak no more,
Let us be Divinities;
Let poor mortals prate and roar;
Know we not how small it is

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To be ever uttering,
  Babbling and muttering?
Thou canst never tell the whole
  Of thine unmanageable Soul.
Deeper than thy deepest speech,
  Wiser than thy wisest thought,
Something lies thou canst not reach,
  Never to the surface brought.

Masses without form or make.
Sleeping gnomes that never wake;
Genii bound by magic spells;
Fairies and all miracles;
Shapes unclassed and wonderful,
Huge and dire and beautiful;
Dreams and hopes and prophecies
Struggling to ope their eyes;
All that is most vast and dim,
All that is most good and bad,
Demon, sprite and cherubim,
Spectral troops and angels glad;
Things that stir not, yet are living,
Up to the light for ever striving;
Thoughts whose faces are averted,
Guesses dwelling in the dark;
Instincts not to be diverted
From their ever-present mark—
Such thy inner Life, O Man,
Which no outward eye may scan.
Wonderful, most wonderful,
Terrible and beautiful!
Speak not, argue not—but live!
Reins to thy true nature give,
And in each unconscious act
Forth will shine the hidden fact.
Yet this smooth surface thou must break;
Thou must give as well as take.

Why this Silence long and deep?
Dost thou wake or dost thou sleep?
Up and speak—persuade and teach!
What so beautiful as Speech?
  Sing us the old Song,
  Be our warbling bird;
Thou hast sealed thy lips too long
And the world must all go wrong,
  If it hath no spoken word.

Out with it—thou hast it!
We would feel it, taste it.
Be our Delphic Oracle,
Let the Memnon statue sing,
Let the music rise and swell;
  We will enter the ring
  Where the silent ones dwell,
  And we will compel
  The Powers that we seek
Through us to sing, through us to speak.
  And hark! Apollo's lyre!
  Young Mercury with words of fire!
And Jove—the serene air, hath thundered,
As when by old Prometheus,
The lightening stolen for our use
From out his sky was plundered!
Man to his SOUL draws near,
And Silence now hath all to fear;
  Her realm is invaded,
  Her temples degraded—
For Eloquence like a strong and turbid river
Is flowing through her cities. On for ever
The mighty waves are dashing, and the sound
Disturbs the Deities profound.
  God through man is speaking,
  And hearts and souls are waking.
Each to each his visions tells,
And all rings out like a chime of bells;
THE WORD, THE WORD, thou hast it now!
  Silence befits the gods above,
But Speech is the star on manhood's brow,
  The sign of truth—the sign of love.

ON HEARING TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

  That joyous strain
  Wake, wake again!
O'er the dead stillness of my soul it lingers.
  Ring out, ring out
  The music-shout!
I hear the sounding of thy flying fingers,
  And to my soul the harmony,
  Comes like a freshening sea.

  Again, again!
  Farewell, dull pain, [quiver!
Thou heartache, rise not while those harpstrings
  Sad feelings, hence!
  I feel a sense
Of a new life come like a rushing river,
  Freshing the fountains parched and dry,
  That in my spirit lie.

  That glorious strain!
  O, from my brain
I see the shadows flitting like scared ghosts!
  A light, a light
  Shines in to-night,
O'er the good angels trooping to their posts,—
  And the black cloud is rent in twain
  Before the ascending strain.

  It dies away,—
  It would not stay,—
So sweet, so fleeting; yet to me it spake
  Strange peace of mind
  I could not find,
Before that lofty strain the silence brake.
  So let it ever come to me
  With an undying harmony.

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FIELD NOTES.

Where is he that loves the woods,
At home in all green solitudes;
He whom fashion, fame, or pelf
Have not prisoned in himself,
He who leaveth friend and book,
And findeth both beside a brook;
Heareth wisdom musical
In a low-toned waterfall,
Or the pine grove's breezy rush,
Or the trilling of a thrush,
Or, when nights are dark and still,
In a plaintive whip-poor-will;
Or when morning suns are bright,
Seeth truths of quiet light
In the landscape green and warm
Of the sloping upland farm!
Let him come and be my friend
Till these summer months shall end.

In this leafy sylvan scene,
Where nature loves no hue but green,
Nor will let a sound be heard
But of humble-bee or bird,
Or a tall and spreading tree
Rustling still and lonesomely,
Or afar the cattle's bell,
Tinkling in some hidden dell,
We will leave house, man, and street,
For companionship more sweet:
Children of the summer air,
We will be as once we were,—
Two unconscious idle boys,
And renew Arcadian joys;
Stumbling in our hill-side walks
O'er mushrooms and mullein stalks;
Brushing with our feet away
Spider-webs of silken gray,
Gemmed with dew athwart the meadows,
That sleep in the long morning shadows;
Roaming by some grassy stream,
Where, as in some earlier dream,
Well-known flowers all tall and rank
Blossom on the marshy bank;
Vines that creep, and spikes that nod,
Golden-helmet, golden-rod,
Orchis, milk-weed, elder-bloom,
Brake, sweet-fern and meadow-broom,
Star-shaped mosses on the rocks,
Golden-butter cups in flocks,
Tossing as the breeze sweeps by
To the blue deeps of the sky;
All those scentless seedy flowers
That chronicle the summer hours;
These shall be our company.
The soliloquizing bee
Hath no need of such as we:
We will let him wander free;
He must labor hotly yet,
Ere the summer sun shall set.

Grumbling little merchant [illegible]
Deft Utilitarian,
Dunning all the idle flowers,
Short to him must be the hours,
As he steereth swiftly over
Fields of warm sweet-scented clover.
Leave him to his own delight,
Little insect Benthamite:
Idler like ourselves alone
Shall we woo to be our crone.

But for him whose cloudy looks
Are bent on law or ledger-books,
Prisoned among the heated bricks,
The slave of traffic, toil and tricks;
For him who worshippeth alone
Beneath the drowsy preacher's drone,
Where creed and text like fetters cling
Upon the spirit's struggling wing;
For him whom Fashion's laws have tamed,
Till the sweet heavens are nigh ashamed
To lead him from his poisoned food
Into their healthy solitude;
Such as these we leave behind,
Blind companions of the blind.
Little know they of the balm,
And the beauty, wise and calm,
Treasured up at Nature's breast,
For the sick heart that needeth rest.
He who in childlike love hath quaffed
Of her sweet mother-milk one draught
Hath drank immortal drops as bright
As those which (tales of eld recite)
Untasted fell one starry night
From the fair bosom of heaven's queen
Sprinkling the sky with milky sheen:
From the world's tasteless springs he turns;
His soul with thirst diviner burns,
And nursed upon the lap of Truth,
Wins once again the gift of youth.

Him we will seek, and none but him,
Whose inward sense hath not grown dim;
Whose soul is steeped in Nature's tinct,
And to the Universal linked;
Who loves the beauteous Infinite
With deep and ever new delight,
And carrieth where'er he goes,
The inborn sweetness of the rose,
The perfume as of Paradise;
The talisman above all price;
The optic glass that wins from far
The meaning of the utmost star;
The key that opes the golden doors
Where earth and heaven have piled their stores;
The magic ring—the enchanter's wand—
The title-deed to Wonder-land;
The wisdom that o'erlooketh sense,
The clairvoyance of Innocence.

These rich possessions if he own,
He shall be ours, and he alone.

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THE POET.

Non est ad astra mollis é terris via.—SENECA.

He that would earn the Poet's sacred name,
Must write for future as for present ages;
Must learn to scorn the wreath of vulgar fame,
And bear to see cold critics o'er the pages
His burning brain hath wrought, wreak wantonly
Their dull and crabbed spite, or trifling mockery.

He must not fret his heart that men will turn
From the deep wealth his soul hath freely given;
He must not marvel that their spirits burn
With fire so dim and cold. The God of Heaven
Who hung the golden stars in loftiest sky,
Hath o'er all spirits set the Poet's heart on high.

Star-like and high, his task and glorious sphere
Is to shine on in love and light unborrowed,
Yet looking down, to hold all nature dear,
And where a heart hath deeply joyed or sorrowed,
To gather to itself all images
Of mind, and heart and passion, and to breathe life through these:

And in this life, burning through all his words,
And glancing back so strangely on man's soul
The image of himself, the bard records
The power which lifts all nature, till the whole
Swims in the spirit of beauty, and the breath
Of earthly things is murmuring life untouched by death.

Thus hovering, bee-winged, over every flower,
And gathering all the nectar from its blossom,
And e'en midst broken hearts, in grief's dark hour,
Stealing a sweetness from the poison bosom,
He garners up the honey of his thought,
And yields unto the world what'er his soul hath wrought.

His is the task to clothe the dull and common
In the rich garb of ever-living youth;
And o'er the soul of child, or man, or woman,
And o'er the countenance of daily truth,
And o'er Creation's face to spread the light
Of beauty, as it shines in God's eternal sight.

He may not stoop to pander to the herd
Of fickle tastes and morbid appetites;
He hath upon his lips a holy word,
And he must heed not if it cheers or blights,
So it be Truth, and the deep earnest fire
Of no dull earthward thought, nor any base desire,

His path is through all nature like the sun;
From world to world, like a recording spirit;
And with all shapes and hues his heart is one;
And if a bird but sing, his ear must hear it,
And the coarse, scentless flower is as a brother,
And the green turf the gentle bosom of a mother.

And these he loves;—and with all these the heart
Of frail humanity, which like a tremulous harp
Hung in the winds, not oft from storms apart,
Sobs or rejoices; and when tempests sharp
Sweep the tense strings, a "sweet sad music" hears,
Where others list no voice, nor heed the dropping tears.

Who scorns the Poet's art, deserves the scorn
Which he would heap on others' heads; that man
Knows not the sacred gift and calling born
Within the Poet's soul when life began:—
Knows not that he *must* speak, and not for fame,
But that his heart would wither else within its flame.

Time's wreaths await him: far in future ages,
Twined in their amaranth beauty they are shining,
And blessings rained upon his fragrant pages,
And tears from kindred hearts, quenching repining
With a warm sympathy, and smiles of joy
Embalm a sacred life which Time cannot destroy.

THE OCEAN.

"In a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."
WORDSWORTH.

Tell me, brother, what are we?—
Spirits bathing in the sea
Of Deity!
Half afloat and half on land,
Wishing much to leave the strand,—
Standing, gazing with devotion,
Yet afraid to trust the Ocean—
Such are we.

Wanting love and holiness
To enjoy the wave's caress;
Wanting faith and heavenly hope,
Buoyantly to bear us up;
Yet impatient in our dwelling,
When we hear the ocean swelling.
And in every wave that rolls
We behold the happy souls
Peacefully, triumphantly
Swimming on the smiling sea,
Then we linger round the shore,
Lovers of the earth no more.

Once,—'twas in our infancy,
We were drifted by this sea
To the coast of human birth,
To this body and this earth:
Gentle were the hands that bore
Our young spirits to the shore;

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Gentle lips that bade us look
Outward from our cradle nook
To the spirit-bearing ocean
With such wonder and devotion,
As each stilly Sabbath day,
We were led a little way,
Where we saw the waters swell
Far away from inland dell,
And recived with grave delight
Symbols of the Infinite:—
Then our home was near the sea;
"Heaven was round our infancy:"
Night and day we heard the waves
Murmuring by us to their caves;—
Floated in unconscious life,
With no later doubts at strife,
Trustful of the upholding Power
Who sustained us hour by hour.
Now we've wandered from the shore,
Dwellers by the sea no more;
Yet at times there comes a tone
Telling of the visions flown,
Sounding from the distant sea,
Where we left our purity;
Distant glimpses of the surge
Lure us down to ocean's verge;
There we stand with vague distress,
Yearning for the measureless;
By half-wakened instincts driven,
Half loving earth, half loving heaven,
Fearing to put off and swim,
Yet impelled to turn to Him
In whose life we live and move,
And whose very name is Love.

Grant me courage, Holy One,
To become indeed thy son,
And in thee, thou Parent-Sea,
Live and love eternally.

BEAUTY.

Men talk of Beauty—of the earth and sky,
And the blue stillness of sweet inland waters,
And search all language with a lover's eye.
For flowers of praise to deck earth's glorious daughters.
And it is well within the soul to cherish
Such love for all things beautiful around.
But there is Beauty that can never perish;
A hidden path no "vulture's eye"* hath found.
Vainly ye seek it who in Sense alone
Wander amid the sweets the world hath given;
As vainly ye who make the Mind the throne,
While the Heart bends a slave, insulted, driven.
Thou who wouldst know what Beauty this can be,
Look on the sunlight of the Soul's deep purity.

* "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."—Job xxviii. 7.

THE ARTIST.

He breathed the air of realms enchanted,
He bathed in seas of dreamy light,
And seeds within his soul were planted
That bore us flowers for use too bright,
Unless it were to stay some wandering spirit's flight.

With us he lived a common life,
And wore a plain familiar name,
And meekly dared the vulgar strife
That to inferior spirits came—
Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

And skies more soft than Italy's
Their wealth of light around him spread,
Their tones were his, and only his—
So sweetly floating o'er his head—
None knew at what rich feast the favoured guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why
He chose the ways of poverty;
They read no wisdom in his eye,
But scorned the holy mystery
That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of Sense
An inner meaning had for him,
And Beauty loved in innocence,
Not sought in passion or in whim,
Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull and dim.

And in this vision did he toil,
And in this Beauty lived and died.—
And think not that he left his soil
By no rich tillage sanctified;
In olden times he might have been his country's pride.

And yet may be—though he hath gone—
For spirits of so fine a mould
Lose not the glory they have won;
Their memory turns not pale and cold—
While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

FIRST TRUTHS.

They come to me at night, but not in dreams,
Those revelations of realities;
Just at the turning moment ere mine eyes
Are closed to sleep, they come—clear sudden gleams,
Brimfull of truth like drops from heaven's deep streams
They glide into my soul. Entranced in prayer,
I gaze upon the vision shining there,
And bless the Father for these transient beams.
The trite and faded forms of Truth then fall.
I look into myself, and all alone
Lie bared before the Eternal All-in-all;
Or wandering forth in spirit, on me thrown
A magic robe of light, I roam away
To the true vision-land, unseen by day.

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THE PROPHET UNVEILED.

Kindly he did receive us where he dwelt
And in his smile and eye I inly felt
The self-same power, the influence mild and grand,
Which o'er our kindred souls had held command,
When to the page his mind had wrought we turned.
But now anew our hearts within us burned,
As side by side, we hearkened to his talk,
Or rambled with him in his morning walk.
Unveiled he stood; and beautiful he moved
Amid home-sympathies;—a heart that loved
Nature as dearly as a gentle mother,
And man as a great spirit and a brother.
In the clear deepening river of his thought,
Welling in tones and words by nature taught;
In the mild lustre of the long-lashed eye,
And round the delicate lips, how artlessly
Broke forth the intuitions of his mind.
I listened and I looked, but could not find
Courage or words to tell my sympathy
With all this deep-toned wisdom borne to me.
Still less could I declare how, ere I knew
The spell his *visible* presence o'er me threw,
The page his inspiration wrought, had warmed
Daily to life the faith within me formed
Of Nature's great relationship to man;
So far his speed of sight my own outran.
And if I spoke, it seemed to me my thought
Was but a pale and broken reflex caught
From his own orb; so silently I sat
Drinking in truth and beauty. Yet there was that
In his serene and sympathizing smile,
Which as I listened, told me all the while
That nearer intercourse might give me right
To come within the region of his light;
Not to be dazzled, moth-like, by his flame,
But go as independent as I came.

And once again within the lighted hall,
Where Mind and Beauty gathered to his call,
We heard him speak; upon his eye and tongue,
Dropping their golden thoughts we mutely hung.
Aurora shootings mixed with summer lightning,
Meteors of truth thro' beauty's sky still bright'ning;
Phœnix-lived things born amid stars and flashes,
And rising rocket-winged from their own ashes;
Pearls prodigally rained, too large and fast;
Rich-music tones too sweet and rare to last—
Such seemed his natural utterance as it passed.
And yet the steadier light that shone alway,
Looked through these meteors in their rapid play,
And warmed around us like the sunlight mild,
And Truth in Beauty's robes stood by and smiled.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

From the Spanish.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Underneath the sod, low lying, dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying, sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever-bending o'er her, eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her, vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears are twining chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit life and love.

TO LITTLE MARY.

The following beautiful lines were addressed to a little girl—an only child—in this city, who, in her sleep, repeated the passage she was accustomed nightly to utter before closing her eyes.

"I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

Thou art so like a dream of heaven,
That still thy visions seem,
Like that phenomenon of sleep,
A dream within a dream!
And pure the thoughts that memory brings,
To voice thy dreaming hour;
The butterfly has closed its wings,
Upon a lily flower!
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

Not such the dream by slumber thrown,
When grief's rough swell is o'er;
The ebb of pain, its after moan!
The surge upon the shore!
Thy prayer is but the echoing
Of waking peace and love,
The rustling of the Spirit's wing!
The cooing of its dove!
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

The roses of the Persian field,
With all their wealth of bloom,
Are crush'd, though thousands may but yield
A drop of rich perfume;
And thus, the heart with feeling rife,
Is crushed, alas! by care:
Yet, blest, if suffering wring from life,
Its other drop—of prayer.
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

Mother! sweet mother! thou hast taught
That infant soul to pray,
Before a rose-leaf from its thought
The world has blown away—
Prayer! on that lip that once was thine!
Thoughts, of thine own a part!
Dropp'd jewels of thy spirit's mine,
Sleep scatters o'er her heart!
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 5.

THE SLAVE MARKET AT WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I find, in a late number of the Albany Patriot, a letter from a gentleman in the city of Washington, addressed to the editor, from which I take the following paragraphs:

"This year, over five thousand slaves have already been sold in our dens of diabolism, and many more heart strings will be broken before the winter sets in, by sundering all the ties of life, to meet the demand of human victims in the Louisiana market. In Florida, also, the demand has been increased, by the diabolical law to 'encourage the armed settlement' of that slavery-cursed territory, and thus increase the political weight of the slave system in the councils of the country.

"Scenes have taken place in Washington, this summer, that would make the devil blush through the darkness of the pit, if he had been caught in them. A fortnight ago last Tuesday, no less than SIXTY HUMAN BEINGS were carried right by the capitol yard to a slave ship! The men were chained in couples, and fastened to a log chain, as it is common in this region. The women walked by their side. The little children were carried along in wagons."

In the summer of 1840, when in Washington, I took occasion, in company with two friends, to visit the principal slave-trading establishments of the district. In Alexandria, at a great slave prison formerly known as Franklin & Armfield's, there were about fifty slaves. They were enclosed by high, strong walls, with grated iron doors. Among them was a poor woman who had escaped, twelve years before, from slavery, and who had married a free man. She had been hunted out by some of those human blood-hounds, who are in the detestable occupation of slave-catchers, separated from her husband, and, with her child, had been sold to the speculators for the New Orleans market. Another woman, whose looks and manner were expressive of deep anguish, had, with her nine children, been sold away from her husband—an everlasting separation! But her sorrows had but just begun. Long ere this, she and her children have probably been re-sold, scattered and divided, and are now toiling in hopeless bereavement, or buried like brutes, without a tear or Christian rite, on the banks of the Mississippi.

From this horrible MARKET HOUSE of HUMAN FLESH, we were informed that from fifteen hundred to two thousand slaves are sometimes sent to the South in a single year.

At the Alexandria public jail was a poor lad who had come to the city in a vessel, and had been seized and imprisoned on suspicion of being a slave. As he happened to have no document to prove his freedom, after having been kept in close confinement in a prison cell for six months, he was in a few days to be sold as a slave, to pay the fees of the jailor!

We visited, the next day, a slave holder's establishment in the city of Washington. It stood somewhat apart from the dense part of the city, yet in full view of the capitol. Its dark, strong walls rose in dim contrast with the green beauty of early summer—a horror and an abomination—a blot upon the fair and pleasant landscape. We looked in upon a group of human beings herded together like cattle for the market. The young man in attendance informed us that there were five or six other regular slave dealers in the city, who, having no prisons of their own, kept their slaves in this establishment, or in the CITY PRISON. The following advertisement of this infernal market house, I have copied from the Washington Globe and the Intelligencer:

"CASH PAID FOR NEGROES."

"The subscriber wishes to purchase a number of negroes for the Louisiana and Mississippi markets. He will pay the highest price which the market will justify. Himself or agent, at all times, can be found at his JAIL, on Seventh street, the first house south of the market bridge, on the west side. Letters addressed to him will receive the earliest attention.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS."

In the same papers, four other regular dealers in human beings advertised themselves. In addition, George Kephart, of Alexandria, advertised the "copper fastened brig, Isaac Franklin." It was nearly ready to sail with slaves for New Orleans. So much for the national newspaper organs of the whig and democratic parties! What must be the state of parties which can acknowledge such papers as their mouth pieces.

On the wall of the slave dealer's office were suspended some low and disgraceful pictures and caricatures, in which the abolitionists and blacks were represented, and in which Daniel O'Connell and John Q. Adams held a prominent position, as objects for the obscene jokes and witticism of the scoundrel traffickers. For one, I regard it as an honorable testimony to the faithfulness and heroism of these great and good men, in their advocacy of human freedom. The time is, I trust, not far distant, when those very

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pictures shall cause the knees of the base pirates who congregate in the den of iniquity, to smite together.

Known to God only, is the dreadful amount of human agony and suffering, which, from this slave-jail, has sent its cry, unheard or unheeded of man, up to His ear. The mother weeping for her child—the wife separated from her husband, breaking the night silence with the shriek of breaking hearts! Now and then an appalling fact shed light upon the secret horrors of the prison house. In the winter of 1838, a poor colored man, overcome with horror at being sold to the South, put an end to his life by cutting his throat.

From the private establishment we next proceeded to the old city prison—built by the people of the United States—the common property of the nation. It is a damp, dark, loathsome building. We passed between two ranges of small stone cells, filled with blacks. We noticed five or six in a single cell which seemed scarcely large enough for a solitary tenant. The heat was suffocating. In rainy weather, the keeper told us that the prison was uncomfortably wet. In winter, there could be no fire in these cells. The keeper, with some reluctance, admitted that he received slaves from the traders, and kept them until they were sold, at thirty-four cents per day. Men of the North! it was your money which helped pile the granite of these cells, and forge the massy iron doors, for the benefit of slave traders! It is your property which is thus perverted!

But to me this prison had a painful and peculiar interest. It was here that Dr. Crandall, of New York, was confined for several months. His health was completely broken down, and he was released only to find a grave. Do you ask what was his crime? He had circulated among some members of his profession, at Washington, a copy of a pamphlet written by myself, on the subject of slavery, and in favor of freedom! Here in darkness, dampness, and silence, his warm, generous heart died within him. And this was in Washington—in the metropolis of our free country—in the nineteenth century.

Scarcely an hour before my visit to the prison, I had been in the senate chamber of the United States. I had seen the firm lip, the broad, full brow, and beaming eye of Calhoun, the stern repose of a face written over with thought, and irradiated with the deep, still fires of genius. I had conversed with Henry Clay, once the object of my boyish enthusiasm, and encountered the fascination of his smile, and winning voice, as he playfully reproached me for deserting an old friend. I had there, in spite of my knowledge of its gross perversion to the support of wrong, felt something of that respect and reverence which is always extorted by intellectual power. For the moment I half forgot, in my appreciations of the gifts of genius with which these men have been so wonderfully endowed, the fact that they have employed their talents in upholding a system which crushes and kills the minds of millions. But here in the slave prison, I saw them in another light.—The fascinations of genius, which, like the silver veil of the Eastern Prophet, had covered them, fell off, and left only the deformity of tyranny. I looked upon the one as the high priest of slavery, ministering at its altar, and scowling defiance to the religion and philanthropy of christendom—the fitting champion of that southern-democracy, whose appropriate emblem is the SLAVE-WHIP, with the negro at one end, and an overseer at the other. And with God's immortal children, converted into merchandize, I thought of Henry Clay's declaration: "That is property which the law makes property," and that "two hundred years had sanctioned and sanctified slavery." . . . . . I saw the intimate and complete connection between the planter who raises the slave for market, the dealer who buys him, the legislator who sustains and legalizes the traffic, and *the northern freemen, who by his vote places that legislator in power.* In the silence of my soul, I pledged myself anew to liberty; and felt at that moment the baptism of a new life-long consecration to the cause. God helping me, the resolution which I then formed, shall be fulfilled to the uttermost!

I left that prison with mingled feelings of shame, sorrow, and indignation. Before me was the great dome of the capitol; our national representatives were passing and re-passing on the marble stairs—over all, the stripes and stars fluttered in the breeze which swept down the Potomac. I was thus compelled to realize the fact, that the abominations I had looked upon, were in the District of Columbia—the chosen home of our republic—the hearthstone of our national honor—that the representatives of the nations of Europe here looked, at one and the same glance, upon the capitol and the slave jail. Not long before, a friend had placed in my hand, a letter from Seidensticker, one of the leaders of the patriotic movement in behalf of German liberty in 1831. It was written from the prison of Celle, where he has been for eleven years a living martyr to the cause of freedom. In this letter, the noble German expresses his indignant astonishment at the speeches of Calhoun and others in Congress on the subject of slavery, and deplores the sad influence which our slave system is exerting upon the freedom of Europe. I could thus estimate in some degree the blighting effects of our union of liberty and slavery, upon the cause of political reform in the old world, strengthening the hands of the Peels and Metternichs, and deepening around the martyrs and confessors of European freedom the cold shadow of their prisons. All that I had said or done for the cause of emancipation heretofore, seemed cold and trifling at that moment, and even now, when I am

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disposed to blame the ardor and enthusiasm of some of my friends, and censure their harsh denunciations of slavery and its abettors, I think of the slave jails of the District of Columbia, and am constrained to exclaim with Jonathan Edwards, when, in his day, he was accused of fanaticism; "If these things be enthusiasms, and the fruits of a distempered imagination, let me still ever more possess them." It is a very easy thing, at our comfortable northern firesides, to condemn and deplore the zeal and extravagance of abolitionists, and to reach the conclusion that slavery is a trifling matter, in comparison to the great questions of banks and sub-treasuries; but he who can visit the SLAVE MARKETS of the DISTRICT, without feeling his whole nature aroused in indignation, must be more or less than a man.

Amesbury, 30th of 10th mo., 1843.

ON SEEING IN A LIST OF MUSIC THE 'WATERLOO WALTZ.'

A moment pause, ye British fair,
While pleasure's phantom ye pursue,
And say if sprightly dance or air
Suit with the name of 'Waterloo!'
Awful was the victory,
Chasten'd should the triumph be:
Amidst the laurels dearly won,
Britain mourns for many a son.

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose;
Nature seem'd to mourn the day
Which consign'd, before its close,
Thousands to their kindred clay;
How unfit for courtly ball,
Or the giddy festival,
Was the grim and ghastly view,
Ere evening closed on Waterloo!

See the highland warrior rushing,
Firm in danger, on the foe,
Till the life-blood, warmly gushing,
Lays the plaided hero low!
His native pipes' accustom'd sound,
'Mid war's infernal concert drown'd,
Cannot soothe the last adieu,
Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Chasing o'er the cuirassier,
See the foaming charger flying,
Trampling in his wild career,
All alike, the dead and dying.
See the bullets through his side
Answer'd by the spouting tide;
Helmet, horse, and rider too,
Roll on bloody Waterloo!

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,
Or wake th' enlivening notes of mirth?
No! shiver'd be the recreant lyre
That gave this dark idea birth!
Other sounds, I ween, were there,
Other music rent the air,
Other waltz the warriors knew,
When they closed on Waterloo.

Forbear, till time, with lenient hand,
Has sooth'd the pangs of recent sorrow,
And let the picture distant stand,
The softening hue of years to borrow.
When our race have passed away,
Hands unborn may wake the lay—
Yet mournfully should ages view
The horrid deeds at Waterloo!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

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What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?—
The wealth of seas?—the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found;
Freedom to worship God.

DIETETIC REFORM.

BY JAMES SELLERS, JR.

"A few nerves hardly visible on the surface of the tongue, create most of the endless stir around us."
DR. W. E. CHANNING.

It is not essential to our view of this subject, that we consider the perfection of the physical frame the sole object of life. Either they who discard the idea that soul and body are separate entities, or they who look upon the outward man as the mere tabernacle of the spirit, must upon proper scrutiny admit the superior claims of this reform, or call in question truths which they have been wont to style self-evident.

Science and general truth through all their stages of development have tended to confirm the intuitively-perceived fact of intimate relationship and dependence between body and mind. And now, when the particular branches of Physiology, Anatomy, and Phrenology are enveloped in clustering revelations of the same great truth, the importance of the subject under consideration is becoming more distinct. Then as a mere instrument for superior mental conception and labor, the physical frame should be regulated with an eye to the highest degree of purity and perfection.

Yet, however evident this fact may be to the enquiring mind, few as yet have felt and acknowledged the defects of the present dietetic habits of the race.

With all the apparent ignorance which prevails upon this vital matter, it is a little singular that the presentation of truth concerning it, almost invariably awakens at least a partial response in the breast of the hearer. Thus when the standard of abstinence from alcohol was reared in this wine-bibbing nation, despite the fact of its enthronement upon the dining table, the sideboard, in the dancing saloon, the select meeting, and even on the altar of the Church, the wine-cup was felt to be the den of a serpent as deadly in its sting, as sly in its approaches; and the faithful note of warning from the earnest advocate of this cause, seemed to fall upon ears not entirely insensible to the presence of danger. The same remark is true of the kindred but more prevalent draughts of tea and coffee. These dishes daily steam upon the table of the veteran tee-totaler. And the Washingtonian, dealing his resistless blows upon the hydra-head of alcohol, fails to observe the double monster that springs into existence in the increasing consumption of tea and coffee. When men dashed from their lips the wine-cup, they felt sensibly the absence of the usual stimulus, and thoughtlessly deemed that health demanded a substitute. But the appetite was morbid and artificial; and true wisdom, instead of gratifying it with opium, tobacco, tea or coffee, would dictate the entire disuse of every unnatural stimulant. The castor has supplanted the decanter, and is faithfully nursing an appetite which may gather such strength of importunity, that men shall forget their vows and fall back to their low estate of sensuality. Individual reform does not pause. If we cease to progress, we are gradually swept back by a strong current of animality to that abyss from which we have emerged. How important, then, is the relinquishment of those fiery condiments which foster every animal passion of our nature, and disturb the equable manifestation of the loftiest sentiments of the human soul.

It cannot be expected that any partial reform shall secure to us that exemption from the appeals of our lower nature which is the gift only of perfect obedience. Subserviency to one appetite perpetually endangers the freedom of the noblest soul. The sword of the warrior will not be sheathed before the knife of the butcher: and men who look complacently upon the death-struggle of the lamb or the ox will scarcely shrink from the gallows, or the murderous scenes of war. In the refined circles of society how many freely partake of that flesh whose hideousness the cook has partially concealed; and yet did necessity impose upon them the slaughter and preparation of the carcase, would well nigh faint at the bare thought of the task. To such we suggest that what we do by another is essentially the act of our own hands—that the blade of the carving-knife is dyed as deeply as that which opens the vein of the struggling victim. It is said, by sensitive ones, to be vulgar and indelicate to mention these things. So said the slave-holder when reminded of his lust and concubinage. But the true soul shrinks not from the utterance of truth, however it may jar upon the sensual ear. If the social arrangements are such that we cannot see the work of our own hands, some friendly arm is needed to withdraw the veil which shrouds the action from the actor. Intellect recedes before the fattened herd, and morality grows faint beside the meat-block, while human sympathy sickens and dies upon the threshhold of the slaughter-house. How vain then will be our appeals on behalf of defenceless humanity, when the earth is deluged with the blood of the innocent victims of our lust and sensuality. To the purified palate it is a source of surprise that men do not turn from the revolting diet of animal flesh and secretions, to the sweet feast of fruits and grains, which Nature has lavished upon her great board around which we are all permitted to gather. What!—says

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the high-liver—would you cut us off from the generous pleasures of the table? Alas! he is indeed a short-sighted epicure who lives to eat. Only he who takes his unleavened cake to keep warm the blood in his veins, knows ought of table-pleasures in their largest sense. His is an appetite that never palls—a debauch followed by no morning aches, and bringing no ghosts of misspent hours and squandered funds.

One of the beauties of the Temperance reformation is, that upon which the changes have been much rung, and with no little justice—its wealth-giving power. The rum-bottle and the ragged-elbow are wont to be thought inseparable companions. "Many loaves of wholesome and nourishing bread cannot be reduced to a pint of poison," says the temperance economist, "without diminishing actual wealth."

Six acres of soil, any one of which would give the bread of life to three human beings, cannot exhaust their produce upon the ox that scarce sustains the gross existence of one flesh consumer, without robbing the individual and the race of that mental and moral culture which is their birth-right.

Female loveliness, cultivation and accomplishment shall be utter strangers to the farm, while dairy-slavery imposes its shackles upon our maidens, stripping them of those moments which are their inalienable right by virtue of the graces given to improve therein.

Complaint has been uttered that woman has failed to contribute her just proportion to the general treasury of science and literature; but until the crucible supplants the cream-jug, and the butter-print is relinquished for the pen, it will be folly to hope for other results. The great fact stares us in the face, that in this particular, as elsewhere, 'tis Eve that proffers the forbidden fruit to Adam. It is no cause of surprise that refined men and women shrink from labor when so much of it lies in cattle-stalls, and cow-yards. Labor, when redeemed from these and other excrescences, will be viewed as the legitimate sphere of the divine man. Woman shall then find her highest attributes dependent upon exertion, and shall throw off the *doll* now imposed by society, that she may assume more readily her divine character. Health and virtue both call for physical exercise, for as the humours of the system stagnate, and the muscles grow weak in a state of bodily torpidity—so a life on the productions of another's labor destroys the force of conscience, and lowers the moral standard. It may be urged that society has no further claim upon him who throws into the common treasury a quota of intellect. This may be true of society, but false when applied to the individual member, for nothing short of the divine right to labor can satisfy his claims.

Much eloquence and logic has been spent latterly upon a variety of projects for that associated action whose economies shall abolish poverty, and lift the mass from a state of perpetual delving to one of comparative leisure and freedom from toil.

Now, there is a great truth in thus banding together more closely the interests and labours of the race, yet if men will gratify their lusts by the sacrifice of the highest attainments of intelligence and morality, associated action will free them, in the pursuit of these gratifications, from a vast amount of necessary drudgery. Hence the tendency of this accumulated power will only be to pander more successfully to sensuality, unless preceded or accompanied by Dietetic Reform.

As it is an act fraught with danger to the bystanders to place in the hands of a fettered maniac the file or the saw, so may association prove a curse by placing within the reach of the sensualist superior facilities for vice than present society confers. Nothing then, can be more obvious than the fact that human progression has for its basis bodily purification. If the philanthropist would witness the overthrow of slavery, the cessation of war, the abolition of the gallows, or the triumph of temperance, let him withhold from his table carcases and condiment, and all that shall prove a snare to the pure young souls that gather around his board. And if he be an ardent lover of his race his efforts will not cease here, but his testimony will be a beacon-light upon every point of Eternity's coast the shifting waves of Time may cast him.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Speak low—tread softly through these halls!
Here genius lives enshrined,
Here reign in silent majesty
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come
From every age and clime,—
Above the buried wrecks of years
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence chamber here
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

Oh! child of toil! when round thy path
The storms of life arise!
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern unloving eyes!

Here shall the Poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
And Prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here;
And in the mighty realm of mind
Thou shalt go forth a Peer.

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LETTER FROM C. C. BURLEIGH

To an Anti-Slavery Convention, for Eastern Pennsylvania, held at Norristown, Eighth-month 1, 1842.

MONTPELIER, Seventh-month 28, 1842.

Though, as you are well aware, I cannot be with you in person at your grand gathering in Norristown next week, yet neither can I consent to be wholly absent. Fain would I, that you and all my beloved fellow-laborers there assembled, should think of me not as now a stranger or a foreigner;—as one removed from among you, and belonging to another scene of action. Let me still be counted as *one of you*. Let my place be kept for me, as if I had but stepped aside for a moment, soon to be in it again. It is hardly needful to assure you that I shall be with you in spirit, and that, separated as we are for a time, I still feel a lively interest in whatever concerns our common cause, in that—so long my own—field of labor. So long! nay, still my own; for so I regard it, and look forward with glad anticipation to the time, as not far distant, when we shall be once more together; and, shoulder to shoulder in the same rank of the anti-slavery host, press forward in the arduous struggle wherein you have so often aided and cheered me on. My heart is with you now, and words cannot speak the joy it would give me to be at your meeting, to celebrate with you the glorious jubilee of the West India slave; to plan with you the future toils which are to win a still more glorious jubilee for the captives of our own land; to kindle anew each other's zeal, infuse into each other's souls fresh energy and resolution, re-nerving them for the conflicts we have yet to meet; and once more unite with you in solemnly pledging to the cause, our time, our strength, our talents, our substance, and whatsoever it be "wherewith the Lord our God has blessed us," as means for being co-workers with him in delivering the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor.

I know you need not my admonition, to remind you of your duty, nor my voice to arouse you to do it, nor my words of cheer to encourage you onward in the good work. Nor is it only because others will be there to stir you up to action, that you need no word from me. Not merely because Collins will be with you, and Douglas—a brand plucked from the burning—and the veteran Hopper. That these are to be present I am glad to hear. That they will help to pour into your souls new life, and awaken new activity, and animate you with a more devoted spirit of self-denial, and quicken your zeal and inspire you with a greater energy and perseverance, I rejoice to believe. Collins, with his vehement and scorching rebukes, may make pro-slavery writhe, may startle the indifferent, and goad the indolent to action; with his spirit-kindling battle-cry may give increased alacrity to those who have risen and girded them for the moral fight; and with his earnest, importunate appeals, may reach the hearts and awaken the consciences of all. Douglas, as a living witness of the secrets of slavery's prison house, may speak that he doth know, and testify that he hath seen of its cruelties and abominations. He may reveal the foul hypocrisy and daring blasphemy of its priestly defenders; may show in his sarcastic imitations, how, with sanctimonious looks and whining tones of pretended piety, they impiously charge upon God the making of one man to be a slave, and another to be a slave owner; and how, with cool effrontery, pointing to those physical and mental differences which slavery, and its hard toil and enforced ignorance on the one hand, and slaveholding luxury and pride on the other, have wrought, they call them tokens of His design, that one should serve and the other command; proofs of His wisdom and goodness in fitting each for the lot assigned him. And the tried old veteran, with his undimmed eye and unabated natural strength, his resolute look, and calm, determined manner, before which the blustering kidnapper and the self-important oppressor have so often quailed:—with his tales of oppression baffled, and freedom gained by many a flying bondman; with the scars of a hundred battles, and the wreaths of a hundred victories, in this glorious warfare; with his example of a half a century's active service in the holy cause, and his still faithful adherence to it through evil as well as good report, and in the face of opposition as bitter as sectarian bigotry can stir up—may show that persecution cannot bow the head which seventy winters could not blanch, nor the terror of excommunication chill the heart in which age could not freeze the kindly flow of warm philanthropy. But it was not the remembrance of these which led me to say you need no voice of mine to summon you to duty. The voice which calls you is louder than ever swelled up from human lips. It is pouring ever its thrilling tones into your ears, and into your souls—from the cotton field, from the rice swamp, from the sugar plantation, from the man-market of your nation's capital, from the desolate huts of the bereaved—bereaved by a stroke more terrible than death,—from the slave-ship's hold, and from the dusty highway, where chained coffles drag wearily along their mournful march. It speaks in the clank of fetters, the crack of brandished whips, and the harsh words and angry oaths of drivers and overseers. It rings out from the auction hammer as it falls to sunder human hearts, and is heard in the auctioneer's call, "*who bids*" for imbruted manhood. All sounds of wo blend in that mighty voice;—all sighs of sorrow heaved by broken hearts; all cries of anguish in its many notes, from the infant's scream and mother's piercing shriek, as they are rudely torn apart, to that deep groan which speaks the strong man's agony at the loss of loved ones dearer than his life; whatever tells the still night air and the watching stars of

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griefs which may not be spoken in the ear of man lest falling lashes should smother their attempted utterance; all tones of wild despair, all muttered curses and half breathed prayers to God for vengeance; every low whisper, passing round dark circles of midnight plotters in the forest's gloom, ripening their schemes of flight, or bloody retribution; all aspirations of that hope which gives the fugitive strength to his toil-worn limbs, courage to his fainting soul, speed to his flying steps; the stealthy foot-fall through slumbering villages or towns at midnight, and the rustle of dry leaves in solitary wood-paths; the bloodhound's bay, the rifle's sharp crack, and whizzing of the ball, the shout of savage exultation which hails its deadly aim, the bubbling rush of its victim's life stream from the fatal wound; all mingle in the ceaseless cry which bids you "up to the rescue." In the lament, too, of darkened minds and benighted souls, chained in ignorance by statute prohibitions, and doomed to heathenism by the usages of a *Christain* people, you hear the emphatic call for help. The enslaved consciences of millions, clanking their spiritual shackles, and demanding a release from their galling weight, appeal to your consciences, making them your accusers if you put forth no effort for their disenthralment. Sounds not that appeal in your ears like the death groan of starving souls, perishing for lack of that bread of life which should nourish them?

The whole South land is lifting up its voice; not from living things alone, but the very stones are crying out of the walls of its dilapidated mansions and deserted sanctuaries, "wo to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city with iniquity;" and the beam out of the timber is answering them, accusing slavery of their too early decay and ruin; and calling on you as sharers in the common interest of the whole country, to drive out the abomination which maketh desolate, and bring in that builder of old waste places, that upraiser of the foundations of many generations, free industry. The once fruitful fields, now slavery-cursed with barrenness; the pine woods over-growing olden cultivations and echoing in their gloomy depths the howl of "wolves returned after the lapse of a century," send up their call with all the earnestness of dying prosperity gasping hard for breath, and praying for renewed life. Nor from the South alone rises up the call to anti-slavery effort. From many a flying captive, wandering over the wide north, seeking shelter in the shadow of our liberty tree on our boasted free soil, and finding that the hand of "compromise" has pruned away its branches, till oppression's sun-stroke can smite him even here, and wither his blooming hopes; is pealing out a call for protection and deliverance;

> "While from the dark Canadian woods,
> The loud reply comes thundering out,
> Above Niagara's boiling floods,
> The *rescued* bondman's triumph shout;"

not unmingled with tones of sorrow and accents of earnest entreaty, which urge us, if we can do no more, at least to cast up a safe highway from the land of republican bondage to the home of freedom under a monarch's protecting rule. And what tumultuous acclaim, even while you are yet assembled, swells up from "the freed Antilles," like the roar of pent-up seas bursting their rocky barriers; and tells a nation joy at the returning aniversary of its emancipation? What is it but another tone of that same voice, which bids you for very shame to suffer no longer in quiet "the free United States to cherish the slavery which a king has abolished?"—What are the taunts flung at you from beyond the waters; from crowned despots and their minions, scorning a slaveholding republicanism; from pagans at their idol shrines, sneering at a heathenizing Christianity? What, but variations of the same unceasing voice, which will still roar, and shriek, and groan, and sigh, and wail, and entreat, and accuse, and condemn, till your brother's blood no longer gives it its startling tones and unearthly power? The earth which drunk that blood—which drinks it still, warm-dripping from the lash—sends up continually its accusing cry to heaven. The heaven which looked on with astonishment, hurls back its response from the black thunder-cloud, and writes it with quivering lightnings all over its broad expanse. The rivers, discolored with the crimson stain, sweep oceanward with indignant rush, pouring out their complaints in every ripple of the current as they dash along. The ocean flings them back with its loud voice of many waters, as his foam-crested billows tumble in upon the trembling shore. And He that sitteth on the circle of the heavens, that spread abroad the earth and stretched the clouds above it like the curtains of a tent, and channelled it with river courses, and scooped out the hollows for the seas, that makes them all the instruments of his will, when, by terrible things in righteousness, he would vindicate the honor of his violated laws, and avenge the cause of the helpless and injured poor, he is shaping into articulate sounds those thunders above, and that voice of the waters below, and, as it were, bending those lightning flashes into forms and characters which may be read—pealing upon your ears with the one, and blazing upon your dazzling eyes with the other, "Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings." And I rejoice to know that you are not utterly unheedful of the call, but have banded yourselves together to work, by your united zeal and energy, the required deliverance; not by retaliating upon the evil-doer the evil he has done; not by washing out with his blood the blood-stain with which he has polluted the land; not by "physical resistance, the marshalling in arms, the hostile

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encounter;" but by "the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, the destruction of error by the potency of truth, the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love, the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance:" thus conferring a blessing at once upon the oppressor and his victim. Not in vain have you enlisted in this holy war; holy, no less because of its weapons, than of its objects. Not in vain have you devoted your strength to this labor of love, spending it for the good of those from whom you look for no recompense. Not in vain have you encountered reproach and persecution—braved the wrath of the mob, suffered the loss of property by the outbreaks of lawless violence, endured personal indignities, and faced personal dangers. Not in vain, even if you could as yet see no fruits of your labor, so far as its direct purpose is concerned; even if no fetter had yet been broken, no blessing of them that were ready to perish, but are now set in safety from the reach of the destroyer, had yet come upon you. Your own consciousness bears witness that he, in whose service you are engaged, is no exactor of unrequited toil; that he does not even wait the finishing of the day's work, before he begins the payment of its wages. You have tasted the reward in the inward peace which obedience has produced; in the sweet satisfaction which flows from the exercise of kindly emotions, and the sacrifice of present personal indulgence and ease to the toils of benevolence, and in the pleasures of social intercourse, and a feeling of brotherly union in a common cause, heightened by the consideration of the nobleness of that cause; purified by the disinterestedness of that feeling. But this has not been your only reward. You have seen the work of the Lord prospering in your hands. He who sows the seed expects to wait long and patiently for the harvest, before its waving wealth shall cover the furrows, or its ripened sheaves shall crowd the barns. Yet, in your case the reaper seems already treading on the sower's heel, and the harvest of the last sown furrow supplies the seed for the next. A Birney, a Nelson, a Brisbane, and a Thome, are not the only trophies of past success, nor the only auxiliaries of future effort. Not the converted slaveholder alone, but the liberated slave also, is at once the witness of what has been done, and the helper in what is yet to do.—Where, but for your efforts, would have been some of the voices which are now pleading, with the earnest eloquence of simple nature, for the deliverance of the enslaved, and moving the whole land with their strong appeals? To name no other—would Douglas be now rousing the country to a state of healthy agitation; would he be going from city to city, and town to town, and village to village, with his story of the captive's wrongs; awakening sympathy, enkindling zeal, and enlisting effort—if northern abolitionists had not prepared the public mind to receive him, and formed a public sentiment which shields him from the perils he must else have braved by such a course? could he even have attempted it? If his labors are producing abundant fruit, it is because yours have broken and mellowed to some degree the soil, and diffused a more genial temperature throughout the moral atmosphere.

But I meant not to speak so long of what has been. It behooves us, rather, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, to press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. The little which has been done, may be hastily glanced at now and then, as encouragement to new exertion, but must not be dwelt upon as if it were the fulfilment of our duty; must not be permitted to hide from our eyes the vastly more which yet lies unaccomplished before us. And with you I am confident it will not. You have not just put on the harness of this Christian warfare, to boast yourseves as he that putteth it off, after the battle has been fought and the victory won.

* * * * * *

There is another subject on which my mind has dwelt much, and which I hope will claim some share of your attention. I mean the duty toward our brethern flying from oppression, which grows out of the recent decision of the Supreme Court.—That we are verily guilty concerning our brother, so long as we consent to aid in re-enslaving him if he attempts to escape—so long as we leave unused any rightful means in our power to assist his self-deliverance, I need not so say to such an assembly as this letter is designed for. But what ought we to do, what can we do with the most effect, for the attainment of our fixed purpose? That we will never lift a finger to help the kidnapper, however strong the authority of statute, or constitution, or judicial decision with which he is clothed, I take for granted is our *unanimous*, *undisguised* determination. That we will do our best, by all means which the moral law condemns not, to baffle him and save the prey from his talons, I trust we are equally well agreed on, and equally open in avowing. Now, as we have the highest judicial authority of the nation for the doctrine that the federal government cannot require State officers to enforce its decrees, and that the several States may forbid all giving of aid by their official agents, to the re-capture of fugitive slaves, it seems to me that every free State owes it to its own character, to justice, to humanity, to pass an act at the earliest possible opportunity, imposing such prohibition; and that abolitionists everywhere ought to bestir themselves in this matter, and by petitions, and their personal influence, where they have any, with their representatives, and by whatever means are proper and lawful, endeavor to bring about so desirable an end. The South should be made to know that we are not only determined to hinder, as far as we can, her attempts to make effective for injustice a compromise which ought never to have

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been made; and which, when made, being immoral in its nature, is not binding, and cannot be, and must ever be "more honored in the breach than the observance;" but that we are resolved to get all we can to help us, and to make the whole policy of the North, so far as we can mould it, a barrier against the re-enslavement of the self-emancipated bondman, who seeks a shelter within our borders.

But I will trespass on your time and patience no longer. I could not feel willing to let your gathering pass away without a greeting from your absent brother, and his fervently uttered God-speed to your exertions; and, having begun to talk, I have been borne along beyond my original purpose, till now, if I close not speedily, there will be no room in the sheet for signature or superscription. Blame me not, beloved friends and fellow-laborers, that I seem thus reluctant to part with you. The memory of our toils and trials together, the thought of all that we have enjoyed in common, the remembrance of the abundant kindness and generous hospitality I have so often received at your hands, while laboring with you in this good work, and of the warm personal friendship, the confidence and brotherly affection with which you have honored and cheered me,—these come thronging upon me, as I turn to take my leave, and swell my bosom with emotions, which you may conceive but I cannot utter. Farewell, brethren and sisters. May He whose wisdom is profitable to direct, and whose arm is strong to defend and mighty to save, be with you in all your deliberations; give prudence to your counsels, vigor to your measures, success to your enterprise. May he guide you in life and sustain you in death, and reward you at last with the welcome invitation, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

Why thus longing, why for ever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still;
Leaf and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy can'st throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and wo;

If no dear eye thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou can'st lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applauses;
Not by works that give thee world-renown;
Nor by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Can'st thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou can'st truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love, if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet, if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child, she fondly flings.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of princes' ear or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

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LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Infant, I envy thee
Thy seraph smile—the soul without a stain;
Angles around thee hover in thy glee,
A look of love to gain!

Thy paradise is made
Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice
Is music rich as that by spirits shed
When blessed things rejoice!

Bright are the opening flowers—
Ay, bright as thou, sweet babe, and innocent.
They bud and bloom; and straight their infant hours,
Like thine, are done and spent!

Boy! infancy is o'er—
Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,
Let thy bright eye with yon fair laverock soar,
And blithe and happy be!

Go, crow thy cuckoo notes,
Till all the green-wood alleys loud shall ring;
Go listen to the thousand tuneful throats
That 'mong the branches sing!

I would not sadden thee,
Nor wash the rose upon thy cheek with tears:
Go while thine eyes are bright—unbend thy knees;
Forget all cares and fears!

Youth! is thy boyhood gone?
The fever hour of life at length has come,
And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
While sorrow's voice is dumb!

Be glad! it is thy hour
Of love ungruding—faith without reserve—
And from the right, ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve!

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lives on earth,
And rich in pure sincerity to go
Rejoicing in thy birth!

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest—has unveiled her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree
In love's first fond embrace!

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give;
The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream—
Live, happy dreamer, live!

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
And falsehood and impurity and sin,
The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
Comes sweetly, sweetly in!

'Tis o'er!—thou art a man!—
The struggle and the tempest both begin
Where he who faints must fall—he fight who can,
A victory to win!

Go, cleanse thy heart, and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness: let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still;
So full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal;
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth;
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-souled freeman or a fettered slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon grave!

THE HAPPY HOME.

I love the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,
Where virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And vice, foul serpent, never basks;
Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whisper'd near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong

For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy,
With sportive tricks the eye beguiles;
And love, beyond what worldlings know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam,
Descends, and with its cheering glow
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around her resting place so bright,
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm,
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And discord rears its front no more,
There pity's pearly tear drop starts,
And charity attends the door.

No biting scandal, fresh from hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung:
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I join'd the lovely ones,
Around the bright and cheerful hearth,

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With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And fashion called her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And that fair girl's a seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away
Upon the bosom of the deep,
When pebbles toss'd by boys at play
Disturb its still and glassy sleep;
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wand'ring feer forgot to roam,
While waved the banners of the night
Above the Christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,
May in the shades of evening fail,
And bend its crimson head in death;
And earth's bright ones amid the tomb
May, like the blushing rose, decay;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.

And there amid a holier sphere,
Where the arch-angel bows in awe,
Where sits the King of Glory near,
To execute his perfect law,
The ransom'd of the earth, with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come,
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the Christian's happy home!

CHILDHOOD.

He must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets.—How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit and feeling combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable!

The selfish bachelor may shudder, when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms, and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free; hug himnelf in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbour, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps in one day's intercouse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and head-ache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions, that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child; and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton, who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads. But these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth.

Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love of these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines and philosophers listended to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand, like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts; they will sometimes cry for the moon, as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds; and when they are angry, they have no mercy for cups and saucers. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting and whimsical, as grown-up men and women, and only want the var-

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nish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent,—who despise dolls and, drums, and, ready only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system and weary you with questions; they require you to prove every thing you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date.

But, notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts and nurses assure you, that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness; as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one; as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps, from the excess of animal contentment,—it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us—an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny; interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian.

Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing. Better is it—when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspicious confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won—to enjoy, unrestrained, the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, which seems to "justify the ways of God to men," and to teach us that Nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

Little girls are my favourites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they lose, earlier in life, that docility, tenderness and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation, there is no object to me so attractive and delightful, as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabularlary, but the very idea of sin.

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient; and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth, in all the horrors of nakedness, will generally appear in the surprised assembly; and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasing cast, will now learn for the first time, "that every body says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf, who is standing before me, attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of the day, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough, from thirteen to seventy, for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners; for checking laughter and forc-

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ing smiles; for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling, to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve, by their "wild freshness," our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eye that loves simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art,—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports and pleasures, with fond regret. The wisest and happiest of us, may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition; but he fancies, sometimes, that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite.—Perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution, which defies deception; but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence, which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of wo.—*N. M. Mag.*

THE DEAD CHILD.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

One tiny hand amid his curls is lying
Over the blue-veined temple—and his face,
Pale as the water-lily, shows no trace
Of passion or of tears. The pang of dying
Left not its record on the beautiful clay,
And—but the flush of life were stolen away—
Well might we deem he slept. His ruby lip,
Weareth its freshness yet—and see! a smile
Lingers around his mouth, as all the while
The spirit with the clay held fellowship!
And this is death!—his terrors laid aside,
How like a guardian angel doth he come
To bear the sinless spirit to his home—
The sheltering bosom of the CRUCIFIED!

SUMMER WOODS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Come ye into the summer woods,
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chesnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant "true-love,"
In some dusk woodland spot:
There grows the enchanter's night shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men:
The blue-winged jay, the wood-pecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer-wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill;
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bow their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things,
"'Tis merry living here!"

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Oh how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old-wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet, nor is there strife
'Mong them for *mine* and *thine*.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree!

THE POOR VOTER'S SONG.

They knew that I was poor,
And they thought that I was base;
They thought that I'd endure
To be covered with disgrace;
They thought me of their tribe,
Who on filthy lucre doat,
So they offered me a bribe
For my vote, boys, my vote!
O shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy!
But I'll not wear their fetters,
Not I indeed, not I!

My vote? It is not mine
To do with as I will;
To cast, like pearls, to swine,
To these wallowers in ill.
It is my country's due,
And I'll give it, while I can,
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, like a man!

No, no, I'll hold my vote
As a treasure and a trust,
My dishonor none shall quote
When I'm mingled with the dust;
And my children, when I'm gone,
Shall be strengthened by the thought,
That their father was not one
To be bought, to be bought!
O shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy!
But I'll not wear their fetters,
Not I indeed, not I!

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

There are in the United States one hundred thousand young ladies, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, "*the prettiest lassies in a' the world*," who know neither to toil nor spin, who are clothed like the lilies of the valley,—who thrum the piano, and, a few of the more dainty, the harp,—who walk, as the Bible says, softly,—who have read romances, and some of them seen the interior of theatres,—who have been admired at the examination of their high school,—who have wrought algebraic solutions on the blackboard,—who are, in short, the very roses of the garden, the attar of life, who yet, *horresco referens*,—can never expect to be married, or, if married, to live without—shall I speak, or forbear?—putting their own lily hands to *domestic drudgery*.

We go into the interior villages of our recent woodan country. The fair one sits down to clink the wires of the piano. We see the fingers displayed on the keys, which, we are sure, never prepared a dinner, nor made a garment for her robustious brothers. We traverse the streets of our own city, and the wires of the piano are thrummed in our ears from every considerable house. In cities and villages, from one extremity of the Union to the other, wherever there is a good house, and the doors and windows betoken the presence of the mild months, the ringing of the piano wires is almost as universal a sound, as the domestic hum of life within.

We need not enter in person. Imagination sees the fair one, erect on her music stool, laced, and pinioned, and reduced to a questionable class of entomology, *dinging* at the wires, as though she could, in some way, hammer out of them music, amusement and a husband. Look at her taper and cream-colored fingers. Is she a utilitarian? Ask the fair one when she has beaten all the music out of the keys, "Pretty fair one, canst talk to thy old and sick father, so as to beguile him out of the headache and rheumatism? Canst write a good and straightforward letter of business? Thou art a chemist, I remember, at the examination; canst compound, prepare, and afterwards boil, or bake, a good pudding? Canst make one of the hundred subordinate ornaments of thy fair person? In short, tell us thy use in existence, except to be contemplated as a pretty picture? And how long will any one be amused with the view of a picture, after having surveyed it a dozen times, unless it have a mind, a heart; and, we may emphatically add, the perennial value of utility?"

It is a sad and lamentable truth, after all the incessant din we have heard of the march of mind, and the interminable theories, inculcations and eulogies of education, that the present is an age of unbounded desire of display and notoriety, of exhaustless and unquenchably burning ambition; and not an age of calm, contented, ripe and useful knowledge, for the

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sacred privacy of the parlour. Display, notoriety, surface and splendor—these are the first aims of the mothers; and can we expect that the daughters will drink into a better spirit? To play, sing, dress, glide down the dance, and get a husband, is the lesson; not to be qualified to render his home quiet, well-ordered and happy.

It is notorious, that there will soon be no intermediate class between those who toil and spin, and those whose claim to be ladies is founded on their being incapable of any value of utility. At present, we know of none, except the little army of martyrs, yclept school-mistresses, and the still smaller corps of editorial and active blue-stockings. If it should be my lot to transmigrate back to earth, in the form of a young man, my first homages in search of a wife would be paid to the thoughtful and pale faced fair one, surrounded by her little, noisy refractory subjects, drilling her soul to patience, and learning to drink of the cup of earthly discipline, and more impressively than by a thousand sermons, tasting the bitterness of our probationary course, in teaching the young idea how to shoot. Except, as aforesaid, school-mistresses and blues, we believe that all other damsels, clearly within the purview of the term lady, estimate the clearness of their title precisely in the ratio of their uselessness.

Allow a young lady to have any hand in the adjustment of all the components of her dress, each of which has a contour which only the fleeting fashion of the moment can settle; allow her time to receive morning visitants, and prepare for afternoon appointments and evening parties, and what time has the dear one to spare, to be useful and do good? To labor! Heaven forfend the use of the horrid term! The simple state of the case is this. There is somewhere, in all this, an enormous miscalculation, an infinite mischief—an evil, as we shall attempt to show, not of transitory or minor importance, but fraught with misery and ruin, not only to the fair ones themselves, but to society and the age.

We have not, we admit, the elements on which to base the calculation; but we may assume as we have that there are in the United States a hundred thousand young ladies brought up to do nothing except dress, and pursue amusement. Another hundred thousand learn music, dancing, and what are called the fashionable accomplishments. It has been said "that revolutions never move backwards." It is equally true of emulation of the fashion. The few opulent who can afford to be good for nothing, precede. Another class presses as closely as they can upon their steps; and the contagious mischief spreads downward, till the fond father, who lays every thing under contribution, to furnish the means for purchasing a piano, and hiring a music-master for his daughters, instead of being served, when he comes in from the plough, by the ruined favourites for whom he has sacrificed so much, finds that a servant must be hired for the young ladies.

Here is not the end of the mischief. Every one knows that mothers and daughters give the tone, and laws—more unalterable than those of the Medes and Persians—to society Here is the root of the matter, the spring of bitter waters. Here is the origin of the complaint of hard times, bankruptcies, greediness, avarice and the horse-leech cry 'Give! give!' Here is the reason why every man lives up to his income, and so many beyond it. Here is the reason why the young trader, starting on credit and calling himself a merchant, hires and furnishes such a house as if he really was one, fails, and gives to his creditors a beggarly account of empty boxes and misapplied sales. He has married a wife whose vanity and extravagance are fathomless, and his ruin is explained. Hence, the general and prevalent evil of the present times, extravagance—conscious shame of the thought of being industrious and useful. Hence the concealment by so many thousand young ladies, (who have not yet been touched by the extreme of modern degeneracy, and who still occasionally apply their hands to domestic employment,) of these, their good deeds, with as much care as if they were crimes. Every body is ashamed not to be expensive and fashionable; and every one seems equally ashamed of honest industry. * * *

I cannot conceive, that mere idlers, male, or female, can have respect enough for themselves to be comfortable. I cannot imagine, that they should not carry about them such a consciousness of being a blank in existence, as would be written on their forehead, in the shrinking humiliation of perceiving that the public eye had weighed them in the balance, and found them wanting. Novels and romances may say this or that about their etherial beauties, their fine ladies tricked out to slaughter my lord A., and play Cupid's archery upon dandy B. and despatch Amaryllis C. to his sonnets. I have no conception of a beautiful woman, or a fine man, in whose eye, in whose port, in whose whole expression, this sentiment does not stand imbodied:—"I am called by my Creator to duties; I have employment on the earth; my sterner, but more enduring pleasures are in discharging my duties."

Compare the sedate expression of this sentiment in the countenance of man or woman, when it is known to stand, as the index of character and the fact, with the superficial gaudiness of a simple, good-for-nothing belle, who disdains usefulness and employment, whose empire is a ball-room, and whose subjects dandies, as silly and as useless as herself. Who, of the two, has most attractions for a man of sense? The one a helpmate, a fortune in herself, who can aid to procure one, if the husband has it not; who can soothe him under the loss of it, and what is more, aid him to regain it? and the other a painted butterfly, for ornament only during the vernal and

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sunny months of prosperity; and then not becoming a chrysalis, an inert moth in adversity, but a croaking repining, ill-tempered termagant, who can only recur to the days of her short-lived triumph, to imbitter the misery, and poverty, and hopelessness of a husband, who, like herself, knows not to dig, and is ashamed to beg.

We are obliged to avail ourselves of severe language in application to a deep-rooted malady. We want words of power. We need energetic and stern applications. No country ever verged more rapidly towards extravagance and expense. In a young republic, like ours, it is ominous of any thing but good. Men of thought, and virtue, and example, are called upon to look to this evil. Ye patrician families, that croak, and complain, and forbode the downfall of the republic, here is the origin of your evils. Instead of training your son to waste his time, as an idle young gentleman at large,—instead of inculcating on your daughter, that the incessant tinkling of a harpsichord, or a scornful and lady-like toss of the head, or dexterity in waltzing, are the chief requisites to make her way in life,—if you can find no better employment for them, teach him the use of the grubbing hoe, and her to make up garments for your servants. Train your son and daughter to an employment, to frugality, to hold the high front, and to walk the fearless step of independence, and sufficiency to themselves in any fortunes, any country, or any state of things. By arts like these, the early Romans thrived. When your children have these possessions, you may go down to the grave in peace, as regards their temporal fortunes.—*Flint's Western Review.*

HEART'S-EASE.

I knew her in her brightness,
A creature full of glee,
As the dancing waves that sparkle
O'er a placid summer sea;
To her the world was sunshine,
And peace was in her breast,
For Contentment was her motto,
And a Heart's-ease was her crest.

Yet deem not for a moment
That her life was free from care;
She shared the storms and sorrows
That others sigh to bear;
But she met earth's tempests meekly,
In the hope of heaven's rest,
So she gave not up her motto,
Nor cast away her crest.

Alas! the many frowning brows,
And eyes that speak of wo,
And hearts that turn repiningly
From every chastening blow;
But our paths might all be smoother
And our hearts would aye be blest,
With Contentment for a motto,
And a Heart's-ease for a crest.

FAITH.

BY FRANCES ANN BUTLER.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving;
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

THE LAST WISH.

Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried in some sunny spot. This, some one has finely expressed as follows:

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones;

But let the dewy rose,
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And ever at the purple dawn of day
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her hymn of love
When eve grows dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden oriole, shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 6.

SONNETS.

BY JONES VERY.

THE SOLDIER.

He was not armed like those of eastern clime,
Whose heavy axes felled their heathen foe;
Nor was he clad like those of later time,
Whose breast worn cross betrayed no cross below;
Nor was he of the tribe of Levi born,
Whose pompous rights proclaim how vain their prayer;—
Whose chilling words are heard at night and morn,
Who rend their robes, but still their hearts would spare;
But he nor steel nor sacred robes had on,
Yet went he forth, in God's almighty power:
He spoke the word whose will is ever done
From day's first dawn, to earth's remotest hour;
And mountains melted from his presence down,
And hell affrighted fled before his frown.

THE DEAD.

I see them,—crowd on crowd they walk the earth—
Dry leafless trees to autumn wind laid bare;
And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare;
No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,
Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear;
Their hearts the living God has ceased to know,
Who gives the spring time to the expectant year;
They mimic life, as if from him to steal
His glow of health to paint the livid cheek.
They borrow words, for thoughts they cannot feel,
That with a seeming heart their tongue may speak:
And in their show of life more dead they live,
Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

My heart grows sick before the wide-spread death,
That walks and spreads in seeming life around;
And I would love the corse without a breath,
That sleeps forgotten 'neath the cold, cold ground;
For these do tell the story of decay,
The worm and rotten flesh hide not, nor lie;
But this, though dying too, from day to day,
With a false show doth cheat the longing eye;
And hide the worm that gnaws the core of life,
With painted cheek, and smooth deceitful skin;
Covering a grave with sights of darkness rife,
A secret cavern filled with death and sin;
And men walk o'er these graves and know it not,
For in the body's health the soul's forgot.

TO THE PURE ALL THINGS ARE PURE.

The flowers, I pass, have eyes that look at me,
The birds have ears that hear my spirit's voice,
And I am glad the leaping brook to see,
Because it does at my light step rejoice.
Come, brothers, all who tread the grassy hill,
Or wander thoughtless o'er the blooming fields,
Come learn the sweet obedience of the will;
Thence every sight and sound new pleasure yields.
Nature shall seem another house of thine,
When he who formed thee, bids it live and play,
And in thy rambles e'en the creeping vine
Shall keep with thee a jocund holiday,
And every plant, and bird, and insect, be
Thine own companions born for harmony.

SYMPATHY.

Thou hast not left the rough-barked tree to grow
Without a mate upon the river's bank;
Nor dost thou on one flower the rain bestow,
But many a cup the glittering drops has drank;
The bird must sing to one who sings again,
Else would her notes less welcome be to hear;
Nor hast thou bid thy word descend in vain,
But soon some answering voice shall reach my ear;
Then shall the brotherhood of peace begin,
And the new song be raised that never dies,
That shall the soul from death and darkness win,
And burst the prison where the captive lies;
And one by one, new-born shall join the strain,
Till earth restores her sons to heav'n again.

TIME INSTANT.

Is there no hope of better things for our world, and must that, which hath been, still be? Is our life really a *lie*, and can it, by no possibility, come true? 'Twere painful inexpressibly to think thus. 'Twere to make the universe a chaos and our life a riddle. When, stepping forth in one of these perfect June mornings, we find ourself so gloriously compassed—that magnificent vault above and this prodigal earth under us—yon ever-stirring sea kissing its shores, and the fresh early breeze wafting a blessing unto us—and then think, for a moment, on the falsities, the disorders, the everlasting clash and unrest, the disunion and disharmony of this our social condition—we cannot believe 'tis to endure as now. We must needs dream of man, the nobler being, harmonized with nature, the meaner creation.

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Sprung from the same original, one wisdom and love supervises both.

It needs not many years to teach us how at odds is the unsophisticated spirit with the social order whereunto 'tis born. Where lives he, to whom the revelation of what the world truly is was not a shock and an anguish unspeakable? Evermore 'tis by a downhill path one reaches the platform, whereon the world's tasks are to be executed and worldly success achieved. Were the whole truth to burst at once upon us, we were overwhelmed. But one beauteous illusion after another fades away—one principle after another is surrendered as romantic and impracticable—compromise after compromise is struck with absolute verity—lash on lash of the torturing scourge of necessity drives us into the beaten ways and bows us to "things as they are"—ray by ray goes out of our birth-star, till

> "At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day."

Yet no time, nor custom, nor debasement itself, can utterly destroy our inwrought impressions of the existence of a somewhat purer and nobler than actually greets the sense, the possession whereof 'tis man's prerogative to achieve. Manifold and unmistakable are the intimations thereof. Of the myriad things, that recall our youth, not one but remembers us of youth's high purposes and hopes. Music bears witness to us of a more exalted than our wonted sphere. And nature, with its undying harmonies and ever fresh beauty, hath perpetual rebuke for our disorder and deformity. But especially does poesy, the ever-living witness of the Divine to man, point unceasingly to an ideal, challenging our aspirations.

From all which causes it is that reform is measurably a demand of every age. However self-content and however absorbed by its own immediate schemes, it cannot evade the thought of a possible advance. Our own time is one altogether unwonted in this regard. The reform-call is universal. One malfeasance and defect after another has been assaulted, till no mountain-side but hath echoed back, and no remotest valley that hath not been startled, by the vehement demand for new and better life-conditions. Governments, once keeping afar the inquiries of the mass by pompous awes and terrors, have at last felt the pressure of the common hand on their shoulders, and been fain to render, as they might, a justification of their existence. The Church, no longer the Ark, the touch whereof is death, has been, mayhap, even rudely handled, and anywise been moved to asssign men's largest good as the sole reason for its surviving. And throughout all departments of social life the same movement has gone. Intemperance itself—earth's coeval and universal curse—that foul, prodigious birth, to which the world, desperate of resistance, has been fain to yield an annual sacrifice, from its hopefulest and brightest often, has found at last its destroying Theseus, and life looks greener in expectancy of this deliverance. Madness, that thing of horrid mystery, before which, as 'twere a fiend incarnate, other days have quailed in helpless awe, has by modern benevolence been looked steadily in the eye and tamed. Nor has the "prisoner" been forgot. No more, like the old time, leprous, are they shut out from sympathetic interchange with the sound, and branded irrecoverable, so left to die uncared of. 'Twas remembered that a condemned one accepted the Christ of God while the people's "honorable ones" flouted and murdered him—that to one cut judicially off was "Paradise opened," while over the self-complacent, who settled and witnessed his fate, a doom impended so appalling as to draw tears from the guiltless victim of their barbarity. That most illustrious of chivalrous banners, the ensign of Howard, the Godfrey of the crusade for the redemption of the outcast, has gathered about it a host of congenial spirits, and many a prison of ours, like that of Paul and Silas, has echoed with hymns of the "free"—of those born into the "glorious liberty of the sons of God."

But grateful as these movements are to the philanthropic heart, 'tis impossible not to see, that, after all, they are neither central nor permanent. 'Tis but shearing off the poisonous growths, the roots whereof are left intact and vigorous. The hour has come, we think, for assaying that radical reform, wherein all reforms else are comprised. Our social order itself rests on principles unsound and pernicious, and why not strike at the root of the tree? It pains us to witness so much of honorable, real and faithful endeavour little better than flung away in tasks, which still must be renewed at the instant of completion. Might we but live to see even the corner-stone laid of a right *Christian* Society! What *now* be we but sons of Ishmael? Of a huge majority 'tis the anxious, everlasting cry, "how shall we exist?" Not, "how shall we achieve the noblest good?" Not, "how shall we unfold most completely the godlike within us?" And can it be God's unrepealable ordinance that the great mass of them bearing His impress shall drudge through their life-term to supply their meanest wants, perpetually overtasked, shrouded thick in intellectual night, uncognisant of the marvels of wisdom and beauty testifying His presence in our world, unparticipant of a joy above that of the beasts that perish? Must war and pestilence and famine, must crime and vice and sickness and remorse still hound this poor life of man through the whole of its quick-finished circle? Must the gallows yet pollute, and the prison gloom, and the brothel curse, and madhouse and poorhouse shadow the green breast of earth? Wo for our wisdom, that to labor, the first great ordinance of Heaven, we have discovered no better instigation than the insufferable goad of starvation!

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Wo for a social system, wherein the individual and the general good stand irreconcilably opponent! Without prevalent sickness the physician must famish. But for quarrel and litigation the lawyer's hearth fire must go out. On the existence of war's "butch-r-work" the soldier's hopes are based. The monopolist grows fat on the scarcity that makes others lean. The builder and an associated host are lighted to wealth by the conflagration that lays half a city in ashes. Everywhere the same disunity prevails, and the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is practically nullified by the very motive powers of our social existence. The true man can remain such only by fleeing to the desert, or waging everlasting warfare with all influences about him.

How is it the world deals, and ever hath dealt with that extraordinary virtue, the manifestation of the Divine to man? Alas, for the dishonoring tale! Lo, the noble Athenian expiring of the hemlock in the malefactor's prison! Lo, a far higher than the Athenian writhing on the "accursed tree!" Ever 'tis crucifixion the world exacts as penalty of him who would "show it a more excellent way." And what reception finds genius, that perpetual witness to a race ingulfed by sense of the immortal and invisible? Does the world hail its Avatar and reverently listen to its utterances, as to the oracle's responses? Alas, for the historic leaf that registers its mortal fate! Society has no allotted place for him who, dowered with this divine attribute, surrenders himself wholly to its inspirations, speaks out its unmodified suggestions, and treads, unquestioning, the path it points out. Obstructions hedge him about, penury cramps and denies him both instruments and occasions, calumny and ridicule dog him, neglect freezes or hate turns to gall his heart's ardent loves, and, with naked feet, he is constrained to tread a stony, thorny way. Even so deals the world with them commissioned of God as its prophets and teachers. No marvel, then, at the frequent perversion and sometimes deep debasement of genius.

Want and fashion, and the broad, deep currents of immemorial opinion 'tis not given, save rarely, even to this to resist and overcome. Blame not, then, that you witness Heaven's own subtle flame burning on strange altars, or the temple vessels desecrated by heathen orgies.

But the social order, that *necessitates* things like these—is it for us to acquiesce therein, or shall we demand a reorganization?

Verily, we crave no impracticable, no irrational thing. We ask a society wherein all God's children shall be sufficiently fed, and clad, and housed—wherein every individual shall find leisure, sphere, and means for the fit, harmonious unfolding of all his powers of body and spirit—wherein each shall have his true standing-place and environment, and may act his individual self freely and fully out—wherein the highest shall be recognized as highest, and not the lowest enact the governing and moulding power—wherein the want and anxiety and thraldom and everlasting clash, which now so torment man's life, shall no longer be, and the individual and the general weal shall be joined in indissoluble marriage. Who, on this broad earth, yearns not for such a social state? And, unless reason be a will-o'-the-wisp and figures a lie, such a state is possible, and, through association, shall ere long exist!

D. H. B.

EPHEMERA.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

"What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

Well might weep the sentimental Persian,
Looking o'er his host of armèd men,
When on Greece he made his wild incursion,
Whence so few might e'er return again.

Well might weep he o'er those countless millions,
Dreaming of the future and the past,
As he gazed, amid the gold pavillions
Round his throne, upon that crowd so vast;

Musing with subdued and solemn feelings,
On the awful thoughts that filled his soul,—
One of those most terrible revealings
That will sometimes o'er the spirit roll:

Thoughts, that of that multitude before him,
Panting high for fame—athirst to strive—
Ere old time had sped a century o'er him,
Not, perhaps, would one be left alive:

That those hearts now bounding in the glory
Of existence, would be hushed and cold,
Not their very names preserved in story,
Nor upon fame's chronicle enrolled:

All to earth, their proper home departed;
Light heart, strong hand, all gone to kindred clay;
In their vacant room a new race started,
Careless of the millions passed away.

Well might weep he—well might we, in weeping,
Make our offering at sorrow's call—
When we ponder how our days are creeping,
Like the shadow on the mouldering wall;

When we think how soon the sunbeam, setting,
Will depart, and leave it all in shade—
And our very friends will be forgetting
That the day-light o'er it ever played.

Life upon a swallow's wing is flying,
O'er the earth it sparkles and is gone;
All our days are but a lengthened dying—
One dark hour before the eternal dawn.

Riches, glory, honor, fame, ambition—
All as swiftly fly, as soon are fled;
Or, if gathered, mend they our condition?
What delight can these afford the dead?

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Chase no more the phantom of thy dreaming—
Weary is the hunt, the capture vain;
When thy arms embrace the golden seeming,
It will vanish from thy grasp again.

Trouble not thy heart with anxious carings,—
Thou art but a shadow—so are they;
Let the things of heaven deserve thy darings,
They alone will never pass away.

SONNETS,

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX FRENCH.

THE NOBLER CUNNING.

Ulysses, sailing by the Sirens' isle,
Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade them fast
Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
Least those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
And to their ruin flatter them, the while
Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past;
And thus the peril they behind them cast,
Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used:
No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear,
But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear
The blisses of the Gods, their holy joys,
And with diviner melody confused
And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

—

VESUVIUS.

As when unto a mother, having chid,
Her child in anger, there have straight ensued,
Repentings for her quick and angry mood,
Till she would fain see all its traces hid
Quite out of sight—even so has Nature bid
Fair flowers, that on the scarred earth she has
To blossom, and called up the taller wood [strew'd,
To cover what she ruined and undid.
Oh! and her mood of anger did not last
More than an instant; but her work of peace,
Restoring and repairing, comforting
The earth, her stricken child, will never cease;
For that was her strange work, and quickly past;
To this her genial toil no end the years shall bring.

That her destroying fury was with noise
And sudden uproar—but far otherwise,
With silent and with secret ministries,
Her skill in renovation she employs:
For Nature only loud, when she destroys,
Is silent when she fashions; she will crowd
The work of her destruction, transient, loud,
Into an hour, and then long peace enjoys.
Yea, every power that fashions and upholds
Works silently—all things, whose life is sure,
Their life is calm; silent the light that moulds
And colors all things; and without debate
The stars, which are for ever to endure,
Assume their thrones and their unquestioned state.

FRANCE, 1834.

How long shall weary nations toil in blood,
How often roll the still-returning stone
Up the sharp painful height, ere they will own,
That on the base of individual good,
Of virtue, manners, and pure homes endued
With household graces—that on this alone
Shall social freedom stand—where these are gone,
There is a nation doomed to servitude?
O, suffering, toiling France, thy toil is vain!
The irreversible decree stands sure,
Where men are selfish, covetous of gain,
Heady and fierce, unholy and impure,
Their toil is lost, and fruitless all their pain;
They cannot build a work which shall endure.

—

WILD-FLOWERS.

How thick the wild-flowers blow about our feet,
Thick strewn and unregarded, which, if rare,
We should take note how beautiful they were,
How delicately wrought, of scent how sweet.
And mercies which do every where us meet,
Whose very commonness should win more praise,
Do for that very cause less wonder raise,
And thus with slighter thankfulness we greet.
Yet pause *thou* often on life's onward way,
Pause time enough to stoop and gather one
Of these sweet wild-flowers—time enough to tell
Its beauty over—this when thou has done,
And marked it duly, then if thou canst lay
It wet with thankful tears into thy bosom, well!

ALL MORTGAGED!

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

To one born and bred in New England, the sentiment must be inevitable, that it is a 'free country.' The language of every-day life teems with that capital idea. It is the first idea that infancy is taught, and the last one forgotten by old age. *Freedom*, *Liberty*, *Free Institutions*, *Free Soil*, &c. are terms of costly water in the jewelry of our patriotism.

How pleasant it is to think—be it true or false—that cold, hard-soiled, pure-skyed New England, is, indeed, a free land! that in her long struggle for freedom, she expunged from her soil every crimson spot, every lineament of human slavery, and severed every ligament that connected her with that inhuman institution! And so we thought. We got out of our cradle with that idea. It was in our heart when we first looked up at the blue-sky, and listened to the little merry birds that were swimming in its bosom. It was in our heart, like thoughts of music, when the spring winds came, and spring voices twittered in the tree tops; when the swallow and the lark and all the summer birds sang for joy, and

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the meadow-stream chimed in its silvery treble, deftly singing to the daisies. When every thing was alive with the rapture of freedom, we thought, among other bright and boyish vagaries, that this land was free—free as the air; otherwise we would never have slid down hill on it, or rolled up a snow-fort, or have done any thing of the kind by way of sport. And we were told that it was free. Old men that wore queues and hobbled about on crutches, came and set by our father's fireside, and showed great scars on their flesh, and told how much it had cost to make this land free. And on a hot summer day of every year, the people stuck up a long pole in the middle of the village green; and they tied to the top a large piece of striped cloth; and they rung the bell in the steeple; and they shot off a hollow log of cast iron; and the hills and woods trembled at the noise, and father said, and every body said, it was because this land was free. It was our boyhood's thought, and of all our young fancies, we loved it best; for there was an element of religion in it. We have clung fondly to the patriotic illusion, and should have hugged it to our bosom through life, but for an incident that suddenly broke up the dream.

While meditating one Sabbath evening, a few years ago, upon the blessings of this free, gospel land, and with the liberty wherewith God here sets his children free, a neighbour opened the door, and whispered cautiously in our ear, that a young, sable fugitive from Slavery had knocked at his door, and he had given him a place by his fire. "A slave in New England!" exclaimed we as we took down our hat: "is it possible that slaves can breathe here and not be free!"

There were many of us that gathered around that young man; and few of us all had ever seen a slave. There were mothers in the group that had sons of the same age as that of the boy; and tears came into their eyes when he spoke of his widowed slave mother; and there were young sisters with Sunday-school books in their hands, that surrounded him and looked in his face with strange and tearful earnestness, as he spoke of the sister he had left in bondage. He had been 'hunted like a partridge upon the mountains,' and his voice trembled as he spoke. His pursuers had tracked him from one place to another; they were even now hard at his heels; his feet were bruised and swollen from the chase; he was faint and weary, and he looked around upon us imploringly for protection. Starting at every sound from without, he told with a tremulous voice, the story of his captivity, and re-capture, for thrice had he fled from slavery, and twice had he been delivered up to his pursuers. He was checkered over with the marks of the scourge, for his master had prescribed a hundred lashes to cure him of his passion for freedom. A worse fate awaited him if he failed in his third attempt to be free; and he walked to the window and softly asked the nearest way to Canada. Canada and heaven, he said, were the only two places that the slave sighed for, and he tied up his clouted shoes to go. He laid his hand on the latch, and his eyes asked if he might go. We knew what was in his heart, and he what was in our own, when the children came near and asked their parents why the negro boy might not live in Massachussetts, and why he should go so far to find a home. And we looked in each other's faces and said not a word, for our hearts were troubled at their questions.

Some one asked for "*the bond*," and it was read; and there, among great swelling words about liberty, we found it written, that there was not an acre nor an inch of ground within the limits of the great American Republic which was not mortgaged to slavery. And when the reader came to that passage in the bond, his voice fell, lest the children should hear it, and ask more questions. He passed the instrument around, and he saw it written,—"too fairly writ"—that there was not a foot of soil in New England—not a spot consecrated to learning, liberty, or religion—not a square inch on Bunker Hill, or any other hill, nor cleft, or cavern in her mountain sides, nor nook in her dells, or lair in her forests, nor a hearth, nor a cabin door, which did not bear the bloody *endorsement* in favor of slavery. "It was in the bond"—the bond of our union, "ordained to establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity;" it was in that anomalous instrument, that the slave hunter and his hounds might seize upon his trembling victim on the holiest spot of this land of the free.

It was a bright night. The heavens were full of eyes looking down upon the earth; and we wished that they were closed for an hour; that the clouds would come over the moon; for the man-hunters had come. They had tracked the young fugitive, and were lying in wait to seize him even on the hearth of a freeman. We never shall forget that hour. We had attired the young slave in a female garb, and put his hand within the arm of one of our number. A passing cloud obscured the moon, and the two issued into the street. Softly and silently we followed them at a distance, and our hearts were heavy within us, that Massachusetts had no law that could extend protection to that young human being, or permit him to be protected without law. It was a strange feeling to walk the streets of Worcester, as if treading on enemies' ground; to avoid the houses and faces of our neighbours and friends, as if they were all slaveholders, and in pursuit of the fugitive; as if here, in the heart of the Old Bay State, there was something felonious in that deed of mercy that would obliterate the track of the innocent image of God flying for life and liberty before his relentless pursuer. We passed close by the old Burial Ground, where slumbered many a hero of Seventy Six. There, within a stone's throw, was the grave of

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Captain Peter Slater, one of the "Indians" who threw the taxed tea into Boston harbor. It was a moment of humiliation and indignant grief, when passing by his monument, we compared the taxes on tea and sugar of his day, with that despotic *land tax*, that slave-breeding incumbrance, that Shylock mortgage which the founders of our Constitution imposed upon every square inch of New England, in the terms of the "bond."

We have now neither time nor space to tell the story of that young fugitive. We wish he might tell it himself upon every hearthstone of New England. We wish no human heart a needless unpleasant emotion; but we would that every child in this "land of the free" might see a slave,—a being that OWNS A GOD, yet owned, and bound, and beat, and sold by man. We would have the rising generation well instructed in the terms of "the bond," and a few personal illustrations of the condition which it "secures" might be a service in defining their path of duty. They will soon enter upon this goodly heritage; and shall we give it over into their hands encumbered with this iniquitous entailment in favor of slavery? No! if there be wealth enough in all New England's jewels—in the cabinet of her great deeds of virtue and patriotism—let us lift this bloody mortgage from one square acre of her soil, whereupon the hunted slave may say, "*I thank my God that I too am at last a Man!*" When trembling and panting, he struck his foot on that consecrated spot, then the chase should cease, though his master and his dogs were at his heels. That English acre in New England should be another Canada for the fugitive bondman. He should carry a handful of its soil in his bosom as a certificate, honored throughout the world, that he was FREE.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY RICHARD MONKTON MILNES.

The windows and the garden door,
  Must now be closed for night,
And you, my little girl, no more
  Can watch the snow-flakes white
Fall, like a silver net, before
  The face of dying light.

Draw down the curtains every fold,
Let not a gap let in the cold,
Bring your low seat toward the fire,
And you shall have your heart's desire;
A story of that favorite book,
In which you often steal a look,
Regretful not to understand
Words of a distant time and land;—
That small square book that seems so old
In tawny white and faded gold,
And which I could not leave to-day,
Even with the snow and you to play.

It was on such a night as this,
  Six hundred years ago,
The wind as loud and pitiless,
  As loaded with the snow,
A night when you might start to meet
A friend in an accustomed street,
That a lone child went up and down
The pathways of an ancient town—
A little child, just such as you,
With eyes, though clouded, just as blue,
With just such long fine golden hair,
But wet and rough for want of care,
And just such tender tottering feet
Bare to the cold and stony street.

Alone! this fragile human flower,
Alone! at this unsightly hour,
A playful, joyful, peaceful form,
  A creature of delight,
Become companion of the storm,
  And phantom of the night!
No gentler thing is near,—in vain
Its warm tears meet the frozen rain,
No watchful ears await its cries
On every name that well supplies
The childly nature with a sense
Of love and care and confidence;
It looks before, it looks behind,
And staggers with the weighty wind,
Till, terror overpowering grief,
And feeble as the Autumn leaf,
It passes down the tide of air,
It knows not, thinks not, how or where.

Beneath a carven porch, before
An iron-belted oaken door,
The tempest drives the cowering child,
And rages on as hard and wild,
This is not shelter, though the sleet
Strikes heavier in the open street,
For, to that infant ear, a din
Of festive merriment within
Comes, by the contrast, sadder far
Than all the outer windy war,
With something cruel, something curst,
In each repeated laughter-burst;
The thread of constant cheerful light,
Drawn through a crevice on the sight,
Tells it of heat it cannot feel,
  And all the fire-side bliss
That home's dear portrals can reveal
  On such a night as this.

How can those hands so small and frail,
Empassioned as they will, avail
Against that banded wall of wood
  Standing in senseless hardihood

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CALIFOR

Between the warmth and love and mirth,
The comforts of the living earth,
And the lorn creature shivering there,
The plaything of the savage air?

We would not, of our own good will,
Believe in so much strength of ill,
Believe that life and sense are given
To any being under heaven,
Only to weep and suffer thus,
To suffer without sin,
What would be for the worst of us
A bitter discipline.

Yet now the tiny hands no more
Are striking that unfeeling door;
Folded and quietly they rest,
As on a cherub's marble breast;
And from the guileless lips of wo
Are passing words confused and low,
Remembered fragments of a prayer,
Learnt and repeated otherwhere,
With the blue summer overhead,
On a sweet mother's knee,
Beside the downy cradle-bed,
But always happily.

Though for those holy words the storm
Relaxes not its angry form,
The child no longer stands alone
Upon th' inhospitable stone:
There now are two,—one to the other
Like as a brother to twin-brother,
But the new comer has an air
Of something wonderful and rare,
Something divinely calm and mild,
Something beyond a human child;
His eyes came through the thickening night,
With a soft planetary light,
And from his hair there falls below
A radiance on the drifting snow,
And his untarnish'd childly bloom
Seems but the brighter for the gloom.

See what a smile of gentle grace
Expatiates slowly o'er his face!
As, with a mien of soft command,
He takes that numb'd and squalid hand,
And with a voice of simple joy
And greeting as from boy to boy;
He speaks "What do you at this door?
Why called you not on me before?
What like you best? that I should break
This sturdy barrier for your sake,
And let you in that you may share
The warmth and joy and cheerful fare;
Or will you trust to me alone,
And heeding not the windy moan
Nor the cold rain nor lightning brand,
Go forward with me, hand in hand?
Within this house, if e'er on earth,
You will find love and peace and mirth;
And there may rest for many a day,
While I am on mine open way;
And should your heart to me incline,
When I am gone,
Take you this little cross of mine
To lean upon,
And sitting out what path you will,
Careless of your own strength and skill,
You soon will find me; only say,
What wish you most to do to-day?"

The child looks out into the night,
With gaze of pain and pale affright,
Then turns an eye of keen desire
On the thin gleam of inward fire,
Then rests a long and silent while,
Upon that brother's glorious smile.
You've seen the subtle magnet draw
The iron by its hidden law,
So seems that smile to lure along
The child from an enclosing throng
Of fears and fancies undefined,
And to one passion fix its mind,—
Till every struggling doubt to check
And give to love its due,
It casts its arms about his neck,
And cries "With you, with you,—
For you have sung me many a song,
Like mine own mother's, all night long,
And you have play'd with me in dreams,
Along the walks, beside the streams,
Of Paradise—the bless'd bowers,
Where what men call the stars are flowers,
And what to them looks deep and blue
Is but a veil which we saw through,
Into the garden without end,
Where you the angel-children tend;
So that they asked me when I woke,
Where I had been, to whom I spoke,
What I was doing there, to seem
So heavenly-happy in my dream?
Oh! take me, take me there again,
Out of the cold and wind and rain,
Out of this dark and cruel town,
Whose houses on the orphan frown;
Bear me the thundering clouds above
To the safe kingdom of your love;
Of if you will not, I can go
With you barefooted through the snow;
I shall not feel the bitter blast,
If you will take me home at last."

Three kisses on its dead-cold cheeks,
Three on its bloodless brow,
And a clear answering music speaks,
"Sweet brother! come there now:
It shall be so; there is no dread

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Within the auriole of mine head ;
This hand in yours, this living hand,
Can all the world of cold withstand,
And though so small is strong to lift
Your feet above the thickest drift;
The wind that round you raged and broke
Shall fold around us like a cloak,
And we shall reach that garden soon,
Without the guide of Sun or Moon."

So down the mansions slippery stair,
Into the midnight weather,
Pass, as if sorrow never were,
The weak and strong together.
This was the night before the morn
On which the Hope of Man was born,
And long ere dawn can claim the sky,
The tempest rolls subservient by;
While bells on all sides sing and say,
How Christ the child was born to-day;
Free as the sun's in June, the rays
Mix merry with the Yuhl-log's blaze;
Some butterflies of snow may float
Down slowly, glistening in the mote,
But crystal-leaved and fruited trees
Scarce lose a jewel in the breeze;
Frost-diamonds twinkle on the grass,
Transformed from pearly dew,
And silver flowers encrust the glass,
Which gardens never knew.

The inmates of the house, before
Whose iron-fended heedless door,
The children of our nightly tale
Were standing, rise refreshed and hale,
And run, as if a race to win,
To let the Christmas morning in.
They find upon the threshold stone,
A little child just like their own;
Asleep, it seems, but when the head
Is raised, it sleeps as sleep the dead
The fatal point had touched it, while
The lips had just begun a smile,
The forehead 'mid the matted tresses
A perfect painless end expresses,
And, unconvuls'd, the hands may wear
The posture more of thanks than prayer.

They tend it straight in wondering grief,
And when all skill brings no relief,
They bear it onward in its smile,
Up the Cathedral's central aisle :
There, soon as Priests and People heard
How the thing was, they speak not word,
But take the usual image meant
The blessed babe to represent,
Forth from its cradle, and instead
Lay down that silent mortal head.
Nor incense cloud and anthem sound
Arise the beauteous body round;
Softly the carol chant is sung,
Softly the mirthful peal is rung,
And, when the solemn duties end,
With tapers earnest troops attend
The gentle corpse, nor cease to sing,
Till, by an almond tree,
They bury it, that the flowers of spring
May o'er it soonest be.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

TICKLER.—I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

SHEPHERD.—I hae nae objections—for you've not only a sowl for music, sir, but a genius too, and the twa dinna always gang thegither—mony a mon haein' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht, that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal primroses, and yet na able to play on ony instrument—on even the flute—let abee the poker and tangs.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

I am not known as a lover of music. I seldom praise the player upon an instrument, or the singer of song. I stand aside if I listen, and I keep the measure in my heart without beating it audibly with my foot, or moving my head visibly in a practised abstraction. There are times when I do not listen at all ; and it may be that the mood is not on me, or that the spell is mastered by Beauty, or that I hear a human voice, whose every whisper is sweeter than all. There are some who are said to have a passion for music, and they will turn away at the beginning of a song, though it be only a child's lesson, and leave gazing on an eye that was, perhaps, like shaded water, or the forehead of a beautiful woman, or the lip of a young girl, to listen. I cannot boast that my love of music is so strong. I confess that there are things I know that are often an overcharm, tho' not always ; and I would not give up my slavery to their power, if I might be believed to have gone mad at an opera, or have my "bravo" the signal for the applause of a city.

There is unwritten Music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not Music. It is all Heaven's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide, and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and and it is still melody—melody. The winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it

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sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass, shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of Nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky; and, sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of wind and water; and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying—which just before death becomes always exquisitely acute—the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so when the last moment approaches, they take him from the close shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was a scroll of written music, and that two stars—which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned—were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and the cups of flowers; so that to the practised eye of the painter the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect, and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of heaven's illimitable spheres.

Pardon me a digression here, reader. Aside from the intention of the custom just alluded to, there is something delightful in the thought of thus dying in the open air. I had always less horror of death than of its ordinary gloomy circumstances. There is something unnatural in the painful and extravagant sympathy with which the dying are surrounded. It is not such a gloomy thing to die. The world has pleasant places, and I would hear in my last hour the voice and the birds, and the chance music I may have loved; but better music, and voices of more ravishing sweetness, and far pleasanter places, are found in heaven, and I cannot feel that it is well or natural to oppress the dying with the distressing wretchedness of common sorrow. I would be let go cheerfully from the world. I would have my friends comfort me and smile pleasantly on me, and feel willing that I should be released from sorrow, and perplexity, and disease, and go up, now that my race was finished, joyfully to my reward. And if it be allotted to me, as I pray it will, to die in the summer time, I would be borne out into the open sky, and have my pillow lifted that I might see the glory of the setting sun, and pass away, like him, with undiminished light, to another world.

It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the day time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even at night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think when I was a child that it was fairy music. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature—the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines, but what a world of music does the world shine on! the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of heaven's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the under tones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded all these sounds grow softer and sweeter, as the exhalations of the dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out some morning in June and listen to the notes of the birds. They express far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle, to the low cooing of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent dispositions. With the small birds the voice appears to be but an outpouring of gladness, and it is a pleasure to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them; it seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in my heart that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fulness.

Nature seems never so utterly still to me as in the depths of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds, and the leaves hang motionless on the trees, and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock, and the frog lies breathing in the pool, and even the murmur that is heard at night is inaudible, for the herbage droops beneath the sun, and the seed has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still, and the pulses beat languidly. It is a time for sleep.

But if you would hear one of Nature's most varied and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and

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listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings, and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper, and as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes suddenly out like the echo of a far off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power, and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then what is more soothing than the dropping of the rain? You should have slept in a garret to know how it can lull and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gust and the rattling of the panes. I used to say over my prayers and think of the apples I had stolen then! But were you ever out fishing upon a lake, in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear, bell-like tinkle, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollection of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish; I was ever a milky-hearted boy, and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restless death of those panting and beautiful creatures; but I loved to go out with the old men when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gunwale listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect on my temper, and stilled for awhile the uneasiness of that vague longing that is like a fever at a boy's heart.

There is a melancholy music in Autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a peculiar look of desolateness, wavering capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher —though the early autumn months are mostly still— they are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contrast, yet in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was upon me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my many sisters might scarce remove it.

Then, for the music of Winter. I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobstrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist; and, when the north winds return, there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well-set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustains them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the hard round drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in heaven's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the scenes that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose wor-

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ship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these, and the best music under heaven, is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in its beauty. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin, and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that even on the coarse-minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ. I have been much about the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life; yet never have I known man or woman, under any strong feeling that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of its Maker, and, though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being re-strung to its compass, until its frame is shattered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Whether it is that their passions are coarser, or that their life of caution and reserve shuts up the kindliness from which it would spring, a pleasant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts of our sex. Whenever you do meet it, however, it is always accompanied either by noble qualities, or by that peculiar capacity for understanding all characters, which Goethe calls a "presentiment of the universe," and which enables its possessor, without a spark of a generous nature himself, to know perfectly what it is in others, and to deceive the world by assuming all its accompanyments and all its outwardy evidence. I speak now, and throughout these remarks, only of the conversational tone. A man may sing never so well, and still speak execrably; and I rarely have known a person who conversed musically, to sing even a tolerable song.

A good tone is generally the gift of a gentleman, for it is always low and deep; and the vulgar never possess the serenity and composure from which it alone can spring; they are always busy and hurried, and a high, sharp tone becomes habitual.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win upon the confidence. It is the secret of the otherwise unaccountable success of some men in society. They never talk for more than one to hear, and to that one, if a woman, and attractive, it is a most dangerous, because unsuspected spell; and every one knows how the voice softens instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear listens, and that it is addressed without a witness to one who cannot stand aside from herself and separate the enchanter from his music. It is an insidious and beguiling power; and I have seen men who, without any pretensions to dignity or imposing address, would arrest attention the moment their voices were heard, and who, if they leaned over to murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of pleasing, though the remark were the very idlest common-place of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I can describe it. It can be, and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but it is oftener the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural; deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops of water from a fountain. It is like the cooing of the dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with the subdued and touching *readiness* which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman. I should be won by it more than by beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance. I remember listening in the midst of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a girl—a mere child of sixteen summers—till I was bewildered. She was a pure, high-hearted, impassioned creature, without the least knowledge of the world, or her peculiar gift; but her own thoughts had wrought upon her like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke low as if with an unconscious awe. I could never trifle in her presence. My nonsense seemed out of place, and my practical assurance forsook me utterly. She is changed now. She has been admired, and found out her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone. She will recover it by and by, when the delirium of the world is over, and she begins to rely upon her own thoughts for company; but her extravagant spirits have broken over the thrilling timidity of childhood, and the charm is unwound.

There was a lady whom I used to meet when a boy, as I loitered to school with my satchel in the summer mornings, and of whom, by and by, I came to dream, night and day, with a boy's impassioned and indefinite longing. She was a married women, perhaps twenty years older than I, but very—very beautiful. She was like one's idea of a Countess—large, but perfectly light and graceful, with an eye of inexpressible softness and languor. I was certain she had a low, delicious tone, and as she passed me in the street, I used to fancy how the words must linger and melt on that red lip, with its deep-colored and voluptuous fulness. Years after, when I had become a man, I was introduced to her. I made some passing remark, and with my boyish impression still floating in my mind, waited almost breathlessly for her answer. When she did speak

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I was perfectly electrified. Such a wonderful rapidity of utterance, such a volume of language, I never heard from the lips of a woman. My dream was over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the voice is so neglected in a fashionable education. There is a power in it over men, greater even than manner, for it is never suspected. Nothing repels like indifference, and indifference is a loud talker, to whom any body may listen, and whom, therefore, nobody cares to hear. But a low tone is redolent of the great secret of a woman's power—*reliance!* Nothing wins like reliance. Be it in manner or tone, it is alike irresistible. I have seen a woman who would captivate most men by simply leaning on their arm. It was the only thing she knew, and she did that beautifully. It said more plainly than she could have spoken it, "I confide in you utterly;" and who, that had not been initiated, could resist such an appeal? There is something in words spoke softly, and meant for one's ear alone, which touches the heart like enchantment. I never linger by a low-voiced woman if she is not young. It indicates either a childlike innocence and truth, or it is the practised witchery of a woman of the world, who knows too well for me the secret of her power.

There are circumstances in which the simplest sound becomes awful. I once watched with a dying friend in a solitary farm-house. It was a clear still night in December, and there was not a sound to be heard beyond his just audible breathing. It wanted but a quarter to one, and I began to anticipate the striking of the large clock which stood in the farthest corner of the room in which I sat. It was, at first, simply with reference to my friend's comfort, for he was in a gentle doze, and I feared it might wake him from the only sleep he had got that night. I sat looking at the clock. The minute hand crept slowly on. I began to feel an nervous interest in its progress, and, as it advanced visibly, I leaned over and grasped more firmly the arm of the huge chair. As it grew near, a strange fear began to curdle my blood, and I could feel my hair stir, as if each individual filament were withering at the root. It crept on—and on. There was but one minute left! I felt a smothering sensation at my heart, and it seemed to me as if my life must stop. But that one minute seemed to me an hour. Before it had expired, every event of my life had rushed through my memory, and the awful responsibility of time, and the aggregate of pain, and despair, and agony, that was felt by the hundreds that were dying at that moment, and the guilt that was festering in the darkness the hearts of those who may not sleep, and, over all, my own thoughtless and immeasurable prodigality of time, and health, and opportunity, crowded into my soul, as if its capacity were equal to the concentrated anguish of a demon. The machinery at last began to stir. It seemed to me that every vein in my body was an icy worm. My nerves stretched to an intenser pitch—large drops of sweat rolled from my forehead, and my heart stopped—almost. It struck! and I fell back in my chair, in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter! I have watched often since, and have been in situations far more calculated to excite terror, but nothing ever overcome me like that solitary vigil. I had been up night after night with my friend, and was certainly much unnerved by fatigue and exhaustion; but the circumstance furnishes matter of speculation to the inquirer after the phenomena of human nature.

The music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. Thomas Moore, whose mere sense of beauty is making him religious, and who knows better than any other man what is beautiful—has sung "those evening bells" in some of the most melodious of his elaborate stanzas. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells in a town of Italy, which had become famed all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artizan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the place was sacked and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work; but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken; it was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells; and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rang out their hymn and ceased—and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His companions spoke to him, but he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than anywhere else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the minds of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of Nature's breathless Sabbath. I know few things more imposing than to walk the street of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal

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out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

A more beautiful, and perhaps quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit, and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of the dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in Nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness. The effect of Nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of a country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

Yet, after all, whose ear was ever "filled with hearing," or whose "eye with seeing?" Full as the world is of music—crowded as life is with beauty which surpasses, in its mysterious workmanship, our wildest dream of faculty and skill—gorgeous as is the overhung and ample sky, and deep and universal as the harmonies are which are wandering perpetually in the atmosphere of this spacious and beautiful world—who has ever heard music and not felt a capacity for better? or seen beauty, or grandeur, or delicate cunning, without a feeling in the inmost soul of unreached and unsatisfied conceptions? I have gazed on the dazzling loveliness of woman till the value of my whole existence seemed pressed into that one moment of sight; and I have listened to music till my tears came, and my brain swam dizzily—yet, when I had turned away, I wished that the woman had been perfecter: and my lips parted at the intensest ravishment of that dying music, with an impatient feeling that its spell was unfinished. I used to wonder, when I was a boy, how Socrates knew that this world was not enough for his capacities, and that his soul, therefore, was immortal. It is no marvel to me now.

TO COLUMBUS DYING.

From the German of Ochlenschlœger.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

Soon with thee will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear thee to discover
Far away a land unknown—

Land, that each alone must visit,
But no tidings bring to men,
For no sailor, once departed,
Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches,
Ever drift from that far wild;
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee;
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And with hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
Spread then, spread thy canvass out;
Spirit! on a sea of ether
Soon shalt thou serenely float!

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
And the fanning wings of angels,
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores—they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the Blessed Isles loom forth.

Seest thou now thy San Salvador?
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail,
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

THE FATHERLAND.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more pure and fair,
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

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THE TWO PATHS.

Aye, they in plodding on so steadily
Did gain a heap of gold,
While I, who hurried on so merrily,
Gained brighter wealth ten-fold.

A wealth of thought and cheerfulness,
The coinage of the soul,
And more than all, a hope to bless,
With promise fill'd my bowl.

They ride in princely chariots proud,
By blooded coursers drawn,—
They feast in stately halls the crowd
Of friends in lace and lawn.

My carriage is the wide-winged thought,
By fancy wheeled above,—
My home the world-wide space unbought,
My feast the feast of love.

They labored on till life was waning
To live above all strife,—
I lived the *whole*, the present gaining,
And with me *cherish'd life.*

COLD WATER.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down to dine?
O no, my friends, for is it not
Pour'd out by hands divine?
Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends,
Pour'd out by hands divine;
From springs and wells it gushes forth,
Pour'd out by hands divine.

To Beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seems,
'Tis no more strange than true,
Cold water, though itself so pale,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Yes, Beauty, in a water-pail,
Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, (tho' wonderful,
'Tis not less true, again)
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men;
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take the weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

I've seen the bells of tulips turn
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds; then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle;
What sweetens more than water pure
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
And thus the oak gets high;
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high,
By having water in its cups,—
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

A GENTLE STORY.

Once a little band of angels descended to this earth, and wandered over its beautiful places in search of something so purely beautiful, that it should be an acceptable offering before the throne of the Eternal. And many things fair and exquisite arose in their path;—sweet delicate flowers and little glistening dew-drops; diamonds in the earth; pearls in the sea; stars in the sky; bright things gleaming and flashing everywhere; joyous faces and graceful forms moving to and fro, more frequent than all, and almost more beautiful. But the angels passed on; for nothing which can fade or be destroyed is worthy of Heaven. On, on they wandered—on through the great forests, amid the deep valleys, over the bright seas, searching everywhere for that lovely thing that was to add fresh beauty, even unto Heaven.

At length they stood in consultation on the seashore, and beheld a fisherman's child so strangely, so enchantingly beautiful, that those glorious angels were amazed, and bent over him in silent admiration. At length their leader spake—

"Shall we bring a mortal and perishing gift to the throne of our Immortal Father."

"Our High Father is all powerful. He could give him immortality," replied another.

"Innocence and love are heavenly beauties; but they can live only in Heaven. Shall we not snatch him from this bad world's temptations?" said a third.

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Thus spake the tender, pitying angels. But their leader said—"There is a beauty far transcending innocence—a beauty which childhood and innocence may never possess. Shall we wait, my brethren, for this, or offer to our God an imperfect gift?"

And so the angels waited until the child became a man—for to immortal spirits, whose inheritance is eternal, the life of man is but an hour.

Then pain and sorrow came upon the man, and drove the rose from his cheek, and the light from his heart; and anguish bowed his frame, and care planted furrows on his brow. Then, when all his soul was dark, the angels drew near and whispered of unspeakable bliss, so that his heart grew strong and earnest, and faith was the first gem in his crown of beauty. Now temptations gathered thickly about him—now his guardians hovered near his path, watching his struggles, answering his thoughts, raising him when nearly trodden down, yet keeping him encompassed with tribulations, until he cast away his own strength—and the beauty of humility was perfected.

Still they poured temptation upon his pathway—for without temptation there can be no victory. Still, as he rose triumphant from every struggle, his countenance grew more angelic, his beauty more godlike, till at last, when they had breathed into his spirit of that joy with which they were filled, and his soul melted with love and great adoration, they looked with awe upon their work and pronounced it fit for Heaven!

And when those who had loved him looked upon his withered, lifeless form, they were sad, and mourned his departed beauty. And it was so; for the soul, so strengthened and purified—that soul, so intensely beautiful, whose light its earthly covering could no longer obscure, was borne rejoicing by the angels to the throne, resting not in the joy of spirits innocent and untried, but mounting high, higher, to dwell forever in the presence of the fountain of all joy, and all truth, and all knowledge, and all glory.

THE GHOST-SEER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ye who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left nor right,
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,
Some weak phantom, which your doubt
Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness,
Which ye entertain with fear
In your self-built dungeon here,
Where ye dance and shake your chain
As if freedom would be pain,—
Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noon-day street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled:
Spirits buried dark and deep
In a grave where never sleep,—
The cold dew of Paradise,—
Drops upon their burning eyes,
Buried, beyond hope or light,
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale?
There are bloodhounds on her trail!
Bloodhounds, too, all gaunt and lean,
For the soul their scent is keen,
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl.
'Twas the World, and the World's law
Let them slip and cried, Hurrah!
Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light,
Title deeds to sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth!
But before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a first-born's share
In the dregs of darkness there.
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,
Hungry, all alone, and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms o'erflow with firelight warm,
Which outside the window glass
Doubled all the cold, alas!
Till each ray that on her fell
Stabbed her like an icicle,
And she almost loved the wail
Of the bloodhounds on her trail.
Till the flood becomes her bier,
She shall feel their pantings near,
Close upon her very heels,
'Spite of all the din of wheels;
Shivering on her pallet poor,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broidery in;
Who went backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And, in midnight chill and murk,
Stitched her life into the work.
Little doth the wearer heed
Of the heart-break in the brede;

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A hyena by her side
Skulks, downlooking—it is Pride.
He digs for her in the earth,
Where lie all her claims of birth,
With his foul paws rooting o'er
Some long buried ancestor,
Who, most like, a statue won
By the ill deeds he had done.
Round her heart and round her brain
Wealth had linked a golden chain,
Which doth close and closer press
Heart and brain to narrowness.
Every morn and every night
She must bare that bosom white,
Which so thrillingly doth rise
'Neath its proud embroideries,
That its mere heave lets men know
How much whiter 'tis than snow,—
She must bare it, and, unseen,
Suckle that hyena lean;—
Ah! the fountain's angel shrinks,
And forsakes it while he drinks!

There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the Mart;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood—
At the Bank, his name is good,
At the Bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.
In his eyes that stealthy gleam
Was not learned of sky or stream,
But it has the cold, hard glint
Of new dollars from the Mint.
Open now your spirit's eyes,
Look through that poor clay disguise
Which has thickened, day by day,
Till it keeps all light away,
And his soul in pitchy gloom
Gropes about its narrow tomb,
From whose dank and slimy walls,
Drop by drop the horror falls.
Look! a serpent, lank and cold,
Hugs his spirit, fold on fold:
From his heart all day and night
It doth suck God's blessed light.
Drink it will, and drink it must,
Till the cup holds naught but dust;
All day long he hears it hiss,
Writhing in its fiendish bliss;
All night long he sees its eyes
Flicker with strange ecstasies,
As the spirit ebbs away
Into the absorbing clay.

Who is he that skulks, afraid
Of the trust he has betrayed,
Shuddering if perchance a gleam
Of old nobleness should stream
Through the pent, unwholesome room,
Where his shrunk soul cowers in gloom,—
Spirit sad beyond the rest
By more instinct for the Best?
'Tis a poet who was sent,
For a bad world's punishment,
By compelling it to see
Golden glimpses of To Be,
By compelling it to hear
Songs that prove the angels near;
Who was sent to be the tongue
Of the weak and spirit-wrung,
Whence the fiery-winged Despair
In men's shrinking eyes might flare.
'Tis our hope doth fashion us
To base use or glorious:
He who might have been a lark
Of Truth's morning, from the dark
Raining down melodious hope
Of a freer, broader scope,
Aspirations, prophecies,
Of the spirit's full sunrise,—
Chose to be a bird of night,
Which, with eyes refusing light,
Hooted from some hollow tree
Of the world's idolatry.
'Tis his punishment to hear
Fluttering of pinions near,
And his own vain wings to feel
Drooping downward to his heel,
All their grace and import lost,
Burthening his weary ghost:
Ever walking by his side
He must see his angel guide,
Who at intervals doth turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such ever-new surprise
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him shrinks away,
Or drops blunted from the wall
Built around him by his fall.
Then the mountains whose white peaks
Catch the morning's earliest streaks,
He must see, where prophets sit,
Turning East their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth, yet dim and dull,
They the gladsome tidings bring
Of the sunlight's hastening.
Never can those hills of bliss
Be o'erclimbed by feet like his!

But enough! Oh, do not dare
From the next his mask to tear,
Which, although it moves about
Like a human form without,
Hath a soul within, I ween,
Of the vulture's shape and mein.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 7.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme,
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried;
'Oh me! that awful dream!

'That weary, weary walk,
In the church-yard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

'And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the voice that cried, "For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;"—
And then he pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dream'd
Of such a world of woe!

'Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, Pain and Want—
But now I dream'd of them all!

'For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!

'The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years;
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

'Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye;
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I passed it by;
Woe, woe for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

'No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

'Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow that falls
Is not unmark'd of God!

'I drank the richest draughts:
And ate whatever is good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food.

'I dressed as the nobles dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

'The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of Heart!'

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She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme:
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame,
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirit free!

No crowd impedes your way;
No city wall proscribes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray,
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers play'd;

The grey and ancient peaks,
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water, as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight,—

These are your joys! go forth,—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in His spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills,
Its quiet way into your spirit finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth,
Twining its flowers, and shouting, full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirit silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverence—the patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth; earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path beneath your gamesome tread!

LETTER TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT OCCUPANT OF GLENMARY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Sir: In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth—the waters on their way to this sparkling brook—the tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward Nature. How you can *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* it you, is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"Lord of the soil," is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snow-flakes; all in their season, and all "deeded to you for forty dollars the acre!" Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!

Mine has been but a short lease of this lovely and well endowed domain (the duration of a smile of fortune, five years, scarce longer than a five act play); but as in a play we sometimes live through a life, it seems to me that I have lived a life at Glenmary. Allow me this, and then you must allow me the privilege of those who, at the close of life, leave something behind them: that of writing out my *will*. Though I depart *this* life, I would fain, like others, extend my ghostly hand into the future; and if wings are to be borrowed or stolen where I go, you may rely on my hovering around and haunting you, in visitations not restricted by cock-crowing.

Trying to look at Glenmary through your eyes, sir, I see too plainly that I have not shaped my ways as if expecting a successor in my lifetime. I did not, I am free to own. I thought to have shuffled off my mortal coil tranquilly here; flitting at last in company with some troop of my autumn leaves, or some bevy of spring blossoms, or with snow in the thaw; my tenants at my back, as a

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landlord may say. I have counted on a life-interest in the trees, trimming them accordingly; and in the squirrels and birds, encouraging them to chatter and build and fear nothing; no guns permitted on the premises. I have had my will of this beautiful stream. I have carved the woods into a shape of my liking. I have propagated the despised sumach and the persecuted hemlock and "pizen laurel." And "no end to the weeds dug up and set out again," as one of my neighbours delivers himself. I have built a bridge over Glenmary brook, which the town looks to have kept up by "the place," and we have plied free ferry over the river, I and my man Tom, till the neighbours, from the daily saving of the two miles round, have got the trick of it. And betwixt the aforesaid Glenmary brook and a certain muddy and plebeian gutter formerly permitted to join company with, and pollute it, I have procured a divorce at much trouble and pains, a guardian duty entailed of course on my successor.

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glenmary! Ah! those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted in with them, a thousand visible from the door, and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehannah. For how much music played without thanks am I indebted to those leaf-organs of changing tone? for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear? for how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind? for how much companionship, solace, and welcome? Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends; God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind, one may find them the next kindliest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle sir!

In the smooth walk which encircles the meadow betwixt that solitary Olympian sugar-maple and the margin of the river, dwells a portly and venerable toad; who (if I may venture to bequeath you my friends) must be commended to your kindly consideration. Though a squatter, he was noticed in our first rambles along the stream, five years since, for his ready civility in yielding the way; not hurriedly, however, nor with an obsequiousness unbecoming a republican, but deliberately and just enough; sitting quietly on the grass till our passing by gave him room again on the warm and trodden ground. Punctually after the April cleansing of the walk, this jewelled *habitue*, from his indifferent lodgings near by, emerges to take his pleasure in the sun; and there, at any time when a gentleman is likely to be abroad, you may find him, patient on his *os coccygis*, or vaulting to his asylum of long grass. This year, he shows, I am grieved to remark, an ominous obesity, likely to render him obnoxious to the female eye, and, with the trimness of his shape, has departed much of that measured alacrity which first won our regard. He presumes a little on your allowance for old age; and with this pardonable weakness growing upon him, it seems but right that his position and standing should be tenderly made known to any new-comer on the premises. In the cutting of the next grass, slice me not up my fat friend, sir! nor set your cane down heedlessly in his modest domain. He is "mine ancient," and I would fain do him a good turn with you.

For my spoilt family of squirrels, sir, I crave nothing but immunity from powder and shot. They require coaxing to come on the same side of the tree with you, and though saucy to me, I observe that they commence acquaintance invariably with a safe mistrust. One or two of them have suffered, it is true, from too hasty a confidence in my greyhound Maida, but the beauty of that gay fellow was a trap against which nature had furnished them with no warning instinct! (A fact, sir, which would prettily point a moral!) The large hickory on the edge of the lawn, and the black walnut over the shoulder of the flower garden, have been, through my dynasty, sanctuaries inviolate for squirrels. I pray you, sir, let them not be "reformed out" under your administration.

Of our feathered connexions and friends, we are most bound to a pair of Phebe-birds and a merry Bob-o'-Lincoln, the first occupying the top of the young maple near the door of the cottage, and the latter executing his bravuras upon the clump of alder bushes in the meadow, though in common with many a gay-plumaged gallant like himself, his whereabout after dark is a dark mystery. He comes every year from his rice-plantation in Florida to pass the summer at Glenmary. Pray keep him safe from percussion-caps, and let no urchin with a long pole poke down our trusting Phebes; annuals in that same tree for three summers. There are humming-birds, too, whom we have complimented and looked sweet upon, but they can not be identified from morning to morning. And there is a golden oriole who sings through May on a dog wood tree by the brook side, but he has fought shy of our crumbs and coaxing, and let him go! We are mates for his betters, with all his gold livery! With these reservations, sir, I commend the birds to your friendship and kind keeping.

And now sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small nook reserved from this purchase of seclusion and loveliness. In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among the wild flowers and music, the music of the brook babbling over rocky steps, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate, and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind, stay with you for recompense!

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THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

Townsman. A long parade, indeed, sir; and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

Stranger. It is but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

Townsman. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says, the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this,
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and boast of our exchange,
Ay, who was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screw'd down in yonder hearse.

Stranger. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

Townsman. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leap'd to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy has waken'd wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

Stranger. The camel and needle—
Is that, then, in your mind?

Townsman. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel—
Yea, leap him flying through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

Stranger. Your pardon, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

Townsman. Your pardon, too, sir,
If with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

Stranger. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoils of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

Townsman. All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.

Stranger. Why judge you, then,
So harshly of the dead?

Townsman. For what he left
Undone,—for sins not one of which is mention'd
In the tenth commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the creed.
Bowed to no idols—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house;
Kept the sabbath idle; built a monument
To honour his dead father; did no murder;
Never pick'd pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.

Stranger. You knew him, then, it seems.

Townsman. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

Stranger. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Fresh'ning and giving life along its source.

Townsman. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives; but as for this—
The rains of heaven engender'd nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

Stranger. Yet even these
Are reservoirs, whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

Townsman. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise—
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten, and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, donations to keep open
A running-charity account with heaven;
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

Stranger. I must needs
Believe you, sir; these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Cost not the soiling of one handkerchief!

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Townsman. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind word from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication table was his creed,
His paternoster and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusty counting house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
So from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muckworm! through his threscore years and ten:
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

Stranger. Yet your next newspaper will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth
A bright example.

Townsman. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelvemonths hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon the urn their marble tears.

MY CHILD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street:
A satchel'd lad I meet
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by his bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there

When at the cool, grey break
Of day from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
What'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, praying—he is not there!

Not there?—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—in all the past
He lives! nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear;
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

THE DEW-DROP.

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

A dewdrop falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave;"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared, to die;—
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O unbelieving! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

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A COMMISSION OF LUNACY.

BY CHARLES F. BRIGGS

I was once called to decide upon the case of a person who was thought by his friends to be insane. He had been sent to a mad-house, and in one of his lucid intervals had demanded a trial of the county judge, and a trial was granted. A jury of six men, of whom I was one, were to decide upon his case. He was a healthy looking gentleman, with nothing unusual in his appearance excepting a restlessness of his eyes, which might not have been observed had he not been accused of insanity. The proofs of his madness were very clear, but he showed so much coolness and clear thinking in his cross-questioning of witnesses, that I felt some hesitation in pronouncing him unsound of mind. His case was a very sad one, and he melted the hearts of all who heard him when he appealed to the jury.

"I deny that I am insane, gentlemen," he said, when the Judge gave him leave to speak, "but that is a matter of course. No man ever thought himself insane; neither can any man ever think himself so; for, having no standard of soundness but what exists in his own mind, he cannot be unsound to himself, though he may be manifestly so in the mind of another. But who shall determine what is madness and what is not? Be careful, gentlemen, how you pronounce me mad, lest to-morrow I be called to pronounce you so. The proofs that have been offered to you of my madness, are to me proofs of entire soundness of mind. I would be mad were I anything different from what I have been represented. They have brought three physicians, who all say that I am mad. Yet I will compel you to admit that the madness is in them and not in me. I was sick, very sick, sick at heart, for you must know that I had lost my Bessy and my little boy—my little boy." Here the unfortunate hesitated and seemed to lose himself entirely. "I said that I was sick, but it was Bessy. But it must have been me. Yes, I was sick, very sick, sick at heart, for my little boy and Bessy. Bessy again. Yes, Bessy had been sick, but now it was I. I was sick, and they brought me a physician. He felt my pulse, he looked upon me with his cold gray eyes, and then reached me a tumbler half full of a nauseous liquid, which he said would quiet me, and do me good. But all the while I was quieter than a rock, and colder, and harder. I thought that he needed the stuff more than myself, so I caught his head between my knees, and though he struggled hard, yet I poured it down his throat, gentlemen, and he was glad enough to escape. Then they brought another to me, who gave me a little globule of sugar, a pin's head was a cannon ball beside it, and told me that it would cure my fever. Do you blame me for thrusting the madman out of my chamber? Then they brought me another, who would give me no medicine at all, but ordered them to swathe me in wet sheets. Him, too, I drove from my presence, the lunatic. Yet these are the men who come here to swear to my insanity. Ah, gentlemen, I am not mad, but I wonder that I am not. The combined powers have taken away my Bessy and my little boy, and I shall never, never, never see them more. Never."

It was a perfectly clear case of lunacy, and a pitiable one. But when we retired to the jury-room, one of the jurors would not agree with the other five. He stretched himself upon a bench, threw a handkerchief over his head, and requested us to wake him when we had come over to his way of thinking. For myself, I was not disposed to be bullied out of my opinion, so I too lay down upon a bench, determined not to yield an inch of my right to think for myself, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep; but I had better have kept awake, for the moment that my eyelids fell, I had to perform the part of a juror again.

It was the same ill-lighted room, the same dull Judge who slept through half the trial, the same clownish spectators, the same everything, except the defendant, who yet seemed to be the same person in a different habit.

He was a good looking youth; indeed, I have never seen a finer; his dark chesnut hair and sandy beard were equal to a patent of nobility, for they proclaimed his Saxon blood, and proved him of a race that came upon the earth to conquer it. His eyes were gray and his complexion fair. But, poor man! he was out of his mind. His father was a merchant, and he wept while he gave evidence to his son's insanity. He, the son, would wear his beard, and this was the proof of his madness. In spite of the jeers, the sneers, and the laughter of the world, he would let his beard grow as nature intended. Poor fellow! We all pitied him. So intelligent, so gentle in his manners, so happily circumstanced, and yet mad! He had the hardihood to declare in open court, that he saw no reason why he should deprive his face of the covering which God had put upon it.

"No reason," cried his mother, "O, my son, does not your father shave, your uncle, your brother, all the world shave but yourself? No reason for shaving? O! my son!"

"True," replied the unfortunate youth, as he stroked his beard with ineffable content, "true, but they are all mad or they would not. I need my beard to protect my face and throat from the wet and cold. It helps to hide the sharp angles of my jaws, it makes me more comely, adds to my strength, and keeps me in health. Do I not look more like a man than my father, with his smooth, pale face, who has nothing but his clothes to distinguish him from a woman? Look at him; he has scraped all the hair off his chin, and placed another man's hair on his head. Beautiful consistency. To shave his chin and put false hair on his head! What a mad outrage upon

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nature. Hair is not always necessary to the head, for it often falls off as we grow old, but it never drops from the chin. I appeal to this honorable court—"

"Silence!" cried the honorable court, who at that moment woke up.

"Justice never sleeps, excepting on the bench," observed the youth, in a low voice.

"Go on," said the honorable court, whose business, when out of court, was horse dealing, which fitted him in an eminent degree for the responsibilities of his office.

"I appeal to this honorable court," continued the insane youth, "I appeal to you, gentlemen of the jury, and I would, if I were permitted, appeal to these fair ladies (there were several old gossips in the room) to say whether I am not more sane than my father."

"I can't allow such audacious remarks as those in this place," said the honorable court, rising and wiping its honorable face with a dingy handkerchief. "This thing mus'n't proceed no further. I don't know, gentlemen of the jury, as I have ever been more seriously affected in my life, than I have been by this melancholy trial."

"Probably not," said the maniac.

"The court will allow no interruption from no one," said the honorable court, fixing its dreadfully stern eyes on the madman, and stretching out its stumpy fore-finger in a threatening manner. "My heart has been melted by the scene we have witnessed."

"A very little heat will melt ice," said the mad youth.

"My feelings is too much for me to proceed," continued the honorable court, "I resign the case into your hands, gentlemen of the jury, only remarking that the young man is mad, and so you must give in your "werdick."

The poor youth was immediately put into a straitjacket and dragged away, yet he still seemed to stand at the bar, but his appearance was changed. He wore a broad-brimmed hat made of oaten straw, a linen blouse which reached below his knees, and a shirt of snowy whiteness open at the throat, so that his manly neck was fully exposed. His complexion was brown, his eye clear and bright, his laughing mouth displayed teeth of a pearly lustre, and he appeared to receive great pleasure in snuffing the fragrance of a bunch of field flowers which he held in his hand. I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen a youth who bore so many marks of unequivocal soundness of mind and body. But he was mad, notwithstanding all. His own father was the first witness examined. Poor old man! he could hardly articulate the words which a sense of duty to his child compelled him to utter.

"Nothing but a hope that judicious medical treatment may restore my son to his senses, could induce me to this dreadful alternative," said the old man after he had been sworn. "My poor son has been afflicted with his disorder for two years. We have tried all gentle means to cure him, but he grows worse and worse. The proofs of his madness are so glaring that he cannot be kept from the mad-house. He is now in his twenty-fifth year; he has had a good education, the best that money could procure; he has made the tour of Europe; he has had all the advantages which my extensive business connections could give him, and yet, gentlemen, regardless of my wishes, and his own welfare, he has married a poor young woman, and gone to bury his splendid accomplishments on a farm. Is it not dreadful, gentlemen, to witness such a sacrifice? I offered him a share in my business, I proposed to establish him in a splendid distillery, but such was the poor creature's derangement of intellect that even this brilliant offer could not draw him from the obscurity of the country. Look at his dress, gentlemen; if the court please, is not that prima facie evidence of his insanity?"

The court thought it was, but would not give a decided opinion without first looking into somebody's reports.

"Look at him, gentlemen, would anybody believe that he was the son of a rich merchant? That disgraceful blouse, like a common laborer's. That coarse straw hat! O, gentlemen, pardon a father's weakness! I can say no more."

The mother of the insane man appeared next, but her distress was too great to admit of her giving her evidence in a straight forward manner.

She believed her son to be crazy. Had first suspected it on his return from Paris, on account of his plain clothes; he had left off coffee and tea, and drank nothing but cold water; he talked strangely about the country; quite unlike her other children, who were fond of style, and lived respectably; insanity not peculiar to the family; was not influenced by her husband; had seen her son laugh with the coachman; had opposed his marriage; thought it a decided proof of insanity to marry out of one's own circle; had been the first to propose sending her son to the insane retreat.

After the witnesses delivered their testimony, the court told the maniac that he might address the jury.

"I have nothing to say in regard to the testimony," said the youth "but that it is all true. I prefer the sweets of a country life to the bitter toils of business. I have a wife whom I love; she brought me no fortune, it is true, but she helps me daily to earn one. I have a little farm which yields more than I need; I have good health, a quiet conscience, and two lovely children whose minds and bodies I am striving to rear in conformity with the dictates of nature. For these I prefer a moderate fortune in the country to an immoderate one in the city. Besides I look upon the judgment pronounced upon

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Adam in the light of a command, and I was never happy until the sweat of my own brow seasoned my daily food."

The jury pronounced him mad without leaving their seats.

"A righteous werdick!" said the honorable court.

He was led from the court-room, and yet he still stood there, such are the inconsistencies of dreams.

He was now dressed in rusty clothes; his countenance was subdued by thought; he was unhappy but not uneasy; his eyes were cast down, his lips were more closely pressed together, and the vigorous look of youth was changed for a gravity of demeanor that sat upon him well, though it seemed too grave for his years. There was literally a cloud of witnesses to his insanity. He had been heard to pity a condemned felon; he had said irreverent things of the law; he had spoken against the clergy; he had abused physic; he had given his money to vagabonds; he laughed at the fashions; he had cried at a wedding; he was opposed to war; he had been struck without returning the blow; he had pitied a slaveholder; he had——. But the jury would hear no more. They pronounced him mad with one voice. All Bedlam seemed now broken loose. No sooner was one maniac pronounced upon than another occupied the stand. The obscure little court-room began to look like the ante-room of the revolutionary tribunal. To expedite business a whole lot of maniacs were put up together and judged in a lump.

One was a young girl of eighteen who had married her father's poor clerk whom she loved, when she might have married her father's rich partner whose money her friends loved; a Wall-street broker who had refused usury on a note; a grocer who had recommended a customer not to buy his sugar because he could buy cheaper elsewhere; a man who corrected a post office error when his letter had been undercharged; a political orator who had refused an office because he did not think himself entitled to one; a lawyer who refused to advocate the cause of a rogue on the pretence of conscientious scruples; a critic who doubted his own infallibility; a lieutenant of marines who gave up his commission and earned his bread by his own labor; an editor of a newspaper who had never called names; an English traveller without national prejudices; a midshipman who never damned the service; an artist who painted from nature; an author who was satisfied with a review of his book; a young lady who was offended at being told that she was pretty; a poet who considered himself inferior to Shakspeare. These were all pronounced mad. But the noise of their removal woke me, and finding that the other jurors had gone over to the one who was for rendering a vedict of not insane, I too, instructed by my dream, concluded to coincide with them, lest I should establish a precedent by which I might at some future day be pronounced mad myself.

THE SPRING.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I.

Of the pure crystal Spring,
And the bright water, sing
Ever and aye:
As it comes bubbling up
Round the green grassy top
Of its small "gravel cup,"
Hasting away.

II.

Earth wears a deeper green
Where the glad Spring is seen,
And the skies seem,
Under and far above,
As in the fondness of
Pure and maternal love,
Circling the stream.

III.

There the soft breezes come,
Making the leaflets hum
Low as they pass;
And their light pinions play,
All through the summer's day—
Moving the waters gay
And the long grass.

IV.

Where the still runnel flows,
There the white lily blows,
Modest and pure.
Seen through the foliage dim,
On the tall maple limb,
Pours the glad bird a hymn
To her fond wooer.

V.

Down on the grassy brink
Of the clear rill, to drink,
Stoops the tired mower—
Blessing the God who gave
Man the translucent wave,
From its deep hidden cave,
Ever to pour.

VI.

See the bright waters curl,
As the gay reaper's girl
Kneels at their side,
And the pure crystal sips—
Bathing her rosy lips—
While the pressed herbage dips
In the cool tide.

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VII,

Down in the wave below,
Health's cheek, with ruddy glow,
Blooms like a girl's—
Pressed to the waters down,
See the lips meet her own,
While on the breezes blown,
Blend their soft curls.

VII.

Tell not of "rosy wine"
Crowning with "joys divine"
Life and its cares;
Blood shot and sunken eyes,
Tears and half-uttered sighs,
Tell, of its votaries,
Sorrow is theirs.

IX.

Children of bitter wo,
Come to the waters!—ho!
Come, mourners, come!
Come ye where pleasures swim
Round the Spring's grassy brim—
Fly from the demon grim,
Couched in the RUM!

X.

Joy, with her sunny locks,
Leaps on the mossy rocks,
Where the Spring flows;
Nature smiles sweetly there—
Flowers scent the summer air—
And the dull fiend of care
Flies with his woes.

THE BEGGAR.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!
A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,—
That the world's blast may round me blow,—
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance,—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,—
That grief may fall like snow flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,—
Oh sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment;
Of thy sparkling light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness where'er I be,
Though fickle faith hath prison'd me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good bye kind friends, every one,
I've far to go, ere sets the sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet;—
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
Oh give, to strengthen me.

THE MOON.

BY L. E. L.

The moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it were in vain she shined:

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne;
She is a beauty and a queen,—
But what is this? she is alone.

Is there not one—not one—to share
Thy glorious royalty on high?
I cannot choose but pity thee
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother earth, on thee,
So there were others of my kin
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a solitary there.

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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

BY REYNELL COATES.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire;
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledged her *love—last year a bride!*

Hark! 'Tis his footsteep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!'
Tick!—Tick!—'How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I, *believed* 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food;—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done!
My heart must break!—And thou!'—The clock, strikes one.

'Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes!—he's there, he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child!—*his child!* Oh! fiend!' The clock strikes two.

'Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! He comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! The hope is o'er!

'Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart;
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I lie!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God, protect my child!' The clock strikes three!

They're gone, they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are number'd with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last, but all was o'er—
Dread silence reign'd around—the clock struck four!

CHANNING.

BY CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

Who now shall plead thy grievous wrongs, poor slave?
Scourged darkling! who, with melting eloquence,
Win for thee tears, and prayers, and hoarded pence,
Now they have borne thy Channing to the grave?
Channing, who plead for thee so gently brave,
Till our warmed hearts lost all their cold defense,
And selfish thoughts, we vainly urged for sense,
Charmed submission to his pleadings gave.
Weep for him, all who wear the oppressor's chain!
Whether in Europe's loathsome cells confined,
Where brutish pastors rule the unconscious mind,
Or torn from your wild homes across the main,
Or unpaid laboring for your fellow kind:
For you his voice will ne'er be heard again.

Stilled is that voice, whose dying utterance spoke
Great truths in gentle strains, that ne'er shall cease
To echo from men's hearts with wide increase,
Till the last link of slavery shall be broke,
And man no longer wears his fellow's yoke,
While the oppressor rests in swinish ease,
And recreant rulers court ignoble peace;
Or hirelings, covered with religion's cloak,
Palsy the ear with words in cloister caught;
Dull, bookish words, to God nor man allied;
Lifeless abortions borne of priestly pride,
Which mouthed for centuries still come to nought;
Falsely proclaimed of Him, the crucified,
Who first to man tidings of Freedom brought.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride;
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care, her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold, to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

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Now walking there was one more fair—
A light girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is curst alway!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls—
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coat-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear.
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door.
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardner Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere;
You pine among your halls and towers;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with Time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

ADVERSITY.

BY FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

It was an high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the Stoics, That the good things which belong to Prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to Adversity are to be admired. *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, Adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other—much too high for a heathen—It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God. *Veré magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesie, where transcendences are more allowed. And the Poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not without mystery—nay, and to have some approach to the state of a christian—That Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented) sailed the length of the great ocean,

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in an earthen pot, or pitcher; lively describing Christian Resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean. The virtue of Prosperity is Temperance; the virtue of Adversity is Fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols. And the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more, in describing the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distates; and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-workers and imbroiderers, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue.

SONG FOR AUGUST.

BY HARRIETT MARTINEAU.

Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Moves one, moves all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams,
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN WEAVER.

Those of our readers who have travelled in that beautiful part of Germany called the Saxon Switzerland, and thence onward through Silesia to the Riesen Gebirge, will have knowledge not only of the character of the country, but, of its industrious people, living not in towns, but as it were in one continuous village, along the bottoms of the valleys, following the course of a river or rivulet. They will remember the houses, half built of wood, and gaily painted red, and green, and yellow, like so many of Mrs. Jarley's caravans standing in the sunshine; and they will remember, too, all the webs of linen-thread which lay on the hill sides bleaching, and all the looms that they heard at work within the houses. They will remember that in these gay, straggling brookside villages, is made all the beautiful table-linen which has been their admiration at the hotels and in private houses half over Europe. As they passed through this region of German weavers they no doubt have thought of our own weavers in Manchester and Glasgow, living in dens of poverty, working sixteen hours a day, and hardly seeing God's sunshine, and to their fancies these Silesian villages seemed bits of Arcadian life. The prosperity of that region, however, is with the things that were—times are altered, even there; political changes and restrictions, principally, perhaps, the closing of the market which they had for their goods in Russia and Poland, has brought down the curse of the bitterest poverty and want upon these industrious people. The hand-loom weavers of Lancashire are not suffering more severe want than they.

Our own Hood wrote 'The Song of the Shirt,' like a knell sounding from the depths of despair to call up human kindness in human hearts, and the German poet Freiligrath, one of the noblest hearted men and finest poets of Germany, has written, too, his poem from the mountains of Silesia, which is a worthy pendant to Hood's song. The following is a translation, by Mary Howitt, of Freiligrath's poem, but which we must first premise with a word or two of explanation.—Rübezahl, familiar to our readers as Number-nip, had his haunt among the Riesen Gebirge, and was the especial friend and patron of the poor. The legend of Rübezahl is one of the most touching and beautiful of the German popular stories.—*Athenæum*.

Green grow the budding blackberry hedges;
What joy! a violet meets my quest!
The blackbird seeks the last year's sedges,
The chaffinch also builds her nest.
The snow has from each place receded,
Alone is white the mountain's brow;
I from my home have stolen unheeded;
This is the place—I'll venture now;
Rübezahl!

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Hears he my call? I'll boldly face him!
He is not bad! Upon this rock
My pack of linen I will place him—
It is a right good, heavy stock!
And fine! yes, I'll uphold it ever,
I' th' dale no better's wove at all—
He shows himself to mortal never!
So courage, heart! once more I call;
Rübezahl!

No sound! Into the wood I hasted,
That he might help us, hard bested!
My mother's cheek so wan and wasted—
Within the house no crumb of bread!
To market, cursing, went my father—
Might he but there a buyer meet;
With Rübezahl I'll venture rather—
Him for the third time I entreat;
Rübezahl!

For he so kindly helped a many,—
My grandmother oft to me has told;
Yes, gave poor folks a good-luck penny
Whose woe was undeserved of old!
So here I sped, my heart beats lightly,
My goods are justly measured all!
I will not beg,—will sell uprightly!
Oh, that he *would* come! Rübezahl!
Rübezahl!

If this small pack should take his fancy,
Perhaps he'd order more to come!
I should be pleased! Ah, there is plenty
As beautiful as this, at home!
Suppose he took it every piece!
Ah, would his choice on this might fall!
What's pawned I would myself release—
That would be glorious! Rübezahl!
Rübezahl!

I'd enter then our small room gaily,
And cry, "Here, father's gold in store!"
He'd curse not; that he wove us daily
A hunger-web, would say no more!
Then, then again would smile my mother,
And serve a plenteous meal to all;
Then would huzza each little brother—
Oh, that he *would* come! Rübezahl!
Rübezahl!

Thus spake the little weaver lonely,
Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.
In vain! the casual raven only
Flew o'er the old gnome-haunted dale.
Thus stood he whilst the hours passed slowly,
Till the night-shadows dimmed the glen,
And with white quivering lips, said lowly,
Amid his tears, yet once again,
Rübezahl!

Then softly from the green-wood turning
He trembled, sighed, took up his pack,
And to the unassuaged mourning
Of his poor home went slowly back.
Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching,
Feeble, and by his burden bowed.
—Methinks the famished father's making
For that poor youth, even now, a shroud!
Rübezahl!

THE FREED BIRD.

BY AMELIA WELBY.

Thy cage is opened, bird—too well I love thee,
To bar the sunny things of earth from thee;
A whole broad heaven of blue lies calm above thee,
The green wood waves beneath, and thou art free!
These slender wires shall prison thee no more—
Up, bird! and 'mid the clouds thy thrilling music pour.

Away, away! the laughing waters playing,
Break on the fragrant shore in ripples blue;
And the green leaves unto the breeze are laying
Their shining edges, fringed with drops of dew;
And here and there a wild-flower lifts its head,
Refreshed with sudden life, from many a sunbeam shed.

How sweet thy voice will sound! for o'er yon river
The wing of silence, like a dream, is laid;
And nought is heard, save when the wood-boughs quiver,
Making rich spots of trembling light and shade;
And a new rapture thy wild spirit fills,
For joy is on the breeze, and morn upon the hills.

Now, like the aspen, plays each quivering feather
Of thy soft pinions, bearing thee along,
Up, where the morning stars once sang together,
To pour the feelings of thine own rich song;
And now thou'rt mirrored to my dazzled view,
A little dusky speck, amid a world of blue.

Yet I will shade mine eyes, and still pursue thee,
As thou dost melt in soft, etherial air,
Till angel-ones, sweet bird, will bend to view thee,
And cease their hymns awhile, thine own to share;
And there thou art, with white clouds round thee furl'd,
Just poised beneath yon vault that arches o'er the world!

A free wild spirit unto thee is given,
Bright minstrel of the blue celestial dome;
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeam's home;
And soaring upward from thy dizzy height
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight!

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Lute of the summer-clouds! whilst thou art singing
Unto thy Maker thy soft matin hymn,
My own wild spirit, from its temple springing,
Would freely join thee in the distance dim;
But I can only gaze on thee and sigh,
With heart upon my lip, bright minstrel of the sky!

And yet, sweet bird, bright thoughts to me are given,
As many as the clustering leaves of June;
And my young heart is like a harp of Heaven,
Forever strung unto some pleasant tune;
And my soul burns with wild, poetic fire,
Though simple are my strains, and simpler still my lyre.

And now, farewell! the wild winds of the mountain
And the blue streams alone my strains have heard;
And it is well—for, from my heart's deep fountain
They flow, uncultured as thy own, sweet bird—
For my free thoughts have ever spurned control,
Since this heart held a wish, and this frail form a soul!

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, Oh, be patient! put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day!

Be patient, Oh, be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;
But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with LIBERTY, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, Oh, be patient! go and watch the wheat-ears grow!
So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change, nor throe;
Day after day—day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then, again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, Oh, be patient! though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen:
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire, on Freedom's harvest day!

THE WIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

Happy he to whom kind heaven,
Rich in grace, a wife hath given,
Virtuous, wise, and formed for love,
Gentle, guileless as a dove.

Let him thank his God for this
Pure overflowing cup of bliss;
Pain may never linger near,
With such friend to soothe and cheer.

She, like moonlight, mild and fair,
Smiles away each gloomy care—
Kisses dry man's secret tears,
And with flowers his pathway cheers.

When his boiling heart heaves high,
Flashing fire from his eye,
When kind friendship seeks in vain,
Passion's wild career to rein,—

Then *her* gentle step is near;
Softly drops her soothing tear,
As when evening dew comes down
On the meadow scorched and brown.

Some have sought their bliss in gold!
Some for fame their peace have sold;
Gold and glory in the hand
Crumble like a ball of sand.

Heaven sends man the faithful wife;
Life without her is not life!
And when life is o'er, her love
Gilds a brighter scene above.

MOTHER.

BY "PHAZMA."

Of all the words in language there's no other
Equal in gentle influence to Mother!
It is the first name that we learn to love—
It is the first star shining from above!
It is a light that has a softer ray
Than aught we find in evening or day.
Mother!—It back to childhood brings the man,
And forth to womanhood it leads the maiden.
Mother!—'Tis with the name of all things began
That are with love and sympathy full laden.
O! tis the fairest thing in nature's plan,
That all life's cares may not affection smother,
While lives within the yearning heart of man
Melting remembrance of a gentle Mother!

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THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chaunt a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.
No purple flowers—no garlands green
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
The leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsion rent apart,
Are running all to waste;
And, as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.
It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For, in thy darkness and distress,
New light and strength they give.
And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of wo
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all the dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.
Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!
I pledge you in this cup of grief
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

POEMS BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE WINTER KING.

O! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clowds growing black!
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

'I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree,
The storm does'nt trouble me!—Pee, dee, dee.'

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare!
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thine evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?

'Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves!—Pee, dee, dee.'

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But man feels a burden of want and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf!
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air;
And all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
In summer we faint; in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

'A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude!—Pee, dee, dee.'

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought;
We look at the clouds, while the bird has an eye
To him who reigns over them changeless and high!
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

'Because in all weather I'm happy and free,
They call me the WINTER KING!—Pee, dee, dee.'

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough
Whereon thou art fleeting so merrily now!
And though there's a vesture well-fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet
To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?

'I can draw them right up in my feathers you see!
To warm them, and fly away!—Pee, dee, dee.'

—

THE RISING EAGLE.

My bird, the struggle's over!
Thy wings, at length unfurled,
Will bear thee, noble rover,
Through yon blue airy world.

Thy fearless breast has shaken
Earth's dust and dew away;
Thine eye its aim has taken—
Its mark the orb of day.

Up, up, the faster leaving
Thy rocky rest below,
A fresher strength receiving,
The lighter shalt thou go.

The clouds that hang before thee
Thou soon shalt over-sweep,
Where all is brightness o'er thee,
To swim the upper deep.

Through seas of ether sailing,
Thou lofty, valiant one!
The breath of morn inhaling,
Thy course is to the sun.

The strife was all in lifting
Thy breast from earth at first,
The poising, and the shifting
To balance, was the worst.

And so with us; 'tis spreading
Our pinions for the skies,
That keeps us low and dreading
The first attempt to rise.

'T is rousing up and getting
Our balance, that we shun;
With thousand ties besetting,
We shrink from breaking one.

But when we've fairly started,
And cleared from all below,
How free and buoyant-hearted,
On eagle wings we go!

And as our bosoms kindle
With pure and holy love,
How all below will dwindle,
And all grow bright above!

The world that we are leaving
Looks little in our sight,
While, clouds and shadows cleaving,
We seek the Source of Light.

Rise! timid soul, and casting
Aside thy doubt and fear,
Mount up where all is lasting;
For all is dying here!

Then, as an eagle training
Her tender young to fly,
The hand, that's all sustaining,
Will lift thee to the sky.

While higher, higher soaring,
Thou'lt feel thy cares are drowned
Where heaven's bright SUN is pouring
A flood of glory round.

—

WORSHIP BY THE ROSE TREE.

Author of Beauty, Spirit of Power,
Thou, who didst will that the Rose should be,
Here is the place, and this is the hour
To feel thy presence, and bow to thee!
Bright is the world with the sun's first rays;
Clear is the dew on the soft, green sod;
The Rose Tree blooms, while the birds sing praise,
And earth gives glory to nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine,
The flowery boughs that are bending o'er
The glistening turf, to thy will divine
I kneel, and its Maker and mine adore.
Thou art around us. Thy robe of light
Touches the gracefully waving tree,
Turning to jewels the tears of night,
And making the buds unfold to thee.

Traced is thy name in delicate lines
On flower and leaf, as they dress the stem.
Thy care is seen, and thy wisdom shines
In even the thorn that is guarding them.
Now, while the Rose that has burst her cup
Opens her heart, and freely throws
To me her odors, I offer up
Thanks to the Being, who made the Rose!

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 8.

HEROISM.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

In the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behavior were as easily marked in the society of their age, as color is in our American population. When any Rodrigo, Pedro, or Valerio enters, though he be a stranger, the duke or governor exclaims, This is a gentleman,—and proffers civilities without end; but all the rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages, there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue,—as in Bonduca, Sophocles, the Mad Lover, the Double Marriage,—wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial, and on such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry. Among many texts, take the following. The Roman Martius has conquered Athens,—all but the invincible spirits of Sophocles, the duke of Athens, and Dorigen, his wife. The beauty of the latter inflames Martius, and he seeks to save her husband; but Sophocles will not ask his life, although assured that a word will save him, and the execution of both proceeds.

Valerius. Bid thy wife farewell,
Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen,
Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.
Dor. Stay, Sophocles,—with this, tie up my sight;
Let not soft nature so transformed be,
And lose her gentler sexed humanity,
To make me see my lord bleed. So, 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles:
Farewell; now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 't is to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore, not what 't is to live; to die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer, and a better. 'T is to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society
Of gods and goodness. Thou, thyself, must part
At last, from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude what then 't will do.
Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave thy life thus?
Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever loved best? Now, I'll kneel,
But with my back toward thee; 'tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.
Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth:
This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?
Soph. Martius, oh Martius,
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.
Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captived himself, has captivated me;
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul.
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved;
Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.

I do not readily remember any poem, play, sermon, novel, or oration, that our press vents in the last few years, which goes to the same tune. We have a great many flutes and flageolets, but not often the sound of any fife. Yet, Wordsworth's Laodamia, and the ode of "Dion," and some sonnets, have a certain noble music; and Scott will sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord Evandale, given by Balfour of Burley. Thomas Carlyle, with his natural taste for what is manly and daring in character, has suffered no heroic trait in his favorites to drop from his biographical and historical pictures. Earlier, Robert Burns has given us a song or two. In the Harleian Miscellanies, there is an account of the battle of Lutzen, which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's History of the Saracens recounts the prodigies of individual valor with admiration, all the more evident on the part of the narrator, that he seems to think that his place in Christian Oxford requires of him some proper protestations of abhorrence. But if we explore the literature of Heroism, we shall quickly come to Plutarch, who is its Doctor and historian. To him we owe the Brasidas, the Dion, the Epaminondas, the Scipio of old, and I must think we are more deeply indebted to him than to all the ancient writers. Each of his "Lives" is a refutation to the despondency and

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cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a stoicism not of the schools, but of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book its immense fame.

We need books of this tart cathartic virtue, more than books of political science, or of private economy. Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front. The violations of the laws of nature by our predecessors and our contemporaries, are punished in us also. The disease and deformity around us, certify the infraction of natural, intellectual, and moral laws, and often violation on violation to breed such compound misery. A lock-jaw, that bends a man's head back to his heels, hydrophobia, that makes him bark at his wife and babes, insanity, that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily, almost no man exists, who has not in his own person, become to some amount, a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation.

Our culture, therefore, must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season, that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech, and the rectitude of his behaviour.

Towards all this external evil, the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul, we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly, and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms, and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it: it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it hath pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right, and, although a different breeding, different religion, and greater intellectual activity, would have modified, or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero, that thing he does, is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man, that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and that he knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path, than any one else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past: then, they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

Self trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just. It is generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth, is the foil, the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums, and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all human society. What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then is it its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a trifle, made happy with a little gossip, or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. "Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-colored ones, or to hear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity and one other for use."

Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display: the soul of a better quality thrusts back the unseasonable economy into the

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vaults of life, and says, I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Hankal, the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bukharia. "When I was in Sogd, I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour, and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country." The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger—so it be done for love, and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way, the time they seem to lose, is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take, remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water, than belong to city feasts.

The temperance of the hero, proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonor to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn, and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating, or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses, but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian Apostle, drank water, and said of wine, "It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as I remember, water was made before it." Better still, is the temperance of king David, who poured out on the ground unto the Lord, the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of their lives.

It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, "O virtue, I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. Plenty, it does not need, and can very well abide its loss.

But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good humor and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life, at so cheap a rate, that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace, as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. Socrates' condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honor in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," Juletta tells the stout captain and his company,

Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Master. Very likely,
'T is in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye.

These replies are sound and whole. Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take any thing seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years. Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own play in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though, to the eyes of mankind at large, they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences.

The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose. All these great and transcendent properties are ours. If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear. Let us feel that where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are;—that is a great fact, and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it, only that thyself is here;—and art and nature, hope and dread, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets

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for the feet of Milton. A great man illustrates his place, makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest, which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendor, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men, who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life, was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority, they seem to throw contempt on the whole state of the world; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used, was the ideal tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations, is yet true, and a better valor, and a purer truth, shall one day execute their will, and put the world to shame. Or why should a woman liken herself to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho, or Sévigné, or De Staël, or the cloistered souls who have had genius and cultivation, do not satisfy the imagination, and the serene Themis, none can,—certainly not she. Why not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed. Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, try, in turn, all the gifts God offers her, that she may learn the power and the charm, that like a new dawn radiating out of the deep of space, her new-born being is. The fair girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her; O friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appear to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person, "Always do what you are afraid to do." A simple manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.

There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought,—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our money. Greatness once and forever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover, when another man recites his charities.

To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity, but it behoves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe, at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic, will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day, that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

I see not any road of perfect peace, which a man can walk but to take counsel of his own bosom. Let

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him quit too much association, let him go home much, and stablish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties, is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to men, may befall a man again: and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper, and a sufficient number of his neighbors to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart, to see how quick a bound nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us.

"Let them rave:
Thou art quiet in the grave."

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy them who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavor? Who that sees the meanness of our politics, but inly congratulates Washington, that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave, who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous, has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS, BY JOHN PIERPONT.

THE CHAIN.

Is it is his daily toil, that wrings
From the slave's bosom that deep sigh?
Is it his niggard fare, that brings
The tear into his down-cast eye?

O no; by toil and humble fare,
Earth's sons their health and vigor gain;
It is because the slave must wear
His chain.

Is it the sweat, from every pore
That starts, and glistens in the sun,
As, the young cotton bending o'er,
His naked back it shines upon?

Is it the drops that, from his breast,
Into the thirsty furrow fall,
That scald his soul, deny him rest,
And turn his cup of life to gall?

No;—for, that man with sweating brow
Shall eat his bread, doth God ordain;
This the slave's spirit doth not bow;
It is his chain.

Is it, that scorching sands and skies
Upon his velvet skin hath set
A hue, admired in beauty's eyes,
In Genoa's silks, and polished jet?

No; for this color was his pride,
When roaming o'er his native plain;
Even here, his hue can he abide,
But not his chain.

Nor is it, that his back and limbs
Are scored with many a gory gash,
That his heart bleeds, and his brain swims,
And the MAN dies beneath the lash.

For Baäl's priests, on Carmel's slope,
Themselves with knives and lancets scored,
Till the blood spirted,—in the hope
The God would hear, whom they adored;—

And Christian flagellants their backs,
All naked, to the scourge have given;
And martyrs to their stakes and racks
Have gone, of choice, in hope of heaven;—

For here there was an inward WILL!
Here spake the spirit, upward tending;
And o'er Faith's cloud-girt altar, still,
Hope hung her rainbow, heavenward bending.

But will and hope hath not the slave,
His bleeding spirit to sustain:—
No,—he must drag on, to the grave,
His chain.

—

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR.

Star of the North! though night-winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky,
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope my sleepless eye,
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night:
For night;—I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon,—

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Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath rivetted my chain;
No other leader can I trust,
But thee, of even the starry train;
For, all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning

I may not follow where *they* go:
Star of the North, I look to thee,
While on I press; for well I know
Thy light and truth shall set me free;—
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the hope of Israel.

Wise were the men, who followed thus
The star that sets man free from sin!
Star of the North! thou art to us,—
Who 're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is night's protecting wing—
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee!
I trust thy steady light alone:
Star of the North! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me, through these forests dim
And vast, to Liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray!

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows, at the break of morn.
And there I lay, till thy sweet face
Looked in upon my 'hiding place.'

The tangled cane-brake,—where I crept,
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept,
Till wakened by the rising moon,—
As its stalks felt the night-wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array,
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising, or sinking in the deep,
And, as it hangs in mid heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle* cowers;
Fit ensign! she's a bird of spoil;—
Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.
I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion, at the Virgin's feet,
Couches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap!—an emblem meet
Of England's Queen and English law:—
Queen, that hath made her Islands free!
Law that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest!—O, for ever shine!
The negro, from the cotton-field,
Shall then beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle screaming o'er it.

HYMN FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Where Britannia's emerald isles
Gem the Caribbean sea,
And an endless summer smiles,
Lo! the negro thrall is free!
Yet not on Columbia's plains,
Hath the sun of freedom risen:
Here, in darkness and in chains,
Toiling millions pine in prison.

Shout ye islands disenthralled,
Point the finger, as in scorn,
At a country that is called
Freedom's home, where men are born
Heirs, for life, to chains and whips,—
Bondmen, who have never known
Wife, child, parent, that their lips
Ever dared to call their own.

Yet, a *Christian* land is this!
Yea, and ministers of Christ
Slavery's foot, in homage, kiss;
And their brother, who is priced,
Higher than their Saviour, even,
Do they into bondage sell;—
Pleading thus the cause of Heaven,
Serving thus the cause of hell.

Holy Father, let thy word,
Spoken by the prophets old,
By the pliant priest he heard;
And let lips, that now are cold,
(Chilled by Mammon's golden wand!)
With our nation's 'burden' glow,
Till the free man and the bond
Shout for Slavery's overthrow!

* The constellations, *Aquila*, *Leo*, and *Virgo*, are here meant by the astronomical fugitive.

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THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn, that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town, and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle, and set out for the Station-house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the city of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and, at a short distance from its outskirts, passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable either to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, "is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighborhood; and the greater, that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts have been made for that purpose, from time immemorial. Bunyan mentions that about twenty thousand cartloads of wholesome instructions had been thrown in here, without effect."

"Very probably!—and what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. "You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it, by throwing into the Slough some editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture—all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down, in a very formidable manner; and, spite of Mr. Smooth it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus; especially, if each passenger were eucumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the Station-house. This very neat and spacious edifice is erected on the site of the little Wicket-Gate, which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and, by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. The reader of John Bunyan will be glad to know, that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket-office. Some malicious persons, it is true, deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in the dispute, I shall merely observe, that, so far as my experience goes, the square pieces of pasteboard, now delivered to passengers, are much more convenient and useful along the road, than the antique roll of parchment. Whether they will be as readily received at the gate of the Celestial City, I decline giving an opinion.

A large number of passengers were already at the Station-house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanor of these persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favorable change, in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man, with a huge burthen on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot, while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood, setting forth towards the Celestial City, as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society, who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the back-ground. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage, I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burthens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-car, and, as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the

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journey's end. Another thing likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the Wicket-Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims, while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well of the illustrious potentate above-mentioned, as of the worthy and enlightened Directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged, on the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the Station-house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm, that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-heart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt, the Directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. "He was offered the situation of brakeman; but, to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow, in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road, on foot, that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub, that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-heart went off to the Celestial City in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train. You will probably recognise him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which—not to startle the reader—appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach, as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I. "What on earth is this! A living creature?—if so, he is own brother to the engine that he rides upon!"

"Poh, poh, you are obtuse!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine; and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm, "this shows the liberality of the age; this proves, if anything can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist! I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it, when we reach the Celestial City."

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travellers, in the old pilgrim-guise, with cockle-shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burthens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people, in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon, they gazed at us with such woeful and absurdly compassionate visages, that our merriment grew ten-fold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelope them in an atmosphere of scalding stream. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which, he observed, was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot-path still passes his door; and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveller, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian's burthen fell from his shoulders, at the sight of the Cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, Mr. Scaly-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers, indeed, joined with great unanimity in this

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view of the matter; for our burthens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and, especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favorite Habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position, as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed, of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and spacious double-track; so that, unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage, that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"This is a wonderful improvement, indeed," said I. "Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful, and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity and the rest—who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young ladies!" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown, since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well," said I, much comforted, "then I can very readily dispense with their acquaintance."

The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate; anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But, on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded Valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart, during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine; not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose, the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps, along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests for ever upon the Valley; a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader have ever travelled through the dark Valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps, that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the Valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track—a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented—the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek, careering along the Valley as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine, on arriving at a stopping-place.

The spot, where we had now paused, is the same that our friend Bunyan—a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake; inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the Directors had caused forges to be set up, for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern-mouth, whence ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame,—and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreathe itself,—and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming itself into words almost articulate,—would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation, as

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greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with mis-shapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes; as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity, that the laborers at the forge, and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowlekge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants; like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion of their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of these persons—an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy—I called to him, and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-easy, carelessly some puffing smoke into my eyes. "But I heard such bad accounts, that I never took pains to climb the hill, on which the city stands. No business doing—no fun going on—nothing to drink, and no smoking allowed—and a thrumming of church-music from morning till night! I would not stay in such a place, if they offered me house-room and living free."

"But, my good Mr. Take-it-easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?"

"Oh," said the loafer, with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again, some day soon. A pleasant journey to you!"

While he was speaking, the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the Valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas-lamps, as before. But sometimes, in the dark of intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins, or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought, that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly,—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of—but, all through the Dark Valley, I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered, with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well nigh have taken my oath, that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where, in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and saw-dust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalist; but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant, that neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth, we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day, when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating, beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other, that those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these, perhaps, exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say, that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention

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was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures, which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification to this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labors of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, in all subjects of human or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles—except, doubtless, its gold—becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's hand, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes; with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop, there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser, in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally, a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents; and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair: and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birth-rights, A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the bargain.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to

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the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily, when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humor gibing at them; a pair of buxon ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly-erected temple, but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all parts in its business or pleasures.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your life-time, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair! Yea; though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket, must lay his account with losing the purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me; amid the occupations or amusements of the fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honors, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; "but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away; "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tomb-stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams."

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My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, over-hung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propogated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine; but, in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms for ever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two poor pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience, amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well those men have got on!" cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away: "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear—never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on th s important route, lay at the river side, puffing, shorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no!" answered he with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley, "Oh, no!" I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good bye! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh outright; in the midst of which cachination, a smoke-wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a Dream!

SONNET TO J. M. K.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
To scare church-harpies from the master's feast;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-cankered homily;
But spurred at heart with fiercest energy
To embattle and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

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THE LEVELLER.

BY "BARRY CORNWALL."

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
  Fenced round by his "power divine";
The baron he sits in his castle old,
  Drinking his ripe red wine;—
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
    So the world goes,
    So the stream flows;
    Yet there's a fellow, whom nobody knows,
    Who maketh all free,
    On land and sea,
    And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
  And dreams of her pearlëd pride;
The milk-maid sings to the wild-eyed dawn
  Sad songs on the cold hill-side;
And the saint he leaves (while he prattles of faith)
Good deeds to the sinner, as scandal saith,
And the scholar he bows to the face of brass,
And the wise man he worships the golden ass!
    So the world goes,
    So the stream flows;
    Yet there's a fellow, whom no body knows,
    Who maketh all free,
    On land and sea,
    And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

THE SOLEMN SONG OF A RIGHTEOUS HEARTE.

After the fashion of an early English Poet.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

There is a mighty Noyse of Bells
    Rushing from the turret free;
A solemn tale of truth it tells,
    O'er Land and Sea,
How heartes be breaking fast, and then
    Wax whole againe.

Poor fluttering Soule! why tremble soe,
    To quitt Lyfe's fast decaying Tree;
Time wormes its core, and it must bowe
    To Fate's decree;
Its last branch breakes, but thou must soare,
    For Evermore.

Noe more thy wing shal touch grosse Earth;
    Far under shal its shadows flee.
And all its sounds of Woe or Mirth
    Grow strange to thee.
Thou wilt not mingle in its noyse
    Nor court its Joies.

Fond One! why cling thus unto Life,
    As if its gaudes were meet for thee;
Surely its Follie, Bloodshed, Stryfe,
    Liked never thee?
This World grows madder each newe daie,
    Vice bears such sway.

Couldst thou in Slavish artes excel,
    And crawle upon the supple knee,—
Couldst thou each Woe-worn wretch repel,—
    This Worldes for Thee.
Not in this spheare man ownes a Brother:
    Then seek another.

Couldst thou bewraie thy Birthwright soe
    As flatter Guilt's prosperitye,
And laude Oppressionnes iron blowe,—
    This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence to this thou wilt not bend,
    Life 's at an end.

Couldst thou spurn Vertue meanly clad,
    As if 't were spotted infamy,
And prayse as Good what is most Bad,—
    This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence thou canst not will it soe,
    Poor Flutterer goe!

If Head with Hearte could so accord,
    In bond of perfyte Amitie,
That Falsehood raigned in Thoughte, Deed, Word—
    This Worldes for Thee.
But scorning guile, Truth-plighted one!
    Thy race is run.

Couldst thou laugh loud, when griev'd hearts weep,
    And Fiendlyke probe their Agonye,
Rich harvest here thou soon wouldst reape,—
    This Worldes for Thee.
But with the weeper thou must weepe,
    And sad watch keep.

Couldst thou smyle swete when Wrong hath wrung
    The withers of the Poore but Prowde,
And by the rootes pluck out the tongue
    That dare be lowde
In Righteous cause, whate'er may be,—
    This Worldes for Thee.

This canst thou not! Then, fluttering thing,
    Unstained in thy puritye,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing,—
    Meet Home for Thee.
Fear not, the crashing of Lyfe's Tree,—
    God's Love guides Thee.

And thus it is:—these solemn bells,
    Swinging in the turret free,
And tolling forth theire sad farewells,
    O'er Land and Sea,
Tell how Hearte's breake, full fast, and then,
    Growe whole againe.

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THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honor how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favor how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it 's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
Tell, virtue least preferreth,
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

ETTY ROVER.

BY L. E. L.

Thou lovely and thou happy child,
Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
To watch a thing so fair;
To think that in our weary life
Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will,
And in each fresh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
Thy future with no fear;
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

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How little is the happiness,
That will content a child;
A favorite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults,
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We overrule, and overteach,
We curb and we confine;
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No; only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye;
Enjoy those few bright hours which now,
E'en now, are hurrying by.

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder—such, at least,
Its influence on me.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. BLACKWOOD.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
One bright May morning long ago,
When you were first my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength had gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there:
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!

LOST—Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, *two golden hours*, each set with *sixty diamond minutes*. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

FORGIVENESS is the odor exhaled by flowers when trampled upon.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 9.

A DIRGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Poet! lonely is thy bed,
And the turf is overhead,—
  Cold earth is thy cover;
But thy heart hath found release,
And it slumbers full of peace
'Neath the rustle of green trees,
And the warm hum of the bees
  Mid the drowsy clover;
Through thy chamber still as death
A smooth gurgle wandereth,
As the blue stream murmureth
  To the blue sky over.
Where thy stainless clay doth lie
Clear and open is the sky,
And the white clouds wander by,
Dreams of summer, silently
  Darkening the river;
Thou hearest the clear water run,
And the ripples, every one
Scattering the golden sun,
  Through thy silence quiver.

Thou wast full of love and truth,
Of forgivingness and ruth,—
Thy great heart with hope and youth
  Tided to o'erflowing;
Thou didst dwell in mysteries,
And there lingered on thine eyes
Shadows of serener skies,
Awfully wild memories
  That were like foreknowing;
Thou didst remember well and long
Some fragments of thine angel-song,
And strive, through want, and woe, and wrong,
  To win the world unto it;
Thy curse it was to see and hear
Beyond to-day's scant hemisphere,
Beyond all mists of doubt and fear,
Into a life more true and clear,—
  And dearly thou didst rue it.

"Thou sow'st no gold, and shalt not reap!"
Muttered Earth, turning in her sleep;
"Come home to the eternal deep!"
Murmured a voice, and a wide sweep
Of wings through thy soul's hush did creep,
  As of thy doom o'erflying;
It seemed as thy strong heart would leap
Out of thy breast, and thou didst weep,
  But not with fear of dying;

Men could not fathom thy deep fears,
They could not understand thy tears,
The hoarded agony of years
  Of bitter self-denying;
So once, when, high above the spheres,
Thy spirit sought its starry peers,
It came not back to face the jeers
  Of brothers who denied it;
Star-crowned, thou dost possess the deeps
Of God, and thy white body sleeps
Where the lone pine for ever keeps
  Patient watch beside it.

Poet! underneath the turf,
  Soft thou sleepest, free from morrow;
Thou hast struggled through the surf
  Of wild thoughts, and want, and sorrow;
Now, beneath the moaning pine,
  Full of rest thy body lieth,
While, far up in pure sunshine,
Underneath a sky divine,
  Her loosed wings thy spirit trieth;
Oft she strove to spread them here,
But they were too white and clear
For our dingy atmosphere.

Thy body findeth ample room
In its still and grassy tomb
  By the silent river;
But thy spirit found the earth
Narrow for the mighty birth
  Which it dreamed of ever;
Thou wast guilty of a rhyme
Learned in a benigner clime,
And of that more grievous crime,—
An ideal too sublime
For the low-hung sky of Time.

The calm spot where thy body lies
Gladdens thy soul in Paradise,
  It is so still and holy;
Thy body sleeps serenely there,
And well for it thy soul may care,
It was so beautiful and rare,
  Lily-white so wholly:
From so pure and sweet a frame
Thy spirit parted as it came,
  Gentle as a maiden;
Now it hath its full of rest,
Sods are lighter on its breast
Than the great prophetic guest
  Wherewith it was laden.

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PRISON DISCIPLINE.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A Society has lately been organized here, for the Reform of Prisons and their inmates. Their first object is to introduce into our prisons such a mode of discipline as is best calculated to reform criminals, by stimulating and encouraging what remains of good within them, while they are at the same time kept under strict regulations, and guided by a firm hand. Their next object is to render discharged convicts such assistance as will be most likely to guide them into the paths of sober and successful industry.

John W. Edmonds, President of the Board of Inspectors at Sing Sing Prison, pleaded for the benevolent objects of the institution with real earnestness of heart; and brought forward abundant statistics, carefully prepared, to show the need of such an association, and to prove that crime always diminishes in proportion to the amelioration of the laws. He urged the alarming fact that from 200 to 250 convicts a year, from Sing Sing, were returned upon society, nearly without money, without friends, (except among the vicious) without character, and without employment. Of these more than half belong to the cities of New York and Brooklyn; without taking into account the numbers that pass through, and often stop for a season, on their way to other destinations. Poor, unfriended, discouraged, and despised, in a state of hostility with the world, which often has in reality done them more grievous wrong than they have done the world, how terribly powerful must be the temptation to new crimes!

In answer to the common plea, that most of these wretched people were old offenders, hardened in vice and not likely to be restored by Christian efforts, he stated that of the 934 now in the prison, only 154 had been in prison before; 599 of them, about two-thirds of the whole number, were under thirty years of age; 192 were under twenty-one years of age; and 27 were not seventeen years old, when they were sentenced. Of thirty-one now confirmed lunatics, twenty-two were so when they were committed.

He said he had no faith whatever in the system of violence, which had so long prevailed in the world; the system of tormenting criminals into what was called good order, and of never appealing to anything better than the base sentiment of fear. He had seen enough, in his own experience, to convince him that, degraded as they were, they still had hearts that could be touched by kindness, consciences that might be aroused by appeals to reason, and aspirations for a better course of life, which often needed only the cheering voice of sympathy and hope, to be strengthened into permanent reformation.

Of late there has been a gradual amelioration of discipline at Sing Sing. Three thousand lashes, with a cat of six tails, used to be inflicted in the course of a month; now there are not as many hundreds; and the conviction is constantly growing stronger, that it will be wisest, as a mere matter of policy, to dispense with coporeal punishment altogether. This is somewhat gained in the course of the eighteen centuries, which have rolled away, through rivers of human blood, since Christ said, "If thy brother offend thee, forgive him. I say unto thee not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." If our religion is not practicable, honest men ought not to profess it.

A very great change has taken place in the women's department of the prison; under the firm but kind administration of Mrs. Farnham, and her colleagues, who do not discharge their arduous duties merely as a means of gaining a living, but who feel a sincere sympathy for the wretched beings intrusted to their care. The difference between their government and the old fashioned method, cannot perhaps be more concisely indicated than by the following anecdote: Two minister in the Society of Friends travelled together, and one was much more successful in his labours than the other. "How dost thou manage to take so much more hold of the hearts of the people, than I do?" said the least efficient preacher. "I can explain it in few words," replied the other: "I tell people that if they do right they shall *not* be whipped. Thou sayest that if they *don't* do right, they *shall* be whipped."

In other words the system now begun at Sing Sing is to punish as sparingly as possible, and to give cordial praise and increase of privileges, for every indication of improvement. The wisdom of such a course was suggested to my mind several years ago, by an intelligent, well educated woman, who had, by intemperance, become an inmate of the almshouse at South Boston. "Oh!" said she, "if they would only give us more encouragement and less driving; if they would grant increased privileges for doing well, instead of threatening punishment for doing wrong; I could perform my tasks with a cheerful heart, if they would only say to me, 'Do your task quickly, and behave well, and you shall hear music one evening in the week, or you may have one day of the six to read entertaining books.' But instead of that, it always is, 'If your task in not done well, you will be punished.' Oh! nobody, that has never tried it, knows how hard this makes work go off"

I thought of this woman when I read Barry Cornwall's lines, called THE POOR-HOUSE:

"Enter and look! In the high walled yards
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground.
Enter the long, bare chambers! Girls
And women are sewing without a sound—
Sewing from morn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or a song goes round.

"No communion—no kind thought,
Dwells in the pauper's breast of care;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past—
Nothing to come, but the black despair
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or hungry out in the open air!"

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Acting upon the principle to which I have alluded, the President of the inspectors at Sing Sing, last Fourth of July, sent each of the seventy three women prisoners a beautiful boquet, with a note, asking them to receive the flowers as a testimonial of his approbation for their good conduct. When the matrons passed through the galleries, every woman came to the door of her cell, with the flowers in her hand, and earnest thanks, and the whispered "God bless you," met them at every step. Being afterward assembled in the chapel, they brought their flowers; and while the matron talked with them like a mother, about the necessity of forming habits of self-government, and of the effect of their present conduct on their future prospects in life, the tears flowed plentifully, and convulsive sobs were audible. One of the matrons writes:

"The effect of this little experiment has been manifest in the more quiet and gentle movements of the prisoners, in their softened and subdued tones of voice, and in their ready and cheerful obedience. It has deepened my conviction that, however degraded by sin, or hardened by outrage and wrong, while Reason maintains its empire over the Mind, there is no heart so callous or obdurate, that the voice of Sympathy and Kindness may not reach it, or so debased, as to give no response to the tones of Christian Love."

On Thanksgiving day, one of the matrons, as a reward for the good behaviour of the prisoners, caused her piano to be removed to the chapel, and tunes of praise and worship were mingled with friendly exhortations. We, who live freely amid the fair sights and sounds of our Father's creation, can hardly imagine how soothing and refreshing is the voice of music to the prisoner's weary and desolate soul. And then the kindness of bringing music and flowers to *them!* of offering to the outcast and degraded those graceful courtesies usually appropriated to the happy, the refined, and the beloved!—this touched their inmost hearts, even more deeply than the blessed voice of music. They wept like children, and one of them said, "It does not seem as if we could ever want to do wrong again."

Nor are repentant words their only proofs of gratitude. Instead of riot, blasphemy, and obscenity, they are now distinguished for order, decorum and cheerful industry. The offences against prison discipline, in that department, formerly averaged forty-seven a month; they now average only seven. This favourable change is attributed mainly to friendly instruction, and improved classification; not classification according to crimes committed, but according to obedience, and indications of a sincere wish to reform. One of the keepers told me that she now seldom had occasion to resort to anything harsher than to say, "It will give me great pain and trouble if you do not obey me. I am trying to do you good, and to make you as happy as circumstances permit. Surely, then, you will not wish to give me pain." She said it was rare, indeed, that this simple and affectionate appeal was unavailing. Alas, for the wrongs that have been done to human hearts, under the mistaken idea of terrifying and tormenting sinners out of their sins. Satan *never* cast out Satan. We take back precisely what we give; hardness for hardness, hatred for hatred, selfishness for selfishness, love for love.

I am well aware that this will sound very sentimental to many readers. Very likely some wag may jestingly describe these suggestions, as "a new transcendental mode of curing crime by music and flowers." If so, he is welcome to his mirth. For my own part, I cannot jest about the misery or the errors of any of my fellow-creatures.

The doctrines of forgiveness and love, taught by Jesus, are not, as men seem to suppose, mere beautiful sentimental theories, fit only for heaven: they are rational principles, which may, not only safely, but profitably, be reduced to practice on earth. All divine principles, if suffered to flow out into the ultimates of life, would prove the wisest political economy.

The assertion that society makes its own criminals, interferes with the theological opinions of some. They argue that God leaves the will of man free, and therefore every individual is responsible entirely for his own sin. Whether the same action is equally a sin, in the sight of God, when committed by individuals in totally different circumstances, I will not attempt to discuss. Such questions should reverently be left to Him who made the heart, and who alone can judge it. But I feel that if I were to commit a crime, with my education, and the social influences that prop my weakness in every direction, I should be a much worse sinner than a person guilty of the same deed, whose childhood had been passed among the lowest haunts of vice, and whose after years had been unvisited by outward influences to purify and refine. The degree of conviction resisted would be the measure of my sin.

The simple fact is, human beings stand between two kinds of influences, the inward and the outward. The inward is the spirit of God, which strives with us always. The outward is the influence of Education, Society, Government, &c. In a right state of things, these two would be in perfect harmony; but it is painfully obvious that they are now discordant. Society should stand to her poor in the relation of a parent, not of a master.

People who are most unwilling to admit that external circumstances have an important agency in producing crime, are nevertheless extremely careful to place *their* children under safe outward influences. So little do they trust their free will to the guidance of Providence, they often fear to have them attend schools, taught by persons whose creeds they believe to be untrue. If governments took equally paternal care, if they would spend more money to pre-

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vent crime, they would need to expend less in punishing it. In proportion as Hamburg Redemption Institutes increase, prisons will diminish. The right of Society to punish, or restrain, implies the duty to prevent. When Bonaparte objected to a woman's talking politics, Madame de Stael shrewdly replied, "In a country where women are beheaded, it's very natural they should ask the reason why." And if the children of poor and ignorant men are branded, and ruined for life, by the operation of civil laws, it is reasonable that they should be early taught those moral obligations on which laws are based.

Few are aware how imperfectly most criminals understand the process by which they are condemned, and how very far it is from impressing them as a moral lesson. A young girl of seventeen was condemned to the State Prison for three years, on charge of being accomplice in a theft. Her trial occupied but one hour, and she had no counsel. The account she gave me of this brief legal performance, touched my heart most deeply. "They carried me into another room," said she, "and there were a great many strange faces; and one gentleman said something to me, but I did not understand what he meant; and another gentleman talked a good deal. It seemed to be all against me. They did not ask me anything, and nobody said anything for me; and then they told me I must go to Sing Sing for three years." Do half the criminals understand the proceedings against them any better than this? That certain things are punished, they indeed know very well; but this seems to them a mere arbitrary exercise of power, to be avoided by cunning; for early education, and the social influences around them, have confounded the distinctions between right and wrong.

I repeat that Society is answerable for crime, because it is so negligent of duty. And I would respectfully suggest to legislators, what probably will have more power to attract their attention, than any considerations of human brotherhood, viz: that a practical adaptation of our civil institutions to Christian principles would prove an immense saving of money to the State. The energy spent in committing crime, and in punishing crime, is a frightful waste of human labour. Society calculates its mechanical forces better than its moral. They do not observe, that "on the occasion of every great crime, a proportionally great force was in motion; and they do not reflect how different would be the product of the social sum, if that force had been wisely instead of unwisely employed. Add to this, the alarming consideration that crime hardened by severity is continually sent back upon society; that society thrusts at it with a thousand spear points, and goads it to desperation, to be again punished by a renewal of the hardening process.

Inquiry into the causes of crime, and the means of prevention, cannot receive too much attention from the wise and good. "The soil of Vesuvius has been explored," says Schiller, "to discover the origin of its eruptions; and why is less attention paid to a moral than to a physical phenomenon? Why do we not equally regard the nature and situation of the things which surround a man until the tinder within him takes fire?"

Poulmann, lately beheaded in Paris, for robbery and murder, when his head was under the axe, said: "I owe society a grudge, because it condemned me to the galleys when I was *only seventeen*. After the expiration of the term for which I was sentenced, there was still enough stuff left in me to make an honest man. But I was always pointed at as a liberated galley slave."

In connection with this subject, I would most urgently entreat all who will listen to me, to be very cautious how they treat a first crime, in any person. I have known young girls of sixteen sent to Blackwell's Island, for stealing property valued at twenty-five cents. Once there, seen by visitors in company with prostitutes and thieves, haunted by a continual sense of degradation, is their future course likely to be other than a downward one? To employers, who take such harsh measures with erring domestics, instead of friendly exhortation, and Christian interest in the welfare of a human soul, I always want to say, Ah, if she were thy own daughter, dependent on the kindness and forbearance of strangers, is it *thus* you would have them treat her? If she once had a mother, who watched her cradle tenderly, and folded her warmly to a loving heart, treat her gently for that mother's sake. If her childhood was unnurtured, and uncheered by the voice of love, then treat her *more* gently, for that very reason; and remember the saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I would likewise entreat those who happen to know of some delinquency in a fellow-being, to keep the secret faithfully, so long as his life gives assurance of sincere amendment. A very young man, who is now in Sing Sing, when tried for his second offence, told a story at the bar, which was in substance as follows: "My first offence was committed more in thoughtlessness, than with deliberate wickedness. But I felt that I was to blame, and was willing to bear the penalty like a man. In prison, I formed the strongest resolutions to atone for my fault by a life of honest usefulness. When my time was out, I succeeded, after a good deal of difficulty, in obtaining employment. I did my best to gain the confidence of my employer, and succeeded. Every day I felt my manhood grow stronger. But at last a person came into the store, who eyed me keenly, and I turned pale under his gaze. He told my employer that he had seen me among the convicts at Sing Sing; and I was sternly dismissed from his service. I went to Philadelpha to seek for any honest

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employment I could find; but a man, who saw me there, told me if I did not quit the city in twenty-four hours, he would expose me. I came back disheartened to New York. I had spent my last dollar. Christians would not give me a home; gamblers and thieves would; and here I am again on my way to Sing Sing."

Isaac T. Hopper, agent of the benevolent association I have mentioned, related several highly interesting incidents, which occurred while he was one of the inspectors of the Philadelphia prison.

He said that Mary Norris, a middle-aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed, on one occasion, begged him to intercede for her, that she might go out. "I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon," said he.

"Very likely; I expect to be brought back soon," she answered, with stolid indifference of manner.

"Then where will be the good of letting thee out?"

"I should like to go out," she replied. "It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine."

"But if thou enjoys thy liberty so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?"

"How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence: nobody will believe me innocent. They will all say, 'She is an old convict. Send her back to prison. That is the best place for *her*.' O, yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in my trying to do better."

Much affected by her tone of utter hopelessness, Friend Hopper said, "But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?"

Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, "Indeed, I would."

The kind hearted inspector used his influence to procure her dismissal, and provided a place for her, as head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

Patrick McKever, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence changed to ten years' imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him like a brother, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. Afterhis release, he returned to his trade, and conducted in a very sober, exemplary manner. The inspector often met him, and spoke words of friendly encouragement. Things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighbourhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. "No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him," was the answer.

"Nay, it is *not* enough," replied Friend Hopper. "He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit; and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty. But to all his urgent representations, he received the answer, "He is an old convict; and that is enough."

The poor fellow, hung his head and said, in tones of despair, "Well then, I must make up mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison."

"Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?" said Isaac, looking earnestly in his face.

"Indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will *that* do? They will all say, He is an old convict, and that is enough."

Friend Hopper told him he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterward proved, and to the day of his death, he continued a virtuous and useful citizen. What would have been his fate. if no friend had appeared for him? If every human heart had refused to trust him?

The venerable speaker told the story of two lads, one fifteen and the other seventeen, who had been induced by a bad father to swear falsely, to gratify his own revengeful feelings. They were detected, and sent to prison. When Friend Hopper saw them arrive at dusk, hand-cuffed and chained together, their youth and desolate appearance touched his compassionate feelings. "Be of good heart, my poor lads," said he; "You can retrieve this one false step, if you will but try. You may make useful and respectable men yet." He took care to place them away from the contagion of those more hardened in vice, and from time time to time he praised their good conduct, and spoke to them encouragingly of the future. After a while, he proposed to the Board of Inspectors to recommend them to the Governor for pardon. He met with some opposition, but his arguments finally prevailed, and he and another gentleman were appointed to wait on the Governor. His request was granted, after considerable hesita-

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tion, and only on condition that worthy men could be found, who would take them as apprentices. Friend Hopper took the responsibility, and succeeded in binding one of them to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. After giving them much good advice, he told them to come to him whenever they were in difficulty, and to consider him a father. For a long time, they were in the habit of spending all their leisure evenings with him, and were well pleased to listen to the reading of instructive books. These brothers became respectable and thriving mechanics, married worthy women, and brought up their families in the paths of sobriety and usefulness. In the days of their prosperity, Friend Hopper introduced them to the Governor, as the lads he had been so much afraid to pardon. The magistrate took them by the hand, most cordially, and thanked them for the great public good they had done by their excellent example.

Out of as many as fifty similar cases, in which he had been interested, Friend Hopper said he recollected but two, that had resulted unfavourably.

The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restraining maniacs, but experience has proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the bedlam at Bicetre, many supposed his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, some ten years, some forty years; and with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to remove their chains and put on strait waistcoats. At first, they did not believe it, because they had been so often deceived. When they found it true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became very valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.

Dorothea L. Dix, our American Mrs. Fry, the God-appointed missionary to prisons and alms-houses, told me that experience had more than confirmed her faith in the power of kindness, over the insane and vicious.

Among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found *one* individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of the religious sentiment over these shattered souls seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice from heaven. Tearing and rending, yelling and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

On one occasion, this missionary of mercy was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully, day and night, rent his garment, plucked out his hairs, and was so violent, that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and, without appearing to notice him, began to read, with serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of Scripture, filled with the spirit of tenderness. His shouts gradually subsided until at last he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said meekly, "Read me some more; it does me good." And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away now;' he eagerly replied, "No, you cannot go. God sent you to me; and you must not go." By kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me your hand," said he. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, "*You* treat me right. God sent you."

On another occasion, she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs into worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the Shepherd's fold, she prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had had several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile, she said, "Henry, are you well to-day?" "Hush!—hush!" replied he, sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, "Hush!—there are angels with you! They have given you their voice."

But let not the formalist suppose that *he* can work such miracles as these, in the professed name of Jesus. Vain is the Scripture or the prayer, repeated by rote. They must be the meek utterance of a heart overflowing with love; for to such only do the angels "lend their voice."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

If maddened by oppression, men have torn
Their shackles off, and in an evil time
Spurned all restraint, and steeped their souls in crime,
Trampling laws, customs, creeds, in utter scorn,
Giving the reign to license, and through blood
Wading in quest of unsubstantial good,
Till Earth the frenzy of her sons doth mourn—
Reproach not LIBERTY! The winds long pent,
The volcano's fires repressed, in finding vent
Sweep on in desolation! So are born
All monstrous crimes of Tyranny—rapine, lust,
Murder, convulsion—then on her alone
Vengeance be heaped! and Earth and Heaven will own
The terrible retribution wise and just!

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BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Light to the darken'd mind
Bear, like the sun, the world's wide circle round—
Bright messengers that speak without a sound!
Sight on the spirit-blind
Shall fall where'er ye pass: your living ray
Shall change the night of ages into day.
God speed ye on your way!

In closet and in hall
Too long alone your message hath been spoken:
The spell of gold that bound ye there is broken;
Go forth, and shine on all!
The world's inheritance, the legacy
Bequeath'd by Genius to the race are ye:
Be like the sunlight—free!

A mighty power ye wield!
Ye wake dim centuries from their deep repose,
The spoils of time to yield.
Ye hold the gift of immortality:
Bard, sage, and seer, whose fame shall never die
Live through your ministry.

Noiseless upon your path,
Freighted with love, romance, and song, ye speed,
Moving the world in custom and in creed,
Waking its love or wrath.
Tyrants that blanch not on the battle plain
Quail at your silent coming, and in vain
Would bind the riven chain.

Shrines that embalm great souls,
Where yet the illustrious dead high converse hold,
As God's spake through their oracles of old!
Upon your mystic scrolls
There lives a spell to guide our destiny—
The fire by night, the pillar'd cloud by day,
Upon our upward way.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

BY BAPTIST NOEL.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man.
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can:
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He is taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.
"Rattle his bones over the stones:
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad
To think that a heart in humanity clad,
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones;
Tho' a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

When my mother died, I was very young,
And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "weep! weep! weep! weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said
Hush Tom! never mind it; for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet; and that very night
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

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THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"Hail Sabbath! thee I hail, the Poor Man's Day!"—GRAHAM.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still thou art a welcome day:
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest,
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute empurpled moor,
Throstle's song that stream-like flowest,
Wind that over dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the wo-worn poor.

Little river,
Young for ever,—
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,—
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,—
Gnat within the wild-rose keeping,—
Oh that they were blest as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly,
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod.
For affliction's sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters
Pray to God, the poor man's God.

From the fever
Idle never,
Where, on Hope, Want bars the door;—
From the gloom of airless alleys,
Lead thou to green hills and valleys
Plundered England's trampled poor.

Pale young mother,—
Gasping brother,—
Sisters toiling in despair,—
Grief-bowed sire, that life-long diest,—
White-lipped child that sleeping sighest,—
Come and drink the light and air!

Tyrants curse ye,
While they nurse ye,
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;
Yet, O Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still thou art the Poor Man's Day,

Sabbath's Father!
Would'st thou rather
Some would curse than all be blessed?
If thou hate not fruit and blossom,
To the oppressor's godless bosom
Bring the Poor Man's Day of Rest,—
With its healing,
With his feeling,
With his humble trustful bliss.
With the poor man's honest kindness
Bless the rich man's heart of blindness,
Teach him what Religion is!

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

BY DR. CHATFIELD.

Man can build nothing worthy of his Maker:
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain.

The wond'rous world, which He himself created,
Is the fit temple of Creation's lord;
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praises poured.

Its altar, earth; its roof, the sky untainted;
Sun, moon, and stars, the lamps that give it light;
And clouds, by the celestial artist painted,
Its pictures bright;

Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion
In one united hymn is heaven-ward sped;
The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed ocean,
Its organ dread;

The face of Nature its God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its living lore.

Hence learn we that our Maker—whose affection
Knows no distinction, suffers no recall—
Sheds His impartial favour and protection
Alike on all.

Thus by Divine example do we gather
That every race should love alike all others;
Christian, Jew, Pagan, children of one father—
All, all are brothers.

O, thou most visible, but unseen teacher,
Whose finger writes its lessons on our sphere!
O, thou most audible, but unheard preacher,
Whose sermons clear

Are seen and read in all that thou performest,
Wilt thou look down and bless, if when I kneel
Apart from man-built fanes, I feel the warmest
And purest zeal?

If in the temple Thine own hand hath fashioned,
'Neath the bright sky, by lonely stream or wood,
I pour to Thee, with willing heart impassion'd,
My gratitude—

If, fearing Thee, I love thy whole creation,
Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,
Wilt thou receive and bless mine adoration?
Thou wilt! Thou wilt!

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THE SNOW-STORM.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

In summer there is beauty in the wildest moors of Scotland, and the wayfaring man who sits down for an hour's rest beside some little spring that flows unheard through the brightened moss and water-cresses, feels his weary heart revived by the silent, serene, and solitary prospect. On every side sweet sunny spots of verdure smile towards him from among the melancholy heather—unexpectedly in the solitude a stray sheep, it may be with its lamb, starts half alarmed at his motionless figure—insects large, bright, and beautiful, come careering by him through the desert air—nor does the Wild want its own songsters, the gray linnet, fond of the blooming furze, and now and then the lark mounting up to Heaven above the summits of the green pastoral hills. During such a sunshiny hour, the lonely cottage on the waste seems to stand in a paradise; and as he rises to pursue his journey, the traveller looks back and blesses it with a mingled emotion of delight and envy. There, thinks he, abide the children of Innocence and Contentment, the two most benign spirits that watch over human life.

But other thoughts arise in the mind of him who may chance to journey through the same scene in the desolation of winter. The cold bleak sky girdles the moor as with a belt of ice—life is frozen in air and on earth. The silence is not of repose but extinction—and should a solitary human dwelling catch his eye half-buried in the snow, he is sad for the sake of them whose destiny it is to abide far from the cheerful haunts of men, shrouded up in melancholy, by poverty held in thrall, or pining away in unvisited and untended disease.

But, in good truth, the heart of human life is but imperfectly discovered from its countenance; and before we can know what the summer, or what the winter yields for enjoyment or trial to our country's peasantry, we must have conversed with them in their fields and by their firesides; and made ourselves acquainted with the powerful ministry of the seasons, not over those objects alone that feed the eye and the imagination, but over all the incidents, occupations, and events, that modify or constitute the existence of the poor.

I have a short and simple story to tell of the winter life of the moorland cottager—a story but of one evening—with few events and no signal catastrophe—but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots that are carrying on in the great Drama of Life.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-labourers, who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent-free, with their little garden won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer walls covered with the richest honey-suckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough poney that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, midday, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the labourer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness, for on this Saturday-night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills. This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them "her sair-worn penny fee," a pittance which, in the beauty of her girlhood, she earned singing at her work, and which in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labour a tortoise shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long-expected Saturday-night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well indeed might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety

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is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time, when inevitable selfishness mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had left so long: and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer. The parents whom before she had only loved, her expanding heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor parents, now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the Cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat, and went to the door, to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands—and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow, that seemed encrusted with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child—but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and returning to the fireside, they began to talk of her, whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

"She is growing up to be a bonny lassie," said the mother; "her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring, kept her down awhile—but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth." "Ay, Agnes," replied the father, "we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why, I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the examination in the Kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the Bible by heart—indeed, she has read but little else—only some stories,—too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some o' the auld songs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock." "Ay—were we both to die this very night she would be happy. Not that she would forget us all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy? None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world, around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the Father o' them on earth whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they, for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive! Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a child—but never sad nor miserable—ready, it is true, to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles!—I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms towards her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair and letting it fall down in clusters before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch."

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sugh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash tree, under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow, glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driving with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weather-wise.—A storm is coming down from the Cairnbraehawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for his former labors—and set off to meet his daughter—who might then, for ought he knew, be crossing the Black-moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not, but she at last knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death. "Lord have mercy on us, James, what will become of our poor bairn!" But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow-storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house,

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soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in the garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the poney and the cow; friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parent's house. But the snow storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted,—and shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow,—of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor,—and, in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her,—so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work,—happy in her sleep,—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child,—and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this,—she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed,—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer." And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name,—thy kingdom come,—thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity,—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in Heaven—then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cot-

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tage—a white-spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. "I will not go to seek them—that would be tempting Providence—and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here and pray for their souls!" Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold—and, unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulness of all trouble, in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright-burning hearth—and the Bible, which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her agony, remained clasped in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months—and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind-hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. "I do not like the night," said William—"there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow-cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-lin, and it may be down to the Black-moss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two sheep-dogs that had taken their place under the long table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black-moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauchburn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish—he had often passed the night among the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from Heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him; and as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost.—As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with frenzy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fireside—at work—in the kirk—on holidays—at prayers—bringing supper to his aged parents—smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills—and he now found that though he had never talked to her about love, except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father or mother, or his own soul. "I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, "or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth." A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow-flakes whirled so fiercely around his head, that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forwards shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well-trained dogs over the snow in all direction—repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee," that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning, (and it is probable they did,) and were eager to find in her bewilderment the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay, that, in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfall. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master—while the other was mute, and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time that the youth had ever been sorely tried—all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart—and at once the sole object which had blessed his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. "God," he then thought, "has forsaken me, and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death?" God thought both of him and Hannah—and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer—and he revered the Sabbath-day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart, by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which

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one human being bears to another, in his frailty—even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another—and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence, and truth. That she should perish was a thought so dreadful, that, in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being—"blow—blow—blow—and drift us up for ever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah—Hannah—think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us?"

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise—or anger—or fear—but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is yet alive, thank God!"—and as that expression left his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse: "I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us—I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child." The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow-creature, in whose hand was the power of life and of death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow-drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreaking and disparting storm, gathered about him—his dogs barked and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of God, who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream, "Send the riband that ties up my hair, as a keep-sake to William Grieve." "She thinks that she is on her death-bed, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not die, and that, under His grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into hers; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired, where she was, and what fearful misfortune had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young master carried her along, she murmured, "O William! what if my father be in the moor?—For if you, who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm." As she spoke it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet, were all driving about in the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father—Father," cried Hannah—and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and pressed through the snow-wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured,—but each judged of the other's sufferings from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued, from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their death-beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah Lee through the snow. Her colour and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be called—felt her heart gently beating against his side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness—and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty—when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the Cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate—and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully—naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within—no footstep came to the door, which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had fol-

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lowed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to worse, for there upon the hard clay floor lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still—so was her heart—her face pale and sunken—and her body cold as ice. "I have recovered a daughter," said the old man, "but I have lost a wife;" and he carried her, with a groan, to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, too, now swooned away, and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed indeed, that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the fire-side. The husband knelt down by the bed-side, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awe-stricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly an end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes, and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of God that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in a breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream had touched her brain, and when she opened her eyes, which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recall to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she beheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bed-side, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temples reclined. But she knew from the white, steadfast countenances before her that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection, and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship—and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread—and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal partaken of in silent thankfulness. The whole story of the night was then recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen Scrae upon the Black-moss, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them—and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow, the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden still called him her young master—but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leaped within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"My father will think I am lost," said he, with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendour—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon crossed the Black-moss, now perfectly still—and, perhaps, just as he was passing, with a shudder of gratitude, the very spot where his sweet Hannah Lee had so nearly perished, she was lying down to sleep in her innocence, or dreaming of one now dearer to her than all on earth but her parents.

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SONNETS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.

I. *Our Father.*

Our Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
Sweet is the murmured music of the vow
When young love's kiss first prints the maiden's brow;
But sweeter, to a father's yearning breast
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!—
Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
And drop, in diamonds, in their cavern'd fountains;
Warm as our heart-drops; true as truth above.
And is such Thine? For whom? For all—ev'n me!
Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
Is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
Of being! Down my soul: it cannot be!
But he hath said! Up, soul, unto His throne!
Father, "our Father," bless and save thine own!

II. *Who art in Heaven.*

Who art in Heaven! Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
Thy presence is existence. 'Neath thine eye,
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—and die;
Ev'n as, to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hill-side spring,
Sparkle and pass for ever down the stream.
Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,
Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;
And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows
Upon the confines of infinity.
Where Thou art not, ev'n Nothing cannot be!
Where Thy smile is, is Heaven; where not—all woes,
Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant thy smile be
My light of life, to guide me up to Thee!

III. *Hallowed be Thy name.*

Hallowéd be Thy name! In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold-brow'd, and Craft walk hand in hand,
And varnish'd Seeming gives a grace to Crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,
Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn God;
Wherever voice hath spoke or foot hath trod;
Sacred Thy name! The skeptic wild and vain;
Rous'd from his rosy joys, the Osmanlite;
The laughing Ethiop; and the dusk Hindoo:
Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;
Praise Thee! Nor Earth alone. Each star of night,
Join in the choir! till Heaven and Earth acclaim—
Still, and for ever, Hallowed be Thy name!

IV. *Thy kingdom come.*

Thy kingdom come! Speed, angel wings, that time!
Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power, or pallid fear,
The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime!
All will be Thine—all best! Thy kingdom come!
Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.
The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown—for not a foe: the thong unknown—
For not a slave: the cells, o'er which Despair
Flaps its black wing and fans the sigh-swoll'n air,
Deserted! Night will pass, and hear no groan!
Glad Day look down nor see nor guilt nor guile;
And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile;

V. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven!
That will which chords the music-moving spheres,
With harmonies unheard by mortal ears;
And, losing which, our orb is jarred and riven.
Ours a crush'd harp! Its strings by tempests shaken;
Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones
Startle the spheres with discord and with groans;
By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken!
Oh, be its chords restrung! Thy will be done!
Mysterious law! Our griefs approve that will:
For as shades haunt the night, grief follows ill;
And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun.
Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given:
For when Thy will is done, then earth is heaven!

VI. *Give us this day our daily bread.*

Give us this day our daily bread! Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill the grassy vale along;
And 't is Thy smile, when Summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!
Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoard
I crave; no splendor; no Apician board;
Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told;
I ask no more. But spare my brethren! they
Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save
Their wan-eyed lov'd ones, sinking to the grave.
Give them their daily bread! How many pray,
Alas, in vain, for food! Be Famine fed;
And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread!

VII. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
Those who against us trespass! Though we take
Life, blessings, promis'd heaven, from Thee; we make
Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live!
Pure once; now like the Cities of the Plain,
A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls
Its heavy waves above our buried souls.
Yet wilt Thou raise us to the light again,
Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm

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That grovels in our way. How light the cost,
And yet how hard the task! For we are lost
In sin. Do thou my soul uphold and form!
Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and Thee;
Teach me to pardon; and oh, pardon me!

VIII. *And lead us not into temptation.*

Lead us not into temptation! The earth's best
Find, but in flight, their safety; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its Basilisk eyes.
Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed tongue;
Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart;
Ambition's marble smile and earthly art;
The rosy cup where aspic death is hung!
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calmy safety of the Anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and bright.
Be thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone!
Save from the tempter! Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still!

IX. *But deliver us from evil.*

Deliver us from evil! Hapless race!
Our life a shadow and our walk a dream;
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam;
Where is our hope but Thee! Oh give us grace
To win thy favor! Save from loud-voic'd Wrong,
And creeping Craft! Save from the hate of foes;
The treachery of friends; the many woes,
Which, to the clash of man with man belong!
Save those I love from want, from sickness, pain!
And—spared that pang of pangs—oh let me die
Before, for them, a tear-drop fills my eye;
And dying, let me hope to meet again!
Oh, save me from myself! Make me and mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only Thine!

X. *For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen.*

Thine is the kingdom, power and glory! Thine
A kingdom, based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such thought be—
Would crush the mind; a power that wills should shine
A million worlds; they shine—should die; they die:
A glory to which the sun is dim;
And from whose radiance e'en the saraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade the eye!
And these are Thine, FOREVER! Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves
And minutes! Yet Thy cov'nant promise saves:
Our trust is in Thee, Father, Saviour, Lord!
Holy, thrice holy, Thou! Forever, then,
Be kingdom, power and glory Thine! Amen.

FOREST WOOD.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But thanks to God! they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God! in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying!

The preacher says, "Lord bless us!"
"Lord bless us!" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low,
"Amen!" the rill replies;
The ceaseless toil of wo-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying;
But here, oh God of earth and heaven!
The humble heart is praying.

How softly in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide.
With evil deeds of men
The affrighted land is ringing;
But still, oh Lord! the pious heart
And soul-toned voice are singing.

Hush! hush! the preacher preacheth,
"Wo to the oppressor, wo!"
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,
And saddened flowers below:
So frowns the Lord! but tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not, in his gathered brow,
Your day of tribulation!

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above;
God whispers in the thunder: hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful heads and honest hearts
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But thank'd be God! they can't prevent
The storm of heaven from speaking.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 10.

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Some of the leading sectarian papers have lately published the letter of a clergyman, giving an account of his attendance upon a criminal, (who had committed murder during a fit of intoxication) at the time of his execution, in Western New York The writer describes the agony of the wretched being—his abortive attempts at prayer—his appeal for life—his horror of a violent death; and after declaring his belief that the poor victim died without hope of salvation, concludes with a warm eulogy upon the Gallows, being more than ever convinced of its utility, by the awful dread and horror which it inspired.

Far from his close and noisome cell,
By grassy lane and sunny stream,
Blown clover-field and strawberry dell,
And green and meadow freshness, fell
The footsteps of his dream.
Again from careless feet, the dew
Of summer's misty morn he shook:
Again with merry heart he threw
His light line in the rippling brook.
Back crowded all his school-day joys—
He urged the ball and quoit again,
And heard the shout of laughing boys
Come ringing down the walnut glen.
Again he felt the western breeze,
Its scent of flowers and crisping hay;
And down again through wind-stirred trees
He saw the quivering sun-light play.
An angel in Home's vine-hung door,
He saw his sister smile once more;
Once more the truant's brown-locked head
Upon his mother's knee was laid,
And sweetly lulled in slumber there,
With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

He woke. At once on heart and brain
The present terror rushed again—
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!
He woke to hear the church tower tell
Time's footfall on the conscious bell,
And, shuddering, feel that clanging din
His life's last hour had ushered in;
To see within his prison-yard,
Through the small-window, iron-barred,
The Gallow's shadow rising dim
Between the sunrise heaven and him,—
A horror in God's blessed air—
A blackness in his morning light—
Like some foul devil-altar there
Built up by demon hands at night.
And, maddened by that evil sight,
Dark, horrible, confused and strange,
A chaos of wild, weltering change,
All power of check and guidance gone,
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.
In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,
In vain he turned the holy book,
He only heard the Gallows-stair
Creak, as the wind its timbers shook.
No dream for him of sin forgiven,
While still that baleful spectre stood,
With its hoarse murmur, "Blood for Blood!"
Between him and the pitying Heaven!

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,
And smote his breast; and on his chain,
Whose demon clasp he always felt,
His hot tears fell like rain:
And near him, with the cold, calm look
And tone of one whose formal part,
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,
Is measured out by rule and book,
With placid look and tranquil blood,
The hangman's ghostly ally stood,
Blessing with solemn text and word
The Gallows-drop and strangling cord:
Lending the Gospel's sacred awe
And sanction to the crime of Law.

He saw the victim's tortured brow—
The sweat of anguish starting there—
The record of a nameless woe
In the dim eye's imploring stare,
Seen hideous thro' the long, damp hair—
Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
Working and writhing on the stone!
And heard, by mortal terror wrung
From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,
The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;
As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
A vision of the eternal flame—
Its smoky cloud of agonies—
Its demon-worm that never dies—
The everlasting rise and fall
Of fire waves round the infernal wall:
While high above that dark red flood,
Black, giant like, the Gallows stood:
Two busy fiends attending there;
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,
The other with impatient grasp,
Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp!

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The unfelt rite at length was done—
The prayer unheard at length was said—
An hour had passed:—the noon day sun
Smote on the features of the dead!
And he who stood the doomed beside,
Calm guager of the swelling tide
Of mortal agony and fear,
Heeding with curious eye and ear
Whate'er revealed the keen excess
Of man's extremest wretchedness:
And who, in that dark anguish, saw
An earnest of the victim's fate,
The vengeful terrors of God's law,
The kindlings of Eternal Hate—
The first drops of that fiery rain
Which beats the dark red realm of Pain,—
Did he uplift his earnest cries
Against the crime of Law, which gave
His brother to that fearful grave,
Whereon Hope's moon-light never lies,
And Faith's white blossoms never wave
To the soft breath of Memory's sighs;—
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,
In madness and in blindness stark,
Into the silent unknown dark?
No—from the wild and shrinking dread
With which he saw the victim led
Beneath the dark veil which divides
Ever the living from the dead,
And Nature's solemn secret hides,
The man of prayer can only draw
New reasons for his bloody Law;
New faith in staying Murder's hand,
By murder at that Law's command;
New reverence for the Gallows-rope,
As human nature's latest hope;
Last relic of the good old time,
When Power found license for its crime,
And held a writhing world in check
By that fell cord about its neck;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,
And timely checked the words which sprung
From Heresy's forbidden tongue;
While, in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-colored mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord!

Oh Thou! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changèd countenance
Broke the still horror of its trance,
And waking saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
And from Thy very garment's hem
Drew life and healing unto them,
The burthen of Thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death:
Man's demon ministers of Pain,
The fiends of his revenge, were sent
From Thy pure Gospel's element
To their dark home again.
Thy name is Love! What then is he
Who in that name the Gallows rears,
An awful altar, built to Thee
With sacrifice of blood and tears?
Oh, once again Thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know Thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Melt in upon his darkened thought.
Soften his hard, cold heart, and show
The power which in forbearance lies,
And let him feel that Mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice.

As on the White Sea's charmèd shore,
The Parsee sees his holy hill
With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,
Yet knows beneath them evermore
The low pale fire is quivering still;
So, underneath its clouds of sin
The heart of man retaineth yet
Gleams of its holy origin:
And half quenched stars that never set
Dim colors of its faded bow,
And early beauty, linger there,
And o'er its wasted desert blow
Faint breathings of its morning air.
Oh! never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained but priceless soul,
Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"
Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray—
My brother man, Beware!
With that deep voice which, from the skies
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward;" it has soothed my affliction; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—COLERIDGE.

You cannot live *for* men, without living *with* them.

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POEMS BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S."

PSALM XXIV.

Lord! the earth is thine,
And the fulness of the sea—
Heaps of gold, and gems that shine,
Flashing through the flashing brine,
All belong to Thee!
Underneath the yeasty waves,
Where the great sea-monsters roam,
Thou hast hollowed wond'rous caves
For their ocean home.
Where the huge Leviathan
Revels in his kingly might
Over beds of chrysolite,
Thou hast builded temples fairer—
Thou hast fashioned grottos rarer
Than the proudest works of man.
There uncounted treasures lie
Hidden deep from human eye;
Lustrous gems, whose radiant gleams
Sparkle aye in starry beams.
All the wonders of the sea,
All the gems that flash and shine
Underneath the ocean-brine,
God! belong to Thee!

Lord! the earth is thine,
And the fulness of the earth!
Thou, in sovereignty of will,
From thine everlasting hill,
Called the light—the VOICE DIVINE
O'er the formless void went forth,
And the darkness fled!
From the mass chaotic hurled
Rose to life this wond'rous world—
Suns and stars with constant force
And undeviating course
In their orbits sped.
Tree, and plant, and opening flower,
In their virgin beauty drest,
Heard the mandate, and Thy power
Instantly confessed.
All by Thee were called to birth,
Sole PROPRIETOR of Earth.
Thine is every living thing—
From the sluggish worm that crawls
O'er the dungeon's slimy walls,
To the forest's tameless king—
And the bird, whose rapid wing
Flashes in the glad sunshine,
As it soars aloft, to fling
Out upon the gales of spring
Gifts of song that seem divine—
Insect, beast, and bird are thine!
Formed by Thy creating hand,
Heedful all to Thy command.

Hills arrayed in living green,
Where the sunshine loves to linger,
And the wind with wizard finger,
Trifles with the springing grass—
Waters singing as they pass,
(Pauses none to intervene,)
With a low and pleasant tune,
All the leafy time of June—
Valleys with the sunshine dancing
On their verdant slopes, and glancing
Downward to their deepest beds—
Forests, regally uplifting
To the clouds their crowned heads—
And the undulating plain
Swaying with the swaying grain—
These are Thine—and Thine the sky,
With its gorgeous pageantry,
And its shadows ever shifting.
Wait they all upon thy word,
Nature's universal Lord!

Then to Thee, of life the Giver,
Praises be ascribed for ever!
Thine be thanks and adoration,
Thine be songs of exultation:
Thanks and songs for ever given—
Every voice in concert sounding,
Every heart with rapture bounding,
All harmonious anthems blending,
Louder swelling as ascending—
Tribute of the earth to Heaven!

H. A. B.

Deem not, Belovèd! that the glow
Of love with youth will know decay—
For though the wing of time may throw
A shadow o'er our way;
The sunshine of a cloudless faith,
The calmness of a holy trust,
Shall linger in our hearts till Death
Consigns our "dust to dust!"

The fervid passion of our youth—
The fervor of Affection's kiss—
Love, born of purity and truth—
All pleasant memories—
These still are ours, while looking back
Upon the Past with dewy eyes;
Oh dearest! on Life's vanished track
How much of sunshine lies!

Men call us poor—it may be true
Amid the gay and glittering crowd—
We feel it, though our wants are few,
Yet envy not the proud.
The freshness of Love's early flowers,
Heart-sheltered through long years of want,
Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours,
That wealth could never grant.

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Something of beauty from thy brow,
Something of lightness from thy tread,
Hath passed—yet thou art dearer now
Than when our vows were said.
A softer beauty round thee gleams
Chastened by time, yet calmly bright;
And from thine eye of hazel, beams
A deeper, tenderer light—

An emblem of the love which lives
Through every change, as time departs;
Which binds our souls in one, and gives
New gladness to our hearts!
Flinging a halo over life
Like that which gilds the life beyond!
Ah! well I know thy thoughts, dear wife!
To thoughts like these respond.

The mother, with her dewy eye,
Is dearer than the blushing bride
Who stood, three happy years gone by,
In beauty by my side!
Our Father, throned in light above,
Hath blessed us with a fairy child—
A bright link in the chain of love—
The pure and undefiled:

Rich in the heart's best treasure, still
With a calm trust we'll journey on,
Linked heart with heart, dear wife! until
Life's pilgrimage be done!
Youth—beauty—passion—these will pass
Like every thing of earth away—
The breath-stains on the polished glass
Less transient are than they.

But love dies not—the child of God—
The soother of Life's many woes—
She scatters fragrance round the sod
Where buried hopes repose!
She leads us with her radiant hand
Earth's pleasant streams and pasture by,
Still pointing to a better land
Of bliss beyond the sky!

—

MARY HOWITT.

Priestess of Nature! in the solemn woods
And by the sullen sea, whose ceaseless roar
Speaks of God's majesty for evermore,
And where the cataracts dash their shattered floods
Down to the iris-girdled gulfs which yawn
Eternally beneath, thy hand hath reared
Altars whereon no blood-stain hath appeared—
But there, at dewy eve, or kindling dawn,
Meek-hearted children, with their offerings
Of buds or bursting flowers, together kneel
In gladdest worship, till their spirits feel
A new and holier baptism; while the springs
Of joy are opened, and their waters flow
Forth to the laughing light, exulting as they go!

TO MY QUAKER COUSIN.

"Don't tell me of the feelings, the fine sensibilities, the hope and joy, and the true poetry of man's life being blunted by the increase of years! Why, I'll hate old age, if it is true! Make this, if thee pleases, no longer an apology for the laziness thee is guilty of when thee ceases to give us and every body the 'scintillations of thy poetical genius.' It is not that thy 'days are in the yellow leaf,' but that they are days of downright—laziness!"

Extract from her letter.

Yes, thou art right, sweet coz! I own
I am a lazy rhymer—very,—
And seldom gives my harp a tone
Of willing music, sad or merry;
Its strings are snapped, or out of tune,
And I myself am out of fashion,
For wailing ditties to the moon
Was never my peculiar passion.

I never wet my thirsty lip
At Helicon's inspiring fountain,
Nor even in fancy took a trip
To meet the Muses on their mountain.
The voice of Fame is sweet enough,
Doubtless, for devotees who love her,
But then her hill is quite too rough
And steep for me to clamber over.

Lazy and uninspired, can I
Write for thee canzonet or sonnet?
Or, smitten by thy beauty, try
To perpetrate a song upon it?
No—though thy charms of face and form
Would madden, like a heavenly vision,
When wine and love had rendered warm
Some dreamer of the fields Elysian!

No—though the wicked world should swear
Thou art the latest importation
From that bright realm where seraphs are
Bending for aye in adoration!
For beauty is at discount now
With the dull muse that weaves my numbers,
Nor laughing eye, nor polished brow,
Gleams on her in her dreamless slumbers.

But, for the brightness of thy youth,
And for the chastened love I bear thee,
And for thy gentleness and truth,
Which even thievish Time must spare thee,
And for thy heart which overflows
With kindness for the wronged and lowly,
And for thy guileless soul which glows
With tenderest feelings, pure and holy—

And for that fervent zeal for Right
Which burneth in thy bosom ever,
And for that steadfast faith whose might
In perils's hour shall fail thee never—

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For human sympathies, which bring
  True hearts around thee to adore thee—
For these, dear coz! I kneel and fling
  The tribute of my song before thee.

Others may sonnetize the spell
  That lives within thy radiant glances,
And lying bardlings boldly tell
  That loveliness around thee dances;
Vows may be offered thee in rhyme,
  And worship paid in common metre
But these will pass with passing time,
  For beauty than the wind is fleeter.

Be mine the better task to find
  For thee a tribute undegrading:
Flowers from the garden of the mind,
  Fragrant and pure, and never fading—
Gems from the mines of knowledge won,
  Brighter than fancy ever painted—
An offering to lay upon
  The altar of a heart untainted.

So, when the hand of Time hath reft
  From face and form thy youthful graces,
A tenderer beauty shall be left
  To sanctify their fading traces;
A chastened radiance, born of Thought,
  Around thy path shall then be shining,
With more than earthly brightness fraught,
  To gild and bless thy life's declining!

—

STANZAS,

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF AMERICA.

Toil and pray!
Groweth flesh and spirit faint?
Think of her who pours her plaint
  All the day—
Her—the wretched negro wife,
Robbed of all that sweetens life—
Her—who weeps in anguish wild
For the husband and the child
  Torn away!—

Nature's ties,
Binding heart with kindred heart,
Rent remorselessly apart—
  Tears and sighs,
Shrieks and prayers unheeded given,
Calling out from earth to heaven—
All that speaks the slave's distress—
All that in his cup doth press
  Agonies—

Wo and blight,
Broken heart and palsied mind,
Reason crushed and conscience blind,
  Darkest night
Shutting from the spirit's eye,
Light and glory from on high—
Think of these—and *falter not!*
Toil—until the slave is brought
  Up to light!

What though Hate
Darkly scowls upon your path?
Fear not ye the tyrant's wrath—
  Hope, and wait—
For though long the strife endure,
Freedom's triumph shall be sure—
Toil in faith, for God hath spoken,
Every fetter shall be broken,
  Soon or late.

Not in vain
Hath been heard your voice of warning—
Lo! a better day is dawning;
  And again
Shall be heard, from sea to sea,
Loudest songs of jubilee,
Bursting from a franchised nation,
As it leaps in exultation
  From the chain!

—

THE FREEMAN.

He worthy is of freedom—only he
  Who claims the boon for all—and, strong in right,
  Rebukes the proud oppressor by whose might
The poor are crushed—for TRUTH hath made him free,
And LOVE hath sanctified his liberty!
When Tyranny his horrid head uprears,
  And blasts the earth with pestilential breath,
  Girded with righteousness and strong in faith,
He stems the tide of wrong; nor scoffs, nor jeers,
Nor ruffian threats, nor fierce mobocracy,
Can daunt his soul, or turn him from the path
  Where duty points. Not his the craven heart
  That shrinks when tyrants bluster in their wrath;
But well in Freedom's strife he bears his part.

—

SOLITUDE.

The ceaseless hum of men—the dusty streets,
  Crowded with multitudinous life—the din
  Of toil and traffic—and the wo and sin,
The dweller in the populous city meets—
These have I left to seek the cool retreats
  Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers
  Builded by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers,
And roofed with ivy, on the mossy seats
  Reclining, I can while away the hours
In sweetest converse with old books, or give
My thoughts to God—or fancies fugitive
  Indulge, while over me their radiant showers
Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,—
And thanks to HIM my meditations crown!

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ARCHY MOORE.

"As I stood upon the forecastle and looked towards the land, which soon seemed but a little streak in the horizon, and was fast sinking from our sight, I seemed to feel a heavy weight drop off me. The chains were gone. I felt myself a freeman; and as I watched the fast-receding shore, my bosom heaved with a proud scorn—a mingled feeling of safety and disdain.

"'Farewell, my country!'—such were the thoughts that rose upon my mind, and pressed to find an utterance from my lips,—'and such a country! A land boasting to be the chosen seat of liberty and equal rights, yet holding such a portion of her people in hopeless, helpless, miserable bondage!'

"'Farewell my country! Much is the gratitude and thanks I owe thee! Land of the tyrant and the slave, farewell!'

"'And welcome, welcome, ye bounding billows and foaming surges of the ocean! Ye are the emblems and the children of liberty—I hail ye as my brothers!—for, at last, I too am free!—free!—free!'"—*Archy Moore, Vol. II. p.* 146-7.

From my heel I have broken the chain!
I have shivered the yoke from my neck!
Free!—free!—as the plover that rides on the main—
As the waters that dash o'er our deck!
In my bosom new feelings are born—
New hopes have sprung up in my path—
And I leave to my country defiance and scorn,
The curse of a fugitive's wrath!
My country?—away!—for the gifts which she gave
Were the whip and the fetter—the life of a slave!

Thank God! that a limit is set
To the reach of the tyrant's control!
That the down-trodden serf may not wholly forget
The right and the might of his soul!
That though years of oppression may dim
The fire on the heart's altar laid,
Yet, lit by the breath of Jehovah, like Him
It lives, and *shall* live, undecayed!
Will the fires of the mountain grow feeble and die?
Beware!—for the tread of the Earthquake is nigh!

Proud Land!—there is vengeance in store
For thy soul-crushing despots and thee—
When Mercy, grown faint, shall no longer implore,
But the day of thy recompense be—
When thy cup with the mixture of wrath
Shall be full—the Avenger, in power,
Shall sweep like a tempest of fire o'er thy path,
Consuming the tree and the flower—
And thy mountains shall echo the shriek of despair,
While the smoke of thy torment shall darken the air!

Wo! wo! to the forgers of chains,
Who trample the image of God:
Calls for vengeance the blood of the bondman, which stains
The cursed and the verdureless sod!
Ye may tread on the poor—but not long!
Ye may torture the weak—while ye dare!
But wo!—for the arm of a People is strong
When nerved by revenge and despair!
Let the fetter be tightened!—the sooner 'twill break!
Trample on!—and the serf shall more quickly awake!

* * * * * * *

My country!—the land of my birth!
Farewell to thy fetters and thee!
The by-word of tyrants—the scorn of the earth—
A mockery to all shalt thou be!
Hurra! for the sea and its waves!
Ye billows and surges—all hail!
My brothers henceforth—for ye scorn to be slaves,
As ye toss up your crests to the gale!
Farewell to the land of the "charter and chain,"—
My path is away o'er the fetterless main!

A SUMMER MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

How sweetly on the hill-side sleeps
The sunlight with its quickening rays!
The verdant trees that crown the steeps
Grow greener in its quivering blaze:
While all the air that round us floats
With subtile wing, breathes only life—
And, ringing with a thousand notes,
The woods with song are rife.

Why, this is Nature's holiday!
She puts her gayest mantle on—
And, sparkling o'er their pebbly way,
With gladder shout the brooklets run;
The birds and breezes seem to give
A sweeter cadence to their song—
A brighter life the insects live
That float in light along.

"The cattle on a thousand hills,"
The fleecy flocks that dot the vale,
All joy alike in life, that fills
The air, and breathes in every gale!
And who that has a heart and eye
To feel the bliss and drink it in,
But pants, for scenes like these, to fly
The city's smoke and din—

A sweet companionship to hold
With Nature in her forest-bowers,
And learn the gentle lessons told
By singing birds and opening flowers?
Nor do they err who love her lore—
Though books have power to stir my heart,
Yet Nature's varied page can more
Of rapturous joy impart!

No selfish joy—if Duty calls,
Not sullenly I turn from these—
Though dear the dash of waterfalls,
The wind's low voice among the trees,
Birds, flowers, and flocks—for God hath taught
—Oh, keep, my heart! the lesson still—
His soul, alone, with bliss is fraught,
Who heeds the Father's will!

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EXPOSTULATION.

"Like thee, oh stream! to glide in solitude
Noiselessly on, reflecting sun or star,
Unseen by man, and from the great world's jar
Kept evermore aloof—methinks 'twere good
To live thus lonely through the silent lapse
Of my appointed time." Not wisely said,
Unthinking Quietist! The brook hath sped
Its course for ages through the narrow gaps
Of rifted hills and o'er the reedy plain,
Or 'mid the eternal forests, not in vain—
The grass more greenly groweth on its brink,
And lovelier flowers and richer fruits are there,
And of its crystal waters myriads drink,
That else would faint beneath the torrid air.

—

Inaction now is crime. The old earth reels
Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,
Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold
Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
In worship foul to Mammon, is contemned.
He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemmed
Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels
Of impious tramplers rescued periled Right,
Is called fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
Maliciously assailed. The poor man's tears
Are unregarded—the oppressor's might
Revered as law—and he whose righteous way
Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

—

What then? Shall he who wars for Truth succumb
To popular Falsehood, and throw down his shield,
And drop the sword he hath been taught to wield
In Virtue's cause? Shall Righteousness be dumb,
Awe-struck before Injustice? No!—a cry,
"Ho! to the rescue!" from the hills hath rung,
And men have heard and to the combat sprung
Strong for the right, to conquer or to die!
Up, Loiterer! for on the winds are flung
The banners of the Faithful!—and erect
Beneath their folds the hosts of God's Elect
Stand in their strength. Be thou their ranks among.
Fear not, nor falter, though the strife endure,
Thy cause is sacred, and the victory sure.

—

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY,

(The middle of December—Thermometer at Zero.)

This feels like winter! Ugh! how bitterly
Cometh the keen northwester! In the west
Dark clouds are piled in gloomy masses up,
And from their folds comes freezingly the breath
Of the Storm-Spirit, couched and shrouded there.
But yestermorn the streams were murmuring
With their low, silvery voices, pouring forth
Their own peculiar music on the air,
And glancing in the sunshine radiantly.
Now their clear tones are hushed—for the Frost-King
Hath thrown his fetter on them, and evoked
The voice of melody that dwelt with them
In the bright sunny hours, and they are staid
In their free current, frozen, murmurless.

Where stays the sunshine? Hath it learned that Earth
Is chilled through all her veins, and for some grudge
That seemed forgotten long ago, resolved
To let it freeze for ever? Or, perchance,
The sun himself is frozen. If that cloud,
That hangs so like a pall along the sky,
Would move his body corporate, and begone
Back to his ocean-mansion, we might learn
Whether the sun be dead or slumbering.

Ho! bring my cloak, Katurah! Heap the wood
On the hot hearth—draw up the high-backed screen:
Let the winds whistle now, if so they will—
I care but little for their minstrelsy,
So I can shut from me their freezing breath.
Well—I am warm and quiet; but, i' faith,
I pity the poor wight that's forced to face
Old Boreas to-day. Necessity
Alone will call forth travellers, and—ugh! ugh!
This cough—ugh! ugh!—will kill me presently
An' I am not more careful. Oh, the seams
Around the doors and windows are unclosed.
List!—List!—a roll of list! I will not freeze
In my own domicil. Heap on the wood,
And throw another mantle round me—there!

Hark! as I live, I hear the ringing sound
Of the light skaters on the frozen lake—
And see how merrily they wheel away
In swift gyrations o'er the glassy ice,
As if a power were given them to fly!
The happy dogs!—Heaven grant they may not freeze.
I thought no boy would venture out to-day
For sport or labor, an' he were not flogged
For tarrying within. Well, after all,
It may not be so *very* cold for them—
And I remember me when I was young,
How little cared I for the biting frost,
So I might whirl upon the ringing steel
Merrily on, surrounded by a group
As happy as myself, all life and joy!
But s'death: a few short years will make a change
In a man's sensitiveness, 'specially
When they bring with them gout and rheumatism,
Toothachs and agues, fevers and catarrhs—
And worse, far worse than aught, ay, than *all* else,
Dread hypochondria! They will find it so—
Those merry boys now skating on the lake—
If they, like me, indulge in turtle-soup,
Sauces, and pies, and cakes, and the whole round
Of eatables and drinkables which load

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Their glutton-feeding table, who, like me,
Are cursed with wealth that brings but pain and care.
Would I were still a merry, pennyless boy,
As light of foot and heart as I was once—
Free from dispepsy—free from every pain
Money has purchased for me!—then would I
Bind the bright skate upon my agile heel,
And skim—ugh! ugh!—I've added to my cold.

—

OUR BESSIE.

Oh, Bessie was a bonny girl
As ever happy mother kissed—
And when our FATHER called her home,
How sadly was she missed!
For grave or gay, or well or ill,
She had a thousand winning ways,
And mingled infant innocence
In all her tasks and plays.

How softly beamed her happy smile,
Which played around the sweetest mouth
That ever fashioned infant-words—
The sunshine of the South,
Mellowed and soft, was in her eye,
And gleamed its brightness o'er her hair—
All creatures that had life, I ween,
Did her affections share.

Our Bessie had a loving heart;
No living girl could gentler be—
And 'twas her happiness to sit
Upon her father's knee;
And as he talked of heavenly things,
And told of HIM who made the light,
Her eye, uplit with spirit-beams,
Grew brighter and more bright.

With reverent voice she breathed her prayer,
With gentlest tones she sang her hymn—
And when she talked of heaven, our eyes
With tears of joy were dim;
Yet in our selfish grief we wept
When last her lips upon us smiled—
Oh, could we, when our FATHER called,
Detain the happy child?

Our home is poor, and cold our clime,
And misery mingles with our mirth—
'Twas meet our Bessie should depart
From such a weary earth!
Oh, she is safe!—no cloud can dim
The brightness of her ransomed soul!
No trials vex, no tempter lure
Her spirit from its goal!

We wrapt her in her snow-white shroud—
We smoothed again her sunny hair,
And crossed her hands upon her breast—
Oh! she was wondrous fair!

We kissed her cheek, and kissed her brow;
And if aright we read the smile
That lingered on her pallid lips,
It told of Heaven the while!

She lived—a radiant Presence, lent
To bless our hearts and glad our hearth;
She died—oh, bitter was the cup—
To wean us from the earth!
Dear God! Thy name be praised for her—
For sweetest memories of our child—
The angel called from earth to heaven
A spirit undefiled!

THE WITNESSES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
'We are the Witnesses!'

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds,
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
'We are the Witnesses!'

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SONNETS BY HENRY ELLISON.

THE STARS.

The stars come forth, a silent hymn of praise
To the great God, and, shining every one,
Make up the glorious harmony, led on
By Hesperus, their chorister: each plays
A part in the great concert with its rays,
And yet so stilly, modestly, as none
Claimed to himself aught of the good thus done
By all alike, each shining in his place;
Each has his path, there moves unerringly,
Nor covets empty fame. Do we as they:
Let each soul lend its utmost light, each play
In the grand concert of humanity
Its destined part: then mankind on its way
Shall move as surely as those stars on high!

THOUGHT.

What is the Warrior's sword compared with thee?
A brittle reed against a giant's might!
What are the Tyrant's countless hosts? as light
As chaff before the tempest! though he be
Shut in with guards, and by the bended knee
Be-worshipped, like a God, thou still canst smite,
E'en then, with viewless arm, and from that height
Hurl him into the dust! for thou art free,
Boundless, omnipresent, like God, who gave
Thee for his crowning-gift to man: and when
Thou work'st with thy best weapon, Truth's calm pen,
To punish and reform, exalt and save,
Thou canst combine in one the minds of men,
Which strength like that of God, united have!

WORLD-MUSIC.

There is a music which I love to hear
Beyond all other music 'neath the sky,
The deep sweet music of Humanity;
Falling for ever on mine inward ear,
From ages past, and choristers now here
No longer, yet whose voices, sweet and high,
Like a "Te Deum" to the Deity,
Fill the wide world, His temple, far and near!
Long had I, at the gates, sat listening,
Not daring yet to enter in, nor quite
Conceiving whence those blessed sounds could spring.
But now I, with a concourse infinite,
Have entered in at last, and with them sing
And shout Hosannas, worshipping aright!

WHOM TO PLEASE.

True men and upright, of whate'er degree,
With sweating brow, or crown upon your head,
True sons of your great Father, missioned
To do his work of love, to bind and free,
Who like Saint Peter hold the mystic key;
Who work his miracles, but words instead
Of spells make use of, quickening the dead,
The dead in soul, who deadest of all be!
Dearer to me your good opinion is
Than the poor plaudits of the ignorant crowd,
Groundless as hasty, brief as they are loud;
For Conscience, which but echoes *Him* in this,
Who lifts the meek up, and puts down the proud,
Approves your sentence, and confirms it *His!*

AN ANSWER.

A foolish dreamer! well, e'en be it so—
And yet I am awake, or, waking, dream
Things truer, or which so unto me seem,
Than those who wake o' nights and no rest know,
Till they get rich, and life for money throw
Away: and Love, its crowning grace supreme,
And God (Love's essence,) openly blaspheme,
Mocking him in his temple with vain show!
Perhaps I dream—I dream the world is fair,
Fairer than heart can know or tongue can say!
That Love doth greater treasures with it bear
Than wealth—and that no wealth were thrown away,
Could it a sense procure ye, though it were
But of a flower's beauty for one day!

TO KEATS.

Thou art the truest poet, Keats, for thou
Sing'st but for love, not guerdon: even as
The lark in morning's ear, whose music was
And is, and ever will be, still as now,
Unconscious of an effort, as the bough
Is of its perfume—but the world doth pass
Such by: 'tis hard of hearing, and, alas!
Harder of heart, and takes no count of how
A poet lives and dies, till he be gone;
Still, when he asks for bread, it gives a stone!
And accurate biographers search out
His life's least details, when his name has grown
A word of power, and a light about
It gathered, that attends not a King's throne!

HOW TO SEEK TRUTH.

Before a daisy in the grass I bend
My head in awe: I could not pluck it thence
Without a feeling of deep reverence,
As something God has made for a wise end!
My whole mind it requires to comprehend
The least work of Divine Intelligence,
My whole heart, with all feelings deep, intense,
Expression to its loveliness to lend!
But not so is it with the works of Man

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On these I boldly lay my hand, on creeds
And dogmas, for these come within my span—
Therefore with these articulate blasts I fan
The chaff of Custom from Truth's genuine seeds,
Like the great wind, that where it listeth speeds!

—

THE PURPOSE OF A LIFE.

E'en in my boyish days, ere yet a cloud
Of sadness rested on my path, except
To make it brighter, when away 't was swept
By the strong breath of Hope, so gay and proud,
E'en then I've turned aside from the vain crowd,
The forms and ceremonies, which intercept
The heart's diviner beatings, and have wept
For suffering Humanity aloud!
Aye, even then I made a boyish vow,
In Nature's own grand temple kneeling down,
Who set her sign in token on my brow,
That I allegiance only would avow
To him who wears upon his head the crown
Of genuine Manhood, be he king or clown!

—

SELF-GREATNESS.

The beggar's staff has often wider sway
Than the king's sceptre! higher empire far,
Far nobler subjects—his own thoughts, which are
Best ministers of good from day to day!
Content with these, still ready to obey,
He in his sphere moves stilly, like a star
Which makes all light about it, 'bove the jar
Of earth's vain cares, on his eternal way.
Till, thus become a spirit, spirits wait
Upon him, ever round that viewless throne,
Which He, on passions, early taught to own
Wisdom's supremacy, has raised: a state
Wherein celestial powers have sway alone;
The Lord of his own Soul is truly great!

—

ON SEEING A POOR MAN TO WHOM I HAD GIVEN CLOTHING.

I met the old man now so warmly clad
'Gainst winter, and, rejoicing, asked him how
He felt—he answered "better," while his brow
Kindled with gratitude, as though *he* had
Received the benefit, not *I!* what bad,
What sorry reckoners the rich must be,
In Joy's arithmetic, who unmoved see
The face, which they with smiles might make so glad,
In sorrow steeped! then to myself I said,
The clothing warms not him, but me—and yet
Not outwardly, it warms my heart instead!
Yet he, as though his only were the debt,
Thanks *me* still! see! how gently is man led
To Good, thus more than all he gave to get!

AMBITION.

Glory enough 'twere for the greatest man
To write what men should in their mouths still have,
Day after day, when he is in his grave—
To be identified with things of span
And scope perdurable, that since began
The world high mention of mankind still crave:
Things with a soul of good in them to save
Them from oblivion, which nought else can—
Aye, glory 'twere enough to write a song,
That e'en the child upon its mother's knee
Should love to sing, and still remember long,
Long after, in the days that are to be!
And which to mind recalling, he feels strong,
Within, the heart of his Humanitie.

—

HOPES OF THE FUTURE.

We do not work *our* wonders with the sword,
Dear Countrymen, nor claim aught on such plea,—
With mothers and with children on their knee,
With patient Thought, and Love, that can afford
To suffer, and by suffering record
His power to achieve *all* victorie;
With these, and with whatever else may be
Gentlest, and with the power of the Word,
We work our wonders which none can gainsay!
Unfailingly, as from the grass the flower,
The seed divine we scatter by the way,
Shall spring, and ripen in its destined hour—
Then shout, ye Nations, for the harvest-day
Is coming, and the Sun of Truth gains power!

—

ON SOME FLOWERS ABOUT A COTTAGE.

Oh sight beyond all others passing-dear!
The love of Nature is the love of all
That's good, and beautiful, and rational—
And he, who has but taken pains to rear
A rose about his door, extends his sphere
Of being and enjoyment—he a call
Has had, and caught the voice poetical
Which speaks through all her lovely works so clear.
And by that rose she leads, in gentle guise,
Him, by the hand, as 't were, upon the way,
And round him all life's fair humanities
Calls by degrees; for she will not betray
The heart that trusts her, but, with closer ties,
Towards her draws, nor lets it go astray!

—

MEANS OF CIVILIZATION.

With things of little cost, of every day,
As common as kind words and gentle looks,
And daily greetings, and familiar books,
That teach us wisdom while it seems but play:
With means at hand still by life's daily way,
As natural as flowers by the brooks,

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As pleasant as field-paths thro' sylvan nooks,
And *so* cheap that the poorest can defray
The expense thereof: with these and things like these,
We work our wonders by the fireside:
Our magic-charms, the kiss of love and peace;
Our magic-circles, small at first, but wide
Enough at last to grasp the world with ease,
Homes, where God, as in temples, doth reside!

THE HEART'S PLACES OF WORSHIP.

How many shrines, for its affections there
To dwell, as in a temple, can the heart
Of man for itself make, with little art,
E'en of the simplest things! how passing fair
Seem to us all the spots, so cherished, where
We passed our boyish days: ere sorrow's smart
Had touched, or we had bartered in life's mart,
Our heart's affections for a paltry share
Of the world's gold or favour—e'en the stone
We sat on by the stream-side, in our bliss
Far richer than we since through gold have grown,
Seems to us in our inmost hearts all this
Revolving, far *far* better than a throne,
Whose feet, not innocent brooks, but false lips kiss!

THE SCOTTISH REFORMERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I have just been conversing with an aged gentleman, who has called my attention to the details furnished by late British papers, of the laying of the corner-stone of a monument in honor of the political reformers, who were banished in 1793 to the convict-colony of Botany Bay. My friend was in Edinburgh at the end of their trial; and, although quite young at that period, distinctly remembers their appearance, and the circumstances preceding their arrest. I know not that I can occupy a leisure evening better, than in compiling a brief account of the character and fate of these men, whose names even are unknown to the present generation in this country.

The impulse of the French Revolution was not confined by geographical boundaries. Flashing hope into the dark places of the earth, far down among the poor and long oppressed, or startling the oppressor in his guarded chambers, like that mountain of fire which fell into the sea at the sound of the Apocalyptic trumpet, it agitated the world.

The arguments of Condorcet, the battle-words of Mirabeau, the indomitable zeal of St. Just, the iron energy of Danton, the caustic wit of Camille Desmoulins and Gaudet, and the sweet eloquence of Vergniaud, found echoes in all lands; and nowhere more readily than in Great Britain, the ancient foe and rival of France. The celebrated Dr. Price of London, and the still more distinguished Priestley of Birmingham, spoke out boldly in defence of the great principles of the Revolution. A London club of reformers, reckoning among its members such men as Sir William Jones, Earl Grey, Samuel Whitebread and Sir James Mackintosh, was established for the purpose of disseminating democratic appeals and arguments throughout the United Kingdom.

In Scotland an auxiliary society was formed, under the name of "Friends of the People." Thomas Muir, young in years, yet an elder in the Scottish kirk, a successful advocate at the bar, talented, affable, eloquent, and distinguished for the purity of his life, and his enthusiasm in the cause of Freedom, was its principal originator. In the 12th month of 1792, a Convention of Reformers was held at Edinburgh. The government became alarmed, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Muir. He escaped to France, but soon after, venturing to return to his native land, was recognized and imprisoned. He was tried upon the charge of lending books of republican tendency, and reading an address from Theobald Wolf Tone and the United Irishmen before the society of which he was a member. He defended himself in a long and eloquent address, which concluded in the following noble and manly strain.

"What, then, has been my crime? Not the lending to a relation a copy of Thomas Paine's works—not the giving away to another a few numbers of an innocent and constitutional publication—but my crime is for having dared to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a strenuous and an active advocate for an equal representation of the people in the House of the People—for having dared to accomplish a measure, by legal means, which was to diminish the weight of their taxes, and to put an end to the profusion of their blood. Gentlemen, from my infancy to this moment, I have devoted myself to the cause of the people. It is a good cause—it shall ultimately prevail—it shall finally triumph."

He was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and was removed to the Edinburgh jail, from thence to the hulks, and lastly to the transport ship, containing eighty-three convicts, which conveyed him to Botany Bay.

The next victim was Palmer, a learned and highly accomplished Unitarian minister in Dundee. He was greatly beloved and respected as a polished gentleman and sincere friend of the people. He was charged with circulating a republican tract, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

But the friends of the people were not quelled by this summary punishment of two of their devoted leaders. In the 10th month, 1793, delegates were called together from various towns in Scotland, as well as from Birmingham, Sheffield, and other places

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in England. Gerrald and Margarot were sent up by the London society. After a brief sitting, the Convention was dispersed by the public authorities. Its sessions were opened and closed with prayer, and the speeches of its members manifested the pious enthusiasm of the old Cameroneans and Parliament men of the times of Cromwell. Many of the dissenting clergy were present. William Skirving, the most determined of the band, had been educated for the ministry, and was a sincerely religious man; while Joseph Gerrald—young, brilliant, and beautiful in his life and character—came up to join the puritans of Scotland in his sober garb, with his long hair falling over his shoulders, in primitive simplicity. When the Sheriff entered the hall to disperse the friends of liberty, Gerrald knelt in prayer. His remarkable words were taken down by a reporter on the spot. There is nothing in modern history to compare with this supplication, unless it be that of Sir Henry Vane, a kindred martyr, at the foot of the scaffold, just before his execution. Gerrald's language was as follows; and under the circumstances it is no marvel that his auditors ascribed to him superhuman power. It is the prayer of universal humanity, which God will yet hear and answer.

"O thou Governor of the Universe! we rejoice that, at all times and in all circumstances, we have liberty to approach Thy throne; and that we are assured, that no sacrifice is more acceptable to Thee, than that which is made for the relief of the oppressed. In this moment of trial and persecution, we pray that Thou wouldst be our defender, our counsellor, and our guide. O, be Thou a pillar of fire to us, as Thou wast to our fathers of old, to enlighten and direct us; and to our enemies a pillar of cloud, and darkness, and confusion.

"Thou art thyself the great patron of liberty. Thy service is perfect freedom. Prosper, we beseech Thee, every endeavor which we make to promote Thy cause, for we consider the cause of truth, or every cause which tends to promote the happiness of thy creatures, as Thy cause.

"O Thou merciful Father of mankind, enable us for Thy name's sake to endure persecution with fortitude; and may we believe that all trials and tribulations of life, which we endure, shall work together for good of them that love Thee; and grant that the greater the evil, and the longer it may be continued, the greater good, in thy holy and adorable providence, may be produced therefrom. And this we beg, not for our own merits, but through the merits of Him who is hereafter to judge the world in righteousness and mercy."

He ceased. The sheriff, who had been temporarily overawed by the extraordinary scene, enforced his warrant, and the meeting was broken up. The delegates descended to the street in silence—Arthur's seat and Salisbury crags glooming in the distance and night—an immense and agitated multitude waiting around, over which tossed the flaring flambeaux of the sheriff's train. Gerrald, who was already under arrest, as he descended, spoke aloud: "Behold the funeral torches of Liberty!"

Skirving and several others were immediately arrested. They were tried in the 1st month, 1794, and sentenced, as Muir and Palmer had previously been, to transportation. Their conduct throughout was worthy of their great and holy cause. Gerrald's defence was that of Freedom rather than his own. Forgetting himself, he spoke out manfully and earnestly for the poor, the oppressed, the overtaxed and starving millions of his countrymen. That some idea may be formed of this noble plea for Liberty, I give an extract from the concluding paragraphs:

"True religion, like all free governments, appeals to the understanding for its support, and not to the sword. All systems, whether civil or moral, can only be durable in proportion as they are founded on truth, and calculated to promote the good of MANKIND. This will account to us why governments suited to the great energies of man have always outlived the perishable things which despotism has erected. Yes! this will account to us why the stream of time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of superstitions and impostures, passes, without injury, by the adamant of Christianity.

"Those who are versed in the history of their country, in the history of the human race, must know that rigorous state prosecutions have always preceded the era of convulsion; and this era, I fear, will be accelerated by the folly and madness of our rulers. If the people are discontented, the proper mode of quieting their discontent is, not by instituting rigorous and sanguinary prosecutions, but by redressing their wrongs, and conciliating their affections. Courts of justice, indeed, may be called in to the aid of ministerial vengeance; but if once the purity of their proceedings is suspected, they will cease to be objects of reverence to the nation; they will degenerate into empty and expensive pageantry, and become the partial instruments of vexatious oppression. Whatever may become of me, my principles will last for ever. Individuals may perish; but truth is eternal. The rude blasts of tyranny may blow from every quarter; but freedom is that hardy plant which will survive the tempest, and strike an everlasting root into the most unfavorable soil.

"Gentlemen, I am in your hands. About my life I feel not the slightest anxiety; if it would promote the cause, I would cheerfully make the sacrifice; for, if I perish on an occasion like the present, out of my ashes will arise a flame to consume the tyrants and oppressors of my country."

None of the Edinburgh reformers, as I understand from my informant, lived to return to their native

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REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

land. They perished, one after another, under the severe discipline of colonial servitude. The nature of this seemingly lenient punishment is not always understood in this country. Judging from accounts given of it by returning convicts, (not always perhaps reliable authority) it has few redeeming features, even as contrasted with the worst condition of negro slavery. The convicts are brought to the barracks in long lines, and the farmers and sheep owners from the country walk round among them to select for purchase such as may suit their purposes—examine them as a horse dealer would a horse—compel them to run, hold up their legs and arms, strike them on their chest and back to prove their soundness in breath and lungs—and, if the scrutiny is satisfactory, purchase them, and take them to their respective plantations and sheep-farms. In some of the remoter districts even the grave, the common refuge of the weary and suffering, is clothed with unwonted attributes of terror, and repugnance. No prayer is breathed over it; none of the rites of reverence and religion make holy the convict's burial—the scream of the wild fowl and the wash of waves on a strange coast, are his only requiem,

Years have passed, and the generation which knew the persecuted reformers has given place to another. And now, half a century after William Skirving, as he rose to receive his sentence, declared to his judges :—"YOU MAY CONDEMN US AS FELONS, BUT YOUR SENTENCE SHALL YET BE REVERSED BY THE PEOPLE"—the names of these men are once more familiar to British lips. The sentence has been reversed: the prophecy of Skirving has become history. On the 21st of the 8th month last, the corner stone of a monument to the memory of the Scottish martyrs, for which subscriptions had been received from such men as Lord Holland, the Dukes of Bedford and Norfolk, and the Earls of Essex and Leicester—was laid with imposing ceremonies, in the beautiful burial-place of Calton Hill, Edinburgh, by the veteran reformer and tribune of the people, Joseph Hume, M. P. After delivering an appropriate address, the aged Radical closed the impressive scene by reading the soul-inspiring prayer of Joseph Gerrald. At the banquet which afterwards took place, and which was presided over by John Dunlop, Esq., addresses were made by the President, and Dr. Ritchie, well known to American abolitionists for their zeal in the cause of the slave, and by William Skirving of Kirkaldy, son of the martyr. The Complete Suffrage Association of Edinburgh, to the number of five hundred, walked in procession to Calton Hill, and in the open air proclaimed unmolested the very principles for which the martyrs of the past century had suffered.

The account of this tribute to the memory of departed worth, cannot fail to awaken in generous hearts emotions of gratitude towards Him who has thus signally vindicated His truth, showing that the triumph of the oppressor is but for a season, and that even in this world a lie cannot live forever. Well and truly did George Fox say in his last days: "THE TRUTH IS ABOVE ALL!"

Will it be said, however, that this tribute comes too late? That it cannot solace those brave hearts, which, slowly broken by the long agony of colonial servitude, are now cold in strange graves? It is, indeed, a striking illustration of the truth that he who would benefit his fellow-man must "walk by faith;" sowing his seed in the morning, and in the evening withholding not his hand, knowing only this, that in God's good time the harvest shall spring up and ripen, if not for himself yet for others, who, as they bind the full sheaves and gather in the heavy clusters, may perchance remember him with gratitude, and set up stones of memorial on the fields of his toil and sacrifices. We may regret that in this stage of the spirit's life, the sincere and self-denying worker is not always permitted to partake of the fruits of his toil, or receive the honors of a benefactor. We hear his good evil-spoken of, and his noblest sacrifices counted as nought,—we see him not only assailed by the wicked, but discountenanced and shunned by the timidly good, followed on his hot and dusty pathway by the execrations of the hounding mob, and the contemptuous pity of the worldly-wise and prudent; and, when at last the horizon of Time shuts down between him and ourselves, and the places which have known him know him no more for ever, we are almost ready to say with the regal voluptuary of old: "This also is vanity and a great evil; for what hath a man of all his labor and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun?" But is this the end? Has God's universe no wider limits than the circle of the blue wall which shuts in our nestling-place? Has Life's infancy only been provided for; and beyond this poor nursery-chamber of Time is there no playground for the soul's youth, no broad fields for its manhood?—Perchance could we but lift the curtains of the narrow pin-fold wherein we dwell, we might see that our poor friend and brother whose fate we have thus deplored, has by no means lost the reward of his labors, but that in new fields of duty he is cheered even by the tardy recognition of the value of his services in the old. The continuity of life is never broken; the river flows onward and is lost to our sight, but under its new horizon it carries the same waters which it gathered under ours; and its unseen valleys are made glad by the offerings which are borne down to them from the Past, flowers, perchance, the germs of which its own waves had planted on the banks of Time.—Who shall say that the mournful and repentant love with which the benefactors of our race are at length regarded, may not be to them in their new condition of being, sweet and grateful as the perfume of long forgotten flowers; or that our harvest hymns

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of rejoicing may not reach the ears of those who in weakness and suffering scattered the seeds of blessing?

The history of the Edinburgh reformers is no new one; it is that of all who seek to benefit their age by rebuking its popular crimes and exposing its cherished errors. The truths which they told were not believed, and for that very reason were the more needed, for it is evermore the case that the right word, when first uttered, is an unpopular and denied one. Hence he who undertakes to tread the thorny pathway of Reform; who, smitten with the love of truth and justice, or indignant in view of wrong, and insolent oppression, is rashly inclined to throw himself at once into that great conflict, which the Persian seer not untruly represented as a war between light and darkness, would do well to count the cost in the outset. If he can live for Truth alone, and, cut off from the general sympathy, regard her service as its "own exceeding great reward;" if he can bear to be counted a fanatic and crazy visionary; if in all good nature he is ready to receive from the very objects of his solicitude, abuse and obloquy, in return for disinterested and self-sacrificing efforts for their welfare; if with his purest motives misunderstood, and his best actions perverted and distorted into crimes, he can still hold on his way, and patiently abide the hour when "the whirligig of time shall bring about its revenges;" if on the whole, he is prepared to be looked upon as a sort of moral outlaw or social heretic, under good society's interdict of food and fire; and if he is well assured that he can through all this preserve his cheerfulness, and faith in man,—let him gird up his loins and go forward in God's name. He is fitted for his vocation; he has watched all night by his armor. Whatever his trial may be, he is prepared; he may even be happily disappointed in respect to it; flowers of unexpected refreshing may overhang the hedges of his straight and narrow way; but it remains to be true that he who serves his contemporaries in faithfulness and sincerity must expect no wages from their gratitude. For, as has been well said, there is after all but one way of doing the world good, and unhappily that way the world does not like, for it consists in telling it the very thing which it does not wish to hear.

Unhappily in the case of the reformer, his most dangerous foes are those of his own household. True, the world's garden has become a desert, and needs renovation, but, is his own little nook weedless? Sin abounds without, but is his own heart pure? While smiting down the giants and dragons which beset the outward world, are there no evil guests sitting by his own hearth-stone? Ambition, envy, self-righteousness, impatience, dogmatism, and pride of opinion, stand at his doorway, ready to enter, whenever he leaves it unguarded. Then too, there is no small danger of failing to discriminate between a rational philanthropy with its adaptation of means to ends, and that spiritual knight-errantry which undertakes the championship of every novel project of reform, scouring the world in search of distressed schemes held in durance by common sense, and vagaries happily spell-bound by ridicule. He must learn that, although the most needful truth may be unpopular, it does not follow that unpopularity is a proof of the truth of his doctrines or the expediency of his measures. He must have the liberality to admit that it is barely possible for the public, on some points, to be right and himself wrong; and that the blessing invoked upon those who suffer for righteousness, is not available to such as court persecution, and invite contempt. For folly has its martyrs as well as wisdom; and he who has nothing better to show of himself than the scars and bruises which the popular foot has left upon him, is not even sure of winning the honors of martyrdom as some compensation for the loss of dignity and self-respect involved in the exhibition of its pains. To the reformer, in an especial manner, comes home the truth that whoso ruleth his own spirit is greater than him who taketh a city. Patience, hope, charity, watchfulness unto prayer, how needful are all these to his success! Without them, he is in danger of ingloriously giving up his contest with error and prejudice at the first repulse; or, with that spiteful philanthropy which we sometimes witness, taking a sick world by the nose, like a spoiled child, and endeavoring to force down its throat the long rejected nostrums prepared for its relief.

What then?—Shall we, in view of these things call back young, generous spirits, just entering upon the perilous pathway? God forbid!—Welcome, thrice welcome, rather. Let them go forward, not unwarned of the dangers, nor unreminded of the pleasures which belong to the service of humanity. Great is the consciousness of right. Sweet is the answer of a good conscience. He, who pays his whole-hearted homage to Truth and Duty—who swears his life-long fealty on their altars, and rises up a Nazarite consecrated to their holy service,—is not without his solace and enjoyment, when, to the eyes of others, he seems the most lonely and miserable. He breathes an atmosphere which the multitude know not of—"a serene heaven which they cannot discern rests over him, glorious in its purity and stillness." Nor is he altogether without kindly human sympathies. All generous and earnest hearts which are brought in contact with his own beat evenly with it. All that is good and truthful and lovely in man, whenever and wherever it truly recognizes him, must sooner or later acknowledge his claim to love and reverence. His faith overcomes all things. The future unrolls itself before him, with its waving harvest-fields springing up from the seed he is scattering; and he looks forward to the close of life with the calm confidence of one who

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feels that he has not lived idle and useless; but, with hopeful heart and strong arm has labored with God and nature for the Best.

And not in vain. In the economy of God, no effort however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies amidst the confused noises of Time. Through discords of Sin and Sorrow, Pain, and Wrong, it rises a deathless melody, whose notes of wailing are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph, as they blend with the Great Harmony of a reconciled universe. The language of a transatlantic reformer, to his friends, is then as true as it is hopeful and cheering: "Triumph is certain. We have espoused no losing cause. In the body we may not join our shout with the victors—but in spirit we may even now. There is but an interval of time between us and the success at which we aim. In all other respects the links of the chain are complete. Identifying ourselves with immortal and immutable principles, we share both their immortality and immutability. The vow which unites us with truth makes futurity present with us. Our being resolves itself into an everlasting now. It is not so correct to say that we *shall be* victorious, as that we *are* so. When we will in unison with the Supreme Mind, the characteristics of his will become, in some sort, those of ours. What he has willed is virtually done. It may take ages to unfold itself, but the germ of its whole history is wrapped up in his determination. When we make his will ours, which we do when we aim at truth, that upon which we are resolved is done—decided—born. Life is in it. It is—and the future is but the development of its being. Ours, therefore, is a perpetual triumph. Our deeds are all of them component elements of success."*

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark eyed-queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

MISSIONARY HYMN, FOR THE SOUTH.

Spread far the gospel tidings!
Call ocean, earth, and air,
To aid your ceaseless labor
To spread them everywhere,
Save in the bondman's cabin—
Let them not enter there!

Send Bibles to the heathen!
On ev'ry distant shore,
From light that's beaming o'er us,
Let streams increasing pour;—
But keep it from the millions,
Down-trodden at our door!

* Mial's Essays; Non-Conformist, Vol. IV.

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Send Bibles to the heathen,
Their famish'd spirits feed!
Oh! haste, and join your efforts,
The priceless gift to speed!
Then flog the trembling bondman,
If he shall learn to read!

Let love of filthy lucre
Not in your bosoms dwell;
Your money, on your mission,
Will be expended well;—
And then to fill your coffers,
Husbands and fathers sell!

Have even little children
All they can gain to save,
For teachers of the heathen,
Beyond the ocean wave;
Then give to fire and faggot,
Him who would teach your slave!

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;—

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

MAIDENHOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snow encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 11.

THE HYMN OF THE DEW.

I know what the dew sang as down to the folds
  Of the silken rose it fell;
'Twas not for the ear, but the musing heart,
  In the twilight, heard it well.

There came no words—you might listen long
  And say that you only heard
The trill of the harp in the waving grass,
  And the tune of the evening bird.

But a song it sang, and I caught it well
  As it shone in the white moon's rays:
It was sweet as the breast whereon it lay,
  And the burden aye was praise.

It was not meant for the perfumed rose,
  The belle of the summer bower;
'Twas not for the star that, silver bright,
  Looked into the heart of the flower:

The praise was all for the Holiest—
  And the garden knew the tone,
When the earth was one full cup of bliss,
  And the Lord was God alone.

Not such are the passionate words of song
  That men to their idol speak,
Thrilling the nerves and bringing the tears
  And leaving the strong one weak.

It stirred not even the pollen-dust
  As it gently floated through,
And it lay on my heart like peace all night,
  That hymn of the holy dew!

SONGS BY "BARRY CORNWALL."

HERMIONE.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
  Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care:
  What then do we ask from thee?
    Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
  Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
  What then can we still desire?
    Hermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
  (As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears, amid thy laughter seen,
  Pity mingling with thy joy.
    This is all we ask from thee,
    Hermione, Hermione!

SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
  Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
  That we loved—ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
  Song should charm us out of wo;
Song should stir the heart within us,
  Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all men doeth,
  War and peace, and right and wrong—
All things that the soul subdueth
  Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
  Nerve the weak, and stir the strong:
Every deed of truth and beauty
  Should be crowned by starry Song!

THE SONG OF A FELON'S WIFE.

The brand is on thy brow,
  A dark and guilty spot;
'Tis ne'er to be erased!
  'Tis ne'er to be forgot!

The brand is on thy brow!
  Yet *I* must shade the spot:
For who will love thee now,
  If *I* love thee not?

Thy soul is dark—is stained—
  From out the bright world thrown;
By God and man disdained,
  But not by *me*—thy own!

Oh! even the tiger slain
  Hath *one* who ne'er doth flee,
Who soothes his dying pain!
  —That one am I to thee!

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw
  The shuttle athwart the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
  That have beauty, but no perfume
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
  The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,
  And the little forget-me-not.
    Sing—sing, brothers! weave and sing!
      'Tis good both to sing and to weave;
      'Tis better to work than live idle;
      'Tis better to sing than grieve.

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Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid
The colors of sunset glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
Let beauty about ye blow!
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure,
And time nor chance shall your work untwine;
But all—like a truth—endure.
So—sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of men;
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king,
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil!
So—sing, brothers, &c.

SABBATH IN LOWELL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To a population like that of Lowell, the weekly respite from monotonous in-door toil, afforded by the first day of the week, is particularly grateful. Sabbath comes to the weary and over-worked operative emphatically as a day of rest. It opens upon him, somewhat as it did upon George Herbert, as he describes it in his exquisite little poem:

> "Sweet day, so pure, so cool and bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky!"

Apart from its soothing religious associations, it brings with it the assurance of physical comfort and freedom. It is something, to be able to doze out the morning from daybreak to breakfast in that luxurious state between sleeping and waking, in which the mind eddies slowly and peacefully round and round, instead of rushing onward, the future a blank, the past annihilated, the present but a dim consciousness of pleasurable existence. Then, too, the satisfaction is by no means inconsiderable of throwing aside the worn and soiled habiliments of labor, and appearing in neat and comfortable attire. The moral influence of dress has not been overrated even by Carlyle's Professor in his "Sartor Resartus." William Penn says, that cleanliness is akin to godliness. A well dressed man, all other things being equal, is not half as likely to compromise his character, as one who approximates to shabbiness. Lawrence Sterne used to say, that when he felt himself giving way to low spirits, and a sense of depression and worthlessness—a sort of predisposition for all sorts of little meannesses—he forthwith shaved himself, brushed his wig, donned his best dress and his gold rings, and thus put to flight the azure demons of his unfortunate temperament. There is, somehow, a close affinity between moral purity and clean linen; and the sprites of our daily temptation, who seem to find easy access to us through a broken hat, or a rent in the elbow, are manifestly baffled by the "complete mail" of a clean and decent dress. I recollect on one occasion hearing my mother tell our family physician, that a woman in the neighborhood, not remarkable for her tidiness, had become a church member. "Humph!" said the Doctor, in his quick, sarcastic way, "what of that? Don't you know that no unclean thing can enter the kingdom of Heaven!"

"If you would see" Lowell "aright," as Walter Scott says of Melrose Abbey, one must be here of a pleasant First Day, at the close of what is called the "afternoon service." The streets are then blossoming like a peripatetic flower garden,—as if the tulips, and lilies, and roses of my friend Warren's nursery, in the vale of Nonantum, should take it into their heads to promenade for exercise. Thousands swarm forth, who during week days are confined to the mills. Gay colors alternate with snowy whiteness; extremest fashion elbows the plain demureness of old-fashioned Methodism. Fair pale faces catch a warmer tint from the free sunshine and fresh air. The languid step becomes elastic with that "springy motion in the gait," which Charles Lamb admired. Yet the general appearance of the city is that of quietude; the youthful multitude passes on calmly; its voices subdued to a lower and softened tone, as if fearful of breaking the repose of the Day of Rest. A stranger, fresh from the gaily-spent Sabbaths of the Continent of Europe, would be undoubtedly amazed at the decorum and sobriety of these crowded streets.

I am no Puritan, but I nevertheless welcome with joy unfeigned this First Day of the Week—sweetest pause in our hard life-march, greenest resting place in the hot desert we are treading! The errors of those who mistake its benignant rest for the iron rule of the Jewish Sabbath, and who consequently hedge it about with penalties, and bow down before it in slavish terror, should not render us less grateful for the real blessing it brings us. As a day wrested in some degree from the god of this world, as an opportunity afforded for thoughtful self-communing, let us receive it as a good gift of our Heavenly Parent, in love rather than fear.

In passing along Central street this morning, my attention was directed, by the friend who accompanied me, to a group of laborers, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, heaving at levers—smiting with sledge-hammers,—in full view of the street, on the margin of the canal, just above Central street bridge. I rubbed my eyes, half expecting that I was the subject of mere optical illusion; but a second look only confirmed the first. Around me were solemn, go-to-meeting faces—smileless and awful; and close at hand

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were the delving, toiling, mud-begrimmed laborers. Nobody seemed surprised at it. Nobody noticed it as a thing out of the common course of events. And this, too, in a city where the Sabbath proprieties are sternly insisted upon; where some twenty pulpits deal out anathemas upon all who "desecrate the Lord's day;" where notices of meetings, for moral purposes even, can scarcely be read o' Sundays; where many count it wrong to speak on that day for the slave, who knows no Sabbath of rest, or for the drunkard, who, embruted by his appetites, cannot enjoy it!—Verily, there are strange contradictions in our conventional morality. Eyes, which, looking across the Atlantic on the gay Sabbath dances of French peasants, are turned upward with horror, are somehow blind to matters close at home. What would be sin past repentance, in an individual, becomes quite proper in a corporation. True, the Sabbath is holy—but the canals must be repaired. Every body ought to go to meeting—but the dividends must not be diminished. Church Indulgences are not, after all, confined to Rome.

To a close observer of human nature, there is nothing surprising in the fact, that a class of persons, who wink at this sacrifice of Sabbath sanctities to the demon of Gain, look at the same time with stern disapprobation upon every thing partaking of the character of amusement, however innocent and healthful, on this day. But, for myself, looking down through the light of a golden evening upon these quietly passing groups, I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them for seeking on this, their sole day of leisure, the needful influences of social enjoyment, unrestrained exercise, and fresh air. I cannot think any essential service to religion or humanity would result from the conversion of their day of rest into a Jewish Sabbath, and their consequent confinement, like so many pining prisoners, in close and crowded boarding houses. Is not cheerfulness a duty—a better expression of our gratitude for God's blessings than mere words? And even under the old law of rituals, what answer had the Pharisees to the question, "Is it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day?"

I am naturally of a sober temperament, and am, besides, a member of that sect which Dr. More has called, mistakingly indeed, "th emost melancholy of all;" but I confess a special dislike of disfigured faces—ostentatious displays of piety—pride aping humility. Asceticism, moroseness, self-torture—ingratitude in view of down-showering blessings, and painful restraint of the better feelings of our nature, may befit a Hindoo fakir, or a Mandan medicine-man with buffalo skulls strung to his lacerated muscles, but they look to me sadly out of place in a believer of the Glad Evangel of the New Testament. The life of the Divine Teacher affords no countenance to this sullen and gloomy saintliness, shutting up the heart against the sweet influences of human sympathy and the blessed ministrations of Nature. To the horror and clothes-rending astonishment of blind Pharisees, He uttered the significant truth, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." From the close air of crowded cities, from thronged temples and synagogues, — where priest and Levite kept up a show of worship, drumming upon hollow ceremonials the more loudly for their emptiness of life, as the husk rustles the more when the grain is gone—He led His disciples out into the country stillness, under clear Eastern heavens, on the breezy tops of mountains, in the shade of fruit trees, by the side of fountains and through yellow harvest fields, enforcing the lessons of His divine morality by comparisons and parables suggested by the objects around Him, or the cheerful incidents of social humanity, the vineyard, the field lily, the sparrow in the air, the sower in the seed-field, the feast and the marriage. Thus gently, thus sweetly kind and cheerful, fell from His lips the Gospel of Humanity: Love the fulfilling of every law; our love for one another measuring and manifesting our love of Him. The baptism wherewith He was baptized was that of Divine Fulness in the wants of our humanity; the deep waters of our sorrows went over him; Ineffable Purity sounding for our sakes the dark abysm of sin,—yet how like a river of light runs that serene and beautiful life through the narratives of the Evangelists! He broke bread with the poor, despised publican; He sat down with the fishermen by the sea of Galilee; He spoke compassionate words to sin-sick Magdalen; He sanctified by his presence the social enjoyments of home and friendship in the family of Bethany; He laid his hand of blessing on the sunny brows of children; He had regard even to the merely animal wants of the multitude in the wilderness; He frowned upon none of life's simple and natural pleasures. The burden of His Gospel was Love; and in life and word He taught evermore the divided and scattered children of one great family, that only as they drew near each other could they approach Him who was their common centre; and that while no ostentation of prayer nor rigid observance of ceremonies could elevate man to Heaven, the simple exercise of Love, in thought and action, could bring Heaven down to man. To weary and restless spirits He taught the great truth, that happiness consists in making others happy. No cloister for idle genuflexions and bead-counting, no hair-cloth for the loins nor scourge for the limbs, but works of love and usefulness under the cheerful sunshine, making the waste places of humanity glad, and causing the heart's desert to blossom. Why then should we go searching after the cast-off sackcloth of the Pharisee? Are we Jews or Christians? Must even our gratitude for "glad tidings of great joy" be desponding? Must the hymn of our thanksgiving for countless mercies, and the unspeakable gift of His life, have evermore an undertone of funeral dirges? What! shall we

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go murmuring and lamenting, looking coldly on one another, seeing no beauty nor light nor gladness in this world, wherein we have the glorious privilege of laboring in God's harvest-field, with angels for our task-companions, blessing and being blessed?

To him, who, neglecting the revelations of immediate duty, looks regretfully behind and fearfully before him, Life is a solemn mystery, for whichever way he turns, a wall of darkness rises before him; but down upon the Present as through a skylight between the shadows, falls a clear still radiance, like beams from an eye of blessing; and within the circle of that divine illumination, Beauty and Goodness, Truth and Love, Purity and Cheerfulness, blend like primal colors into the clear harmony of light. The author of "Proverbial Philosophy," upon whom, more than upon any living writer, has fallen the mantle of the Son of Sirach, has a passage not unworthy of note in this connection, when he speaks of the train which attends the Just in Heaven:

"Also in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes of triumph,
Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on earth,
Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, Sciences, and Muses,
That, like Sisters of Charity, tended in this world's hospital.
Welcome, for verily I knew ye could not but be children of the light.
Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in Heaven,
And some I have scarcely looked for, as thou, light-hearted Mirth,
Thou also, star-robed Urania; and thou with the curious glass,
That rejoicest in tracking beauty where the eye was too dull to note it.
And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much-injured Poetry?
That quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of matter,
That not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens with music;
And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon us from the stars."

TO LIFE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some higher clime
Bid me good morning.

LINES,

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour. July 13, 1798.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

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If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods!
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An apppetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray,
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

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THEY ARE ALL GONE.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep!

TRADITIONARY BALLAD.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been at the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh tell me all, my Mary,—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night, on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:—
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!

"And some they played with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some, they siezed the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill—

"'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn!

"'Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!'

"And some, they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low—
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

"'Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

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"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard a jar below;
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate,
With the good news in his eye!

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I am tired as I can be!"

SWEET PHOSPHOR, BRING THE DAY.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

Will 't ne'er be morning? Will that promised light
Ne'er break and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day.
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs! Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

How long, how long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unsouled souls new motion?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists: Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Let those have night, that slyly love to immure
Their cloistered crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night, that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
Let those have night, that love to have a nap
And loll in Ignorance's lap,
Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night:
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Alas! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes
Can find no objects, but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,
A dangerous, dull, blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here 's all the suns that glitter in the sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet Phosphor bring the day!
Haste, haste away,
Heaven's loitering lamp! Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Blow, ignorance! O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers hast benight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite!
Since thou hast puffed our greater taper, do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

THE DEATH-BED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
Another morn than ours.

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GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing! when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form of prayer for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?—but the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then, of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of the mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter our praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all the sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice! helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of his duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver!—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall-feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that in all probability, the sacred

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name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the Paradise Regained, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

A table richly spread in regal mode
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savor; beasts of chase, or foul of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host. I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves? He dreamed indeed,

——As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats?—

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn;
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert and how there he slept,
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been the most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business of every description with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments; as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenor. The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favorite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwise, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the

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Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or are too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise, as to *who shall say it?* while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority, from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say anything*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper!

* * * * *

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE OCEAN.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim!
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee.

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In the deep water shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering west—
Thou flingest them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that view
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When like lambs in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge broken billows
The canvass is cast.

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to its roll;
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome,
Dissolved—and for ever—
Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty,
Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened—unwasted—
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when the surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—*then* shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting—
More chainless than thou.

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HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer!

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned!

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

There,—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the lone aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
Weep without sin and blush without a crime,
O, may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours:"
How vain your grandeur! O, how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er fields and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructers hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all teachers and from all divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

A SONG.

BY THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips, that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed,—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft,
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There 's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lover's hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows, there 's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find;—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose;—

My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That, when my spirit won above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

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LOVE FOR ALL.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

(Written just after John C. Colt avoided capital punishment, by suicide.)

Every year of my life I grow more and more convinced, that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false. Society has done my spirit grievous wrong, for the last few weeks, with its legal bull-baitings, and its hired murderers. They have made me ashamed of belonging to the human species; and were it not that I struggled hard against it, and prayed earnestly for a spirit of forgiveness, they would have made me hate my race. Yet feeling thus, I did wrong to *them*. Most of them had merely caught the contagion of murder, and really were not aware of the nature of the fiend they harbored. Probably there was not a single heart in the community, not even the most brutal, that would not have been softened, could it have entered into confidential intercourse with the prisoner as Dr. Anthon did. All would then have learned that he was a human being, with a heart to be melted, and a conscience to be roused, like the rest of us; that under the turbid and surging tide of proud, exasperated feelings, ran a warm current of human affections, which, with more genial influences, might have flowed on deeper and stronger, mingling its waters with the river of life. All this each one would have known, could he have looked into the heart of the poor criminal as God looketh. But his whole life was judged by a desperate act, done in the insanity of passion; and the motives and the circumstances were revealed to the public only through the cold barbarisms of the law, and the fierce exaggerations of an excited populace; therefore he seemed like a wild beast, walled out from human sympathies,—not as a fellow-creature, with like passions and feelings as themselves.

Carlyle, in his French Revolution, speaking of one of the three bloodiest judges of the Reign of Terror, says: 'Marat too had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle, like the rest of us.' We are too apt to forget these gentle considerations when talking of public criminals.

If we looked into our souls with a more wise humility, we should discover, in our own ungoverned anger the germ of murder; and meekly thank God that we, too, had not been brought into temptations too fiery for our strength. It is sad to think how the records of a few evil days may blot out from the memory of our fellow-men whole years of generous thoughts and deeds of kindness; and this, too, when each one has before him the volume of his own broken resolutions, and oft-repeated sins. The temptation which most easily besets you, needed, perhaps, to be only a *little* stronger; you needed only to be surrounded by circumstances a *little* more dangerous and exciting, and perhaps you, who now walk abroad in the sunshine of respectability, might have come under the ban of human laws, as you have into frequent disobedience of the divine; and then that one foul blot would have been regarded as the hieroglyphic symbol of your whole life. Between you and the inmate of the penitentiary, society sees a difference so great, that you are scarcely recognized as belonging to the same species; but there is One who judgeth not as man judgeth.

When Mrs. Fry spoke at Newgate, she was wont to address both prisoners and visiters as sinners. When Dr. Channing alluded to this practice, she meekly replied, 'In the sight of God, there is not, perhaps, so much difference as men think.' In the midst of recklessness, revenge, and despair, there is often a glimmering evidence that the divine spark is not quite extinguished. Who can tell into what a holy flame of benevolence and self-sacrifice it might have been kindled, had the man been surrounded from his cradle by an atmosphere of love?

Surely these considerations should make us judge mercifully of the sinner, while we hate the sin with tenfold intensity, because it is an enemy that lies in wait for us all. The highest and holiest example teaches us to *forgive* all crimes, while we *palliate* none.

Would that we could learn to be kind—always and everywhere kind! Every jealous thought I cherish, every angry word I utter, every repulsive tone, is helping to build penitentiaries and prisons, and to fill them with those who merely carry the same passions and feelings farther than I do. It is an awful thought; and the more it is impressed upon me, the more earnestly do I pray to live in a state of perpetual benediction.

'Love hath a longing and a power to save the gathered world,
And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds of his doings.'

And so I return, as the old preachers used to say, to my first proposition; that we should think gently of all, and claim kindred with all, and include all, without exception, in the circle of our kindly sympathies. I would not thrust out even the hangman, though methinks if I were dying of thirst, I would rather wait to receive water from another hand than his. Yet what is the hangman but a servant of the law? And what is the law but an expression of public opinion? And if public opinion be brutal, and thou a component part thereof, art *thou* not the hangman's accomplice? In the name of our common Father, sing *thy* part of the great chorus in the truest time, and thus bring this crashing discord into harmony!

And if at times, the discord proves too strong for thee, go out into the great temple of Nature, and drink in freshness from her never-failing fountain. The devices of men pass away as a vapour; but

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she changes never. Above all fluctuations of opinion, and all the tumult of the passions, she smiles ever, in various but unchanging beauty. I have gone to her with tears in my eyes, with a heart full of the saddest forebodings, for myself and all the human race; and lo, she has shown me a babe plucking a white clover, with busy, uncertain little fingers, and the child walked straight into my heart, and prophesied as hopefully as an angel; and I believed her, and went on my way rejoicing. The language of nature, like that of music, is universal; it speaks to the heart, and is understood by all. *Dialects* belong to clans and sects; *tones* to the universe. High above all language, floats music on its amber cloud. It is not the exponent of *opinion*, but of *feeling*. The *heart* made it; therefore it is infinite. It reveals more than language can ever utter, or thoughts conceive. And high as music is above mere dialects—winging its godlike way, while verbs and nouns go creeping—even so sounds the voice of Love, that clear, treble-note of the universe, into the heart of man, and the ear of Jehovah.

In sincere humility do I acknowledge that if I am less guilty than some of my human brothers, it is mainly because I have been *beloved*. Kind emotions and impulses have not been sent back to me, like dreary echoes, through empty rooms. All round me at this moment are tokens of a friendly heart-warmth. A sheaf of dried grasses brings near the gentle image of one who gathered them for love; a varied group of the graceful lady-fern tells me of summer rambles in the woods, by one who mingled thoughts of me with all her glimpses of nature's beauty. A rose-bush, from a poor Irish woman, speaks to me of her blessings. A bird of paradise, sent by friendship to warm the wintry hours with thoughts of sunny Eastern climes, cheers me with its floating beauty, like a fairy fancy. Flower-tokens from the best of neighbors, have come all summer long, to bid me a blithe good morning, and tell me news of sunshine and fresh air. A piece of sponge, graceful as if it grew on the arms of the wave, reminds me of Grecian seas, and of Hylas borne away by water-nymphs. It was given me for its uncommon beauty; and who will not try harder to be good, for being deemed a fit recipient of the beautiful? A root, which promises to bloom into fragrance, is sent by an old Quaker lady, whom I know not, but who says, 'I would fain minister to thy love of flowers.' Affection sends childhood to peep lovingly at me from engravings, or stand in classic grace, embodied in the little plaster cast. The far-off and the near, the past and the future, are with me in my humble apartment. True, the mementoes cost little of the world's wealth; for they are of the simplest kind; but they express the universe—because they are thoughts of love, clothed in forms of beauty.

Why do I mention these things? From vanity? Nay, verily; for it often humbles me to [illegible] think how much I am loved more than I deserve; while thousands, far nearer to God, pass on their thorny path, comparatively uncheered by love and blessing. But it came into my heart to tell you how much these things helped me to be *good*; how they were like roses dropped by unseen hands, guiding me through a wilderness-path unto our Father's mansion. And the love that helps *me* to be good, I would have you bestow upon all, that *all* may become good. To love others is greater happiness than to be beloved by them; to *do* good is more blessed than to *receive*. The heart of Jesus was so full of love, that he called little children to his arms, and folded John upon his bosom; and this love made him capable of such divine self-renunciation, that he could offer up even his life for the good of the world. The desire to be beloved is ever restless and unsatisfied; but the love that flows out upon others is a perpetual well-spring from on high. *This* source of happiness is within the reach of all; here, if not elsewhere, may the stranger and the friendless satisfy the infinite yearnings of the human heart, and find therein refreshment and joy.

Believe me, the great panacea for all the disorders in the universe, is Love. For thousands of years the world has gone on perversely, trying to overcome evil *with* evil; with the worst results, as the condition of things plainly testifies. Nearly two thousand years ago, the prophet of the Highest proclaimed that evil could be overcome only with *good*. But 'when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find *faith* on the earth?' If we *have* faith in this holy principle, where is it written on our laws or our customs?

Write it on thine own life: and men reading it shall say, lo, something greater than vengeance is here; a power mightier than coercion. And thus the individual faith shall become a social faith; and to the mountains of crime around us, it will say, 'Be thou removed, and cast into the depths of the sea!' and they *will* be removed; and the places that knew them shall know them no more.

This hope is coming toward us, with a halo of sunshine round its head; in the light it casts before, let us do works of zeal with the spirit of love. Man *may* be redeemed from his thraldom! He *will* be redeemed. For the mouth of the Most High hath spoken it. It is inscribed in written prophecy, and He utters it to our hearts in perpetual revelation. To you, and me, and each of us, He says, 'Go, bring my people out of Egypt, into the promised land.'

To perform this mission, we must love both the evil and the good, and shower blessings on the just as well as the unjust. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, I have had much friendly aid on my own spiritual pilgrimage; through many a cloud has pierced a sunbeam, and over many a pitfall have I been guided by a garland. In gratitude for this, fain would

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I help others to be good, according to the small measure of my ability. My spiritual adventures are like those of the 'little boy that run away from Providence.' When troubled or discouraged, my soul seats itself on some door-step—there is ever some one to welcome me in, and make 'a nice little bed' for my weary heart. It may be a young friend, who gathers for me flowers in summer, and grasses, ferns, and red berries in the autumn; or it may be sweet Mary Howitt, whose mission it is 'to turn the *sunny* side of things to human eyes;' or Charles Dickens, who looks with such deep and friendly glance into the human heart, whether it beats beneath embroidered vest, or tattered jacket; or the serene and gentle Fenelon; or the devout Thomas á Kempis; or the meek-spirited John Woolman; or the eloquent hopefulness of Channing; or the cathedral tones of Keble, or the saintly beauty of Raphael, or the clear melody of Handel. All speak to me with friendly greeting, and have somewhat to give my thirsty soul. Fain would I do the same, for all who come to *my* door-step, hungry, and cold, spiritually or naturally. To the erring and the guilty, above all others, the door of my heart shall never open outward. I have too much *need* of mercy. Are we not all children of the same Father? and shall we not pity those who among pit-falls lose their way home?

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory, that vanished too soon,
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments, by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days, lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, forgone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered by none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun;—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife;
The proud man's frown and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh,—
O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—
The only law of the desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By the valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild-vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is dinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown karroo, where the fleeting cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
And the timorous quagga's shrill-whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;

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A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread, void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying,—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed,
When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved ones were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring;
Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above;
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring Love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Softened by a woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
And the poet's world has entered in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated;
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited;
Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
Soon he will awaken!

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing
Music that is murmured from Nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is holy;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own;
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.
Yes, he has awakened
For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth,—
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth?
'T is for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen!

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THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly prest
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze and gaze 'till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roam'd in a wood, mamma,
And we rested, as under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly, flaunted in pride;
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-rob'd maiden appear'd in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kiss'd me softly ere I was aware,
Saying "come pretty babe with me."

My tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We enter'd the door of the dark, dark tomb,
We pass'd through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then open'd our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amaz'd,
And wond'ring, round me, I gaz'd and gaz'd,
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blaz'd;
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smil'd,
And they marvell'd to meet with an earth-born child;
And they gloried that I from the earth was exil'd,
Saying, "here love, blest thou shalt be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And saw as I roam'd the regions of peace,
The spirits which came from this world of distress;
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead, a short time agone?
Oh! you gaz'd on the sad, but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe, you could not check,
And your heart was so sore you wish'd it would break,
But it lov'd, and you still sobbed on!

But Oh! had you been with me, mamma,
In realms of unknown care;
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died,
For shining with the blest, and adorn'd like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that silly old man, mamma,
Who came very late to our door,
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was sick, and his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle serv'd for his shroud,
Ere the midnight hour was o'er?

And think what a weight of wo, mamma,
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,
As the good man sat on papa's old chair,
While the rain dripp'd down from his thin grey hair,
And fast as the big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his glazing eye.

And think what a heavenly look, mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling tear,
As he told how he went to the baron's strong hold,
Saying "Oh! let me in for the night is so cold,"
But the rich man cried, "go sleep in the wold,
For we shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white,
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep mamma,
And dream as I dream'd before,
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of Life was a guest,
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the blest,
Can love this world no more.

"There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain or break the heart."

WORDSWORTH.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 12.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—*Emerson's Essays, Second Series*, iv. p. 162.

A few days since, I was walking with a friend, who, unfortunately for himself, seldom meets with any thing in the world of realities worthy of comparison with the ideal of his fancy, which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides perpetually before him, always near, yet never overtaken. I felt my arm suddenly pressed. "Did you see that lady, who has just passed us?" he inquired. I turned and threw back a glance. "I see her," I replied; "a good figure, and quite a graceful step—what of her?" "Why, she is almost beautiful,—in fact very nearly perfect," said my friend. "I have seen her several times before, and were it not for a chin slightly out of proportion, I should be obliged to confess that there is at least one handsome woman in the city." "And *but* one, I suppose," said I, laughingly. "That I am sure of," said he. "I have been to all the churches, from the Catholic to the Mormon, and on all the Corporations, and there is not a handsome woman here, although she whom we have just passed comes nearer the standard than any other."

Just as if there were any standard of beauty,—a fixed, arbitrary model of form and feature, and color! The beauty which my friend seemed in search of, was that of proportion and coloring; mechanical exactness; a due combination of soft curves, and obtuse angles, of warm carnation, and marble purity! Such a man, for aught I can see, might love a graven image, like the girl of Florence, who pined into a shadow for the Apollo Belvidere, looking coldly on her with his stony eyes, from his niche in the Vatican. One thing is certain; he will never find his faultless piece of artistical perfection, by searching for it amidst flesh and blood realities. Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass, or lay on her colors by the rules of royal artists, or the dunces of the academies. She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. It is in the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature, that her great charm and uncloying beauty consists. Look at her primitive woods—scattered trees with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots—great clumps of green shadow, where limb entwists with limb, and the rustle of one leaf stirs a hundred others—stretching up steep hill-sides, flooding with green beauty the valleys, or arching over with leaves the sharp ravines,—every tree and shrub unlike its neighbor in size and proportion—the old and storm-broken leaning on the young and vigorous—intricate and confused, without order or method! Who would exchange this for artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity, like so many grenadiers under review? Who wants eternal sunshine or shadow? Who would fix for ever the loveliest cloud-work of an autumn sunset; or hang over him an everlasting moonlight? If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who shall venture to ask our kind Mother Nature to remove from our sight any one of her forms or colors? Who shall decide which is beautiful, or otherwise, in itself considered?

There are too many like my fastidious friend, who go through the world "from Dan to Beersheba, finding all barren"—who have always some fault or other to find with Nature and Providence, seeming to consider themselves especially ill-used because the one does not always coincide with their taste, nor the other with their narrow notions of personal convenience. In one of his early poems, Coleridge has beautifully expressed a truth, which is not the less important because it is not generally admitted. I have not in my mind at this moment the entire passage, but the idea is briefly this: that the mind gives to all things their coloring, their gloom or gladness; that the pleasure we derive from external Nature is primarily from ourselves:

> "From the mind itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous mist,
> Enveloping the earth."

The real difficulty of these life-long hunters after the Beautiful, exists in their own spirits. They set up certain models of perfection in their imaginations, and then go about the world in the vain expectation of finding them actually wrought out according to pattern; very unreasonably calculating that nature will suspend her everlasting laws for the purpose of creating faultless prodigies for their especial gratification.

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The authors of "Gaities and Gravities," give it as their opinion, that no object of sight is regarded by us as a simple, disconnected form, but that an instantaneous reflection as to its history, purpose, or associations, converts it into a concrete one—a process, they shrewdly remark, which no thinking being can prevent, and which can only be avoided by the unmeaning and stolid stare of "a goose on the common, or a cow on the green." The senses and the faculties of the understanding are so blended with, and dependent upon, each other, that not one of them can exercise its office alone, and without the modification of some extrinsic interference or suggestion. Grateful or unpleasant associations cluster around all which sense takes cognizance of: the beauty which we discern in an external object is often but the reflection of our own minds.

What is Beauty, after all? Ask the lover, who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold on-looker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomelinesss, softens, irradiates and glorifies it. That which to others seems common-place and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spenser,

> "A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of Gospel books."

"Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that Statue of the Venus, "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious lovelinesss. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not?—Every mother's daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a Northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." O! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvass,—speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind;—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the Virgin Mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer, is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart? Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling place? When the soul is at rest. when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony,—

> "Spirits moving musically
> To a lute's well ordered law,"

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance? "I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the Journal of John Woolman, there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow beings:—"Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome, that with my admiration of them, "the stranger intermeddleth not."

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home:
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed,—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,—
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still,—but knew not why
The world was listening,—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness,—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

THE GOOD PART THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hopes and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide,
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chain aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

Long since, beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow,—whose employ
Is to *develop* not *destroy*,—
Far better than a barren joy. R. M. MILNES.

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NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"To fall on the battle-field, fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard.—*MS. in Miss Bremer's "Neighbors."*

O, no, no,—let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head,
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand, when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald Eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight.

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay penants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:—
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted, till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave,
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;—
I know that, o'er their bones,
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

Some of these piles I've seen:—
The one at Lexington, upon the green,
Where the first blood was shed,
That to my country's independence led;
And others, on our shore,
"The battle monument," at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill,
Aye, and abroad, a few more famous still:—

Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss,
That issue from the gulf of Salamis:—
And thine, too, have I seen,
The mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,
Watched by some turban'd boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But, as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column, or a mound, to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow notes of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No—let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,
And, from my forehead, dries
The death-damp, as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths! Or, let me leave
The world, when, round my bed,
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor, have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup,
That all must drink, at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then, let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!

And, though no grassy mound
Or granite pile, say 'tis heroic ground,
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,—
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,—
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,—
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him, whose bones are mouldering there.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

Be of good cheer, ye firm and dauntless few,
Whose struggle is to work an unloved good!
Ye shall be taunted by revilings rude,
Ye shall be scorned for that which ye pursue!
Yet faint not—but be ever strict and true:
Greatness must learn to be misunderstood;
And persecution is their bitter food,
Who the great promptings of the spirit do.
Though no one seem to hear, yet every word
That thou hast linked unto an earnest thought
Hath fiery wings, and shall be clearly heard
When thy frail lips to silent dust are brought.
God's guidence keeps those noble thoughts, that chime
With the great harmony, beyond all time!

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IGNORANCE OF THE LEARNED.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

" For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak:
And, for the industry he has spent upon't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits that strive to understand it
(Like those that write the characters) left handed.
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own."

The Author of Hudibras.

The description of persons who have the fewest ideas of all others are mere authors and readers. It is better to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else. A lounger who is ordinarily seen with a book in his hand, is (we may be almost sure) equally without the power or inclination to attend either to what passes around him, or in his own mind. Such a one may be said to carry his understanding about with him in his pocket, or to leave it at home on his library shelves. He is afraid of venturing on any train of reasoning, or of striking out any observation that is not mechanically suggested to him by passing his eyes over certain legible characters; shrinks from the fatigue of thought, which, for want of practice, becomes insupportable to him; and sits down contented with an endless wearisome succession of words and half-formed images, which fill the void of the mind, and continually efface one another. Learning is, in too many cases, but a foil to common sense; a substitute for true knowledge. Books are less often made use of as "spectacles" to look at nature with, than as blinds to keep out its strong light and shifting scenery from weak eyes and indolent dispositions. The book-worm wraps himself up in his web of verbal generalities, and sees only the glimmering shadows of things reflected from the minds of others. Nature *puts him out*. The impressions of real objects, stripped of the disguises of words and voluminous round-about descriptions, are blows that stagger him; their variety distracts, their rapidity exhausts him; and he turns from the bustle, the noise and glare and whirling motion of the world about him (which he has not an eye to follow in its fantastic changes, nor an understanding to reduce to fixed principles) to the quiet monotony of the dead languages, and the less startling and more intelligible combinations of the letters of the alphabet. It is well, it is perfectly well. "Leave me to my repose" is the motto of the sleeping and the dead. You might as well ask the paralytic to leap from his chair and throw away his crutch, or, without a miracle, to "take up his bed and walk," as expect the learned reader to lay down his book and think for himself. He clings to it for his intellectual support; and his dread of being left to himself is like the horror of a vacuum. He can only breathe a learned atmosphere, as other men breathe common air. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of other people. The habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources "enfeebles all internal strength of thought," as a course of dram-drinking destroys the tone of the stomach. The faculties of the mind, when not exerted, or when cramped by custom and authority, become listless, torpid, and unfit for the purposes of thought or action. Can we wonder at the languor and lassitude which is thus produced by a life of learned sloth and ignorance; by poring over lines and syllables that excite little more idea or interest than if they were the characters of an unknown tongue, till the eye closes on vacancy, and the book drops from the feeble hand! I would rather be a wood-cutter, or the meanest hind, that all day "sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and at night sleeps in Elysium," than wear out my life so, 'twixt dreaming and awake. The learned author differs from the learned student in this, that the one transcribes what the other reads. The learned are mere literary drudges. If you set them upon original composition, their heads turn, they know not where they are. The indefatigable readers of books are like the everlasting copiers of pictures, who, when they attempt to do any thing of their own, find they want an eye quick enough, a hand steady enough, and colours bright enough, to trace the living forms of nature.

Any one who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself as having had a very narrow escape. It is an old remark, that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure when they grow up and come out into the world. The things, in fact, which a boy is set to learn at school, and on which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise either of the highest or the most useful faculties of the mind. Memory (and that of the lowest kind) is the chief faculty called into play, in conning over and repeating lessons by rote in grammar, in languages, in geography, arithmetic, &c., so that he who has the most of this technical memory, with the least turn for other things, which have a stronger and more natural claim upon his childish attention, will make the most forward school-boy. The jargon containing the definitions of the parts of speech, the rules for casting up an account, or the inflections of a Greek verb, can have no attraction to the tyro of ten years old, except as they are imposed as a task upon him by others, or from his feeling the want of sufficient relish or amusement in other things. A lad with a sickly constitution, and no very active mind, who can just retain what is pointed out to him, and has

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neither sagacity to distinguish nor spirit to enjoy for himself, will generally be at the head of his form. An idler at school, on the other hand, is one who has high health and spirits, who has the free use of his limbs, with all his wits about him, who feels the circulation of his blood and the motion of his heart, who is ready to laugh and cry in a breath, and who had rather chase a ball or a butterfly, feel the open air in his face, look at the fields or the sky, follow a winding path, or enter with eagerness into all the little conflicts and interests of his acquaintances and friends, than doze over a musty spelling-book, repeat barbarous distichs after his master, sit so many hours pinioned to a writing-desk, and receive his reward for the loss of time and pleasure in paltry prize-medals at Christmas and Midsummer. There is indeed a degree of stupidity which prevents children from learning the usual lessons, or ever arriving at these puny academic honours. But what passes for stupidity is much oftener a want of interest, of a sufficient motive to fix the attention, and force a reluctant application to the dry and unmeaning pursuits of school-learning. The best capacities are as much above this drudgery, as the dullest are beneath it. Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their acquirements at school or at the university.

"Th' enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever."

Gray and Collins were among the instances of this wayward disposition. Such persons do not think so highly of the advantages, nor can they submit their imaginations so servilely to the trammels of strict scholastic discipline. There is a certain kind and degree of intellect in which words take root, but into which things have not power to penetrate. A mediocrity of talent, with a certain slenderness of moral constitution, is the soil that produces the most brilliant specimens of successful prize-essayists and Greek epigrammatists. It should not be forgotten, that the most equivocal character among modern politicians was the eleverest boy at Eton.

Learning is the knowledge of that which is not generally known to others, and which we can only derive at second-hand from books, or other artificial sources. The knowledge of that which is before us or about us, which appeals to our experience, passions and pursuits, to the bosoms and businesses of men, is not learning. Learning is the knowledge of that which none but the learned know. He is the most learned man who knows the most of what is farthest removed from common life and actual observation, that is of the least practical utility, and least liable to be brought to the test of experience, and that, having been handed down through the greatest number of intermediate stages, is the most full of uncertainty, difficulties, and contradictions. It is seeing with the eyes of others, hearing with their ears, and pinning our faith on their understandings. The learned man prides himself in the knowledge of names and dates, not of men or things. He thinks and cares nothing about his next-door neighbours, but he is deeply read in the tribes and castes of the Hindoos and Calmuc Tartars. He can hardly find his way into the next street, though he is acquainted with the exact dimensions of Constantinople and Pekin. He does not know whether his oldest acquaintance is a knave or a fool, but he can pronounce a pompous lecture on all the principal characters in history. He cannot tell whether an object is black or white, round or square, and yet he is a professed master of the laws of optics and the rules of perspective. He knows as much of what he talks about, as a blind man does of colours. He cannot give a satisfactory answer to the plainest question, nor is he ever in the right in any one of his opinions, upon any one matter of fact that really comes before him, and yet he gives himself out for an infallible judge on all those points of which it is impossible that he or any other person living should know anything but by conjecture. He is expert in all the dead and most of the living languages; but he can neither speak his own fluently, nor write it correctly. A person of this class, the second Greek scholar of his day, undertook to point out several solecisms in Milton's Latin style; and in his own performance there is hardly a sentence of common Engligh. Such was Dr. ——. Such is Dr. ——. Such was not Porson. He was an exception that confirmed the general rule,—a man that, by uniting talents and knowledge with learning, made the distinction between them more striking and palpable.

A mere scholar, who knows nothing but books, must be ignorant even of them. "Books do not teach the use of books." How should he know anything of a work, who knows nothing of the subject of it? The learned pedant is conversant with books only as they are made of other books, and those again of others, without end. He parrots those who have parroted others. He can translate the same word into ten different languages, but he knows nothing of the *thing* which it means in any one of them. He stuffs his head with authorities built on authorities, with quotations quoted from quotations, while he locks up his senses, his understanding, and his heart. He is unacquainted with the maxims and manners of the world; he is to seek in the characters of individuals. He sees no beauty in the face of nature or of art. To him "the mighty world of eye and ear" is hid; and "knowledge," except at one entrance, "quite shut out." His pride takes part with his ignorance; and his self-importance rises with the number of things of which he does not know the value, and which he therefore despises as unworthy of his notice. He knows nothing of pictures;—"of the colouring of Titian, the grace of Raphael, the purity of Domenichino, the *corregiescity* of Correggio, the learning of Poussin, the airs of Guido, the taste of the Caracci, or the grand contour of Michael

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Angelo," of all those glories of the Italian and miracles of the Flemish school, which have filled the eyes of mankind with delight, and to the study and imitation of which thousands have in vain devoted their lives. These are to him as if they had never been, a mere dead letter, a by-word; and no wonder: for he neither sees nor understands their prototypes in nature. A print of Ruben's *Watering-place*, or Claude's *Enchanted Castle*, may be hanging on the walls of his room for months without his once perceiving them; and if you point them out to him, he will turn away from them. The language of nature or of art (which is another nature) is one that he does not understand. He repeats indeed the names of Apelles and Phidias, because they are to be found in classic authors, and boasts of their works as prodigies, because they no longer exist; or when he sees the finest remains of Grecian art actually before him in the Elgin marbles, takes no other interest in them than as they lead to a learned dispute, and (which is the same thing) a quarrel about the meaning of a Greek particle. He is equally ignorant of music; he "knows no touch of it," from the strains of the all-accomplished Mozart to the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain. His ears are nailed to his books; and deadened with the sound of the Greek and Latin tongues, and the din and smithery of school-learning. Does he know anything more of poetry? He knows the number of feet in a verse, and of acts in a play: but of the soul or spirit he knows nothing. He can turn a Greek ode into English, or a Latin epigram into Greek verse, but whether either is worth the trouble, he leaves to the critics. Does he understand "the act and practique part of life" better than "the theorique?" No. He knows no liberal or mechanic art; no trade or occupation; no game of skill or chance. Learning "has no skill in surgery," in agriculture, in building, in working in wood or in iron; it cannot make any instrument of labour, or use it when made; it cannot handle the plough or the spade, or the chisel or the hammer; it knows nothing of hunting or hawking, fishing or shooting, of horses or dogs, of fencing or dancing, or cudgel-playing, or bowls, or cards, or tennis, or anything else. The learned professor of all arts and sciences cannot reduce any one of them to practice, though he may contribute an account of them to an Encyclopædia. He has not the use of his hands or of his feet; he can neither run, nor walk, nor swim; and he considers all those who actually understand and can exercise any of those arts of body or mind, as vulgar and mechanical men;—though to know almost any one of them in perfection requires long time and practice, with powers originally fitted, and a turn of mind particularly devoted to them. It does not require more than this to enable the learned candidate to arrive, by painful study, at a Doctor's degree and a fellowship, and to eat, drink, and sleep the rest of his life!

The thing is plain. All that men really understand, is confined to a very small compass; to their daily affairs and experience; to what they have an opportunity to know, and motives to study or practise. The rest is affectation and imposture. The common people have the use of their limbs; for they live by their labour or skill. They understand their own business, and the characters of those they have to deal with; for it is necessary that they should. They have eloquence to express their passions, and wit at will to express their contempt and provoke laughter. Their natural use of speech is not hung up in monumental mockery, in an obsolete language; nor is their sense of what is ludicrous, or readiness at finding out allusions to express it, buried in collections of *Anas*. You will hear more good things on the outside of a stage-coach from London to Oxford, than if you were to pass a twelvemonth with the Undergraduates or Heads of Colleges of that famous university; and more *home* truths are to be learnt from listening to a noisy debate in an ale-house, than from attending to a formal one in the House of Commons. An elderly country gentlewoman will often know more of character, and be able to illustrate it by more amusing anecdotes taken from the history of what has been said, done, and gossiped in a country town for the last fifty years, than the best blue-stocking of the age will be able to glean from that sort of learning which consists in an acquaintance with all the novels and satirical poems published in the same period. People in towns, indeed, are woefully deficient in a knowledge of character, which they see only *in the bust*, not as a whole-length. People in the country not only know all that has happened to a man, but trace his virtues or vices, as as they do his features, in their descent through several generations, and solve some contradiction in his behaviour by a cross in the breed, half a century ago. The learned know nothing of the matter, either in town or country. Above all, the mass of society have common sense, which the learned in all ages want. The vulgar are in the right when they judge for themselves; they are wrong when they trust to their blind guides. The celebrated nonconformist divine, Baxter, was almost stoned to death by the good women of Kidderminster, for asserting from the pulpit that "hell was paved with infants' skulls;" but by the force of argument, and of learned quotations from the Fathers, the reverend preacher at length prevailed over the scruples of his congregation, and over reason and humanity.

Such is the use which has been made of human learning. The labourers in this vineyard seem as if it was their object to confound all common sense, and the distinctions of good and evil, by means of traditional maxims and preconceived notions, taken upon trust, and increasing in absurdity with increase of age. They pile hypothesis on hypothesis, mountain-high, till it is impossible to come at the plain truth on any question. They see things not as they are, but as they find them in books; and "wink and

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shut their apprehensions up," in order that they may discover nothing to interfere with their prejudices, or convince them of their absurdity. It might be supposed, that the height of human wisdom consisted in maintaining contradictions, and rendering nonsense sacred. There is no dogma, however fierce or foolish, to which these persons have not set their seals, and tried to impose on the understandings of their followers, as the will of Heaven, clothed with all the terrors and sanctions of religion. How little has the human understanding been directed to find out the true and useful! How much ingenuity has been thrown away in the defence of creeds and systems! How much time and talents have been wasted in theological controversy, in law, in politics, in verbal criticism, in judicial astrology, and in finding out the art of making gold! What actual benefit do we reap from the writings of a Laud or a Whitgift, or of Bishop Bull or Bishop Waterland, or Prideaux' Connections, or Beausobre, or Calmet, or St. Augustine, or Puffendorf, or Vattel, or from the more literal but equally learned and unprofitable labours of Scaliger, Cardan, and Scioppius? How many grains of sense are there in their thousand folio or quarto volumes? What would the world lose, if they were committed to the flames to-morrow? Or are they not already "gone to the vault of all the Capulets?" Yet all these were oracles in their time, and would have scoffed at you or me, at common sense and human nature, for differing with them. It is our turn to laugh now.

To conclude this subject. The most sensible people to be met with in society are men of business and of the world, who argue from what they see and know, instead of spinning cobweb distinctions of what things ought to be. Women have often more of what is called *good sense* than men. They have fewer pretensions; are less implicated in theories; and judge of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, more truly and naturally. They cannot reason wrong; for they do not reason at all. They do not think or speak by rule; and they have in general more eloquence and wit, as well as sense, on that account. By their wit, sense, and eloquence together, they generally contrive to govern their husbands. Their style, when they write to their friends, (not for the booksellers,) is better than that of most authors. Uneducated people have most exuberance of invention, and the greatest freedom from prejudice. Shakespear's was evidently an uneducated mind, both in the freshness of his imagination, and in the variety of his views; as Milton's was scholastic, in the texture both of his thoughts and feelings. Shakespear had not been accustomed to write themes at school in favour of virtue or against vice. To this we owe the unaffected, but healthy tone of his dramatic morality. If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespear. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators.

GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

BY WILLIAM J. FABODIE.

Go forth into the fields,
Ye dwellers in the city's troubled mart!
Go forth and know the influence nature yields,
To soothe the wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng;—
Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life,
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark!—from each fresh clad bough,
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,
Glad birds, with joyous music, bid you now
To Spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery-gleaming rills
Lure, with soft murmurs, from the grassy lea,
Or, gaily dancing down the sunny hills,
Call loudly in their glee!

And the young wanton breeze,
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,
In voice low whispering 'mong the embowering trees,
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,
Where violets meekly smile upon your way;
Or on some pine-crowned summit, tempest-riven,
Your wandering footsteps stay.

Seek ye the solemn wood,
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,
And listen while the roar of some far flood
Thrills the young leaves with fear!

Stand by the tranquil lake,
Sleeping 'mid rocky banks abrupt and high,
Save when the wild-bird's wing its surface break,
Chequering the mirrored sky;—

And if within your breast
Hallowed to nature's touch, one chord remain;
If aught save worldly honors find you blest,
Or hope of sordid gain—

A strange delight shall thrill,
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove;
Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,
The holy sabbath hours, when sleeps the air,
And heaven, and earth, decked with her beauteous flowers,
Lie hushed in breathless prayer;

Pass ye the proud fane by,
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,
And, 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,
Go forth and worship God!

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AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong,
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds
With way-side beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece or Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And, from the many, slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.

In his broad breast, the feeling deep
Which struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought whose surges leap
O'er the weak throne of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak,
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection,—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming, lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy. HYPERION.

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HISTORICAL ERAS.

The world's Eras, for the most part, have been mighty efforts of courage or intellect, perverted to base uses. The love of what is noblest has not often been honored by pillar, or temple, or poet's song, or stateman's advocacy, or orator's eulogium, or historian's record. Tyrtœus, because he was full of the spirit of carnage, has always sung of battle-fields; and as his songs were to Spartans, Spartans treasured them up above any purer strains. Yet many noble aspirations doubtless graced the ages that have fled. The heart of man, though not perfect, has frequently beat for the true and right. Demosthenes, though a coward at Chœronea, was bold for Freedom in the popular assemblies; Tancred, though sometimes fierce, was often kind and pious; and even Xerxes, nurtured as he was with no feeling of brotherhood for his millions of serfs, wept with involuntary pity at what he conceived would be their miserable fate. Then, too, Isaiah and Jeremiah and David and Confucius and Socrates, by close union with God, felt and knew nobleness so in advance of their age, that the truth of it all is not even yet acknowledged by the mass of mankind. Then, too, thousands have gone down to their graves unwept and unremembered, whose voices full of divine accents, falling upon ears not ready to receive them, died with the passing breeze.

The high task of weaving the fragments of nobleness that remain into a Philosophico-Religious history, and deducing from them invaluable conclusions with regard to God's government and man's duty, is reserved for some Freeman whose heart beats warmly for the right, and whose intellect can recognize truth even when covered by the dust which Malice and Ignorance have so liberally flung upon it. We need that the Soul's progress from its lower to its higher destinies should be exhibited in the strong light of history. We need to be assured by infallible proofs that each age has made advances upon that which preceded it, even when at first glance the reverse would appear; and that in every age Love when exerted has been more potent than Hate and Violence to bring men to its measures; and that Freedom has never led to license, but Tyranny always; and that Truth with her pure confiding aspect has ever been more revered even by her enemies, than Falsehood with her gorgeous trappings and millions in her train. We need to have our Infidelity, in God's goodness and power, rebuked by stern facts that shall shame us into heroism that will not doubt of victory in God's causes, but will be as fully assured of it when arming for the assault as if the white flag already streamed from the battlements. We need that no storm breaking upon our brows should quench the fire of hope that burns in our bosoms.

Within a few years have appeared three documents, which are worthy of all note as indicating the upward spirit of the age. They did not emanate from those who in wonder and awe were styled prophets, but from those who were of the people, and uttered what many felt and acknowledged, and so shall be honored even when a purer philosophy shall have pointed out to mankind some flaws in their positions. Magna Charta shall not have a name more imperishable than they. The world's archives do not contain nobler voices from masses of men. They are Eras in the march of Soul.

I.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

By the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

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He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners: refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:—

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:—

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:—

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:—

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:—

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:—

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:—

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:—

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:—

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power, to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and inde-

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pendent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

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II.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia, to organize a National Anti-Slavery Society, promptly seize the opportunity to promulgate the following Declaration of Sentiments as cherished by them in relation to the enslavement of one-sixth portion of the American people.

More than fifty-seven years have elapsed since a band of patriots convened in this place, to devise measures for the deliverance of this country from a foreign yoke. The corner stone upon which they founded the Temple of Freedom was broadly this—"that all men are created equal; and they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness." At the sound of their trumpet-call three millions of people rose up as from the sleep of death, and rushed to the strife of blood; deeming it more glorious to die instantly as freemen, than desirable to live one hour as slaves. They were few in number—poor in resources; but the honest conviction that Truth, Justice, and Right were on their side, made them invincible.

We have met together for the achievement of an enterprise, without which that of our fathers is incomplete; and which, for its magnitude, solemnity, and probable results upon the destiny of the world, as far transcends theirs as moral truth does physical force.

In purity of motive, in earnestness of zeal, in decision of purpose, in intrepidity of action, in steadfastness of faith, in sincerity of spirit, we would not be inferior to them.

Their principles led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water, in order to be free. *Ours* forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage; relying solely upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.

Their measures were physical resistance—the marshalling in arms—the hostile array—the mortal encounter. *Ours* shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance.

Their grievances, great as they were, were trifling in comparison with the wrongs and sufferings of those for whom we plead. Our fathers were never slaves—never bought and sold like cattle—never shut out from the light of knowledge and religion—never subjected to the lash of brutal task-masters.

But those for whose emancipation we are striving—constituting at the present time at least one-sixth part of our countrymen,—are recognized by the law, and treated by their fellow beings, as marketable commodities, as goods and chattels, as brute beasts; are plundered daily of the fruits of their toil without redress; really enjoying no constitutional nor legal protection from licentious and murderous outrages upon their persons, are ruthlessly torn asunder—the tender babe from the arms of its frantic mother—the heart-broken wife from her weeping husband—at the caprice or pleasure of irresponsible tyrants. For the crime of having a dark complexion, they suffer the pangs of hunger, the infliction of stripes, and the ignominy of brutal servitude. They are kept in heathenish darkness by laws expressly enacted to make their instruction a criminal offence.

These are the prominent circumstances in the condition of more than two millions of our people, the proof of which may be found in thousands of indisputable facts, and in the laws of the slaveholding states.

Hence we maintain,—that in view of the civil and religious privileges of this nation, the guilt of its oppression is unequalled by any other on the face of the earth; and, therefore,

That it is bound to repent instantly, to undo the heavy burdens, to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free.

We further maintain,—that no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother—to hold or acknowledge him, for one moment, as a piece of merchandize—to keep back his hire by fraud—or to brutalize his mind by denying him the means of intellectual, social and moral improvement.

The right to enjoy liberty is inalienable. To invade it is to usurp the prerogative of Jehovah. Every man has a right to his own body—the products of his own labor—to the protection of law, and to the common advantages of society. It is piracy to buy or steal a native African, and subject him to servitude. Surely the sin is as great to enslave an American as an African.

Therefore we believe and affirm—that there is no difference in principle, between the African slave trade and American slavery:

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That every American citizen who detains a human being in involuntary bondage as his property, is according to scripture (Ex. xxi. 16) a man stealer:

That the slaves ought instantly to be set free, and brought under the protection of law:

That if they lived from the time of Pharaoh down to the present period, and had been entailed through successive generations, their right to be free could never have been alienated, but their claims would have constantly risen in solemnity.

That all those laws which are now in force, admitting the right of slavery, are therefore before God utterly null and void; being an audacious usurpation of the Divine prerogative, a daring infringement on the law of nature, a base overthrow of the very foundations of the social compact, a complete extinction of all the relations, endearments, and obligations of mankind, and a presumptuous transgression of all the holy commandments—and that therefore they ought instantly to be abrogated.

We further believe and affirm—that all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives, as others; and that the paths of preferment, of wealth, and of intelligence, should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion.

We maintain that no compensation should be given to the planters emancipating the slaves;

Because it would be a surrender of the great fundamental principle that man cannot hold property in man;

Because slavery is a crime, and therefore is not an article to be sold;

Because the holders of slaves are not the just proprietors of what they claim; freeing the slaves is not depriving them of property, but restoring it to its rightful owners; it is not wronging the master, but righting the slave—restoring him to himself:

Because immediate and general emancipation would only destroy nominal, not real property; it would not amputate a limb or break a bone of the slaves, but by infusing motives into their breasts, would make them doubly valuable to the masters as free laborers; and

Because, if compensation is to be given at all, it should be given to the outraged and guiltless slaves, and not to those who have plundered and abused them.

We regard as delusive, cruel, and dangerous, any scheme of expatriation which pretends to aid, either directly or indirectly in the emancipation of the slaves, or to be a substitute for the immediate and total abolition of slavery.

We fully and unanimously recognise the sovereignty of each state, to legislate exclusively on the subject of the slavery which is tolerated within its limits; we concede that Congress, *under the present national compact*, has no right to interfere with any of the slave states, in relation to this momentous subject;

But we maintain that Congress has a right, and is solemnly bound, to suppress the domestic slave trade between the several states, and to abolish slavery in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction.

We also maintain that there are, at the present time, the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free states, to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force, to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the southern states; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slave owner to vote on three fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the south for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal and full of danger: *it must be broken up.*

These are our views and principles—these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of our Independence and the truths of Divine Revelation as upon the Everlasting Rock.

We shall organize Anti-Slavery Societies, if possible, in every city, town and village in our land.

We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty, and rebuke.

We shall circulate, unsparingly and extensively, anti-slavery tracts and periodicals.

We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves by giving a preference to their productions: and

We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

Our trust for victory is solely in God. *We* may be personally defeated, but our principles never. Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

Submitting this declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves that, under the guidance and by the help of Almighty God we will do all that in us lies, consistently with

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this Declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth—to deliver our land from its deadliest curse—to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon—and to secure to the colored population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men, and as Americans—come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputation—whether we live to witness the triumph of liberty, justice and humanity, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause.

Done at Philadelphia, the sixth day of December, A.D. 1833.

III.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS

Adopted by the Peace Convention, held in Boston, September 18, 19, *and* 20, 1838.

Assembled in Convention, from various sections of the American Union, for the promotion of peace on earth, and good will among men, we, the undersigned, regard it as due to ourselves, to the cause which we love, to the country in which we live, and to the world, to publish a Declaration, expressive of the principles we cherish, the purposes we aim to accomplish, and the measures we shall adopt to carry forward the work of peaceful universal reformation.

We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government, by a resort to physical force. We recognize but one King and Lawgiver, one Judge and Ruler of mankind. We are bound by the laws of a kingdom which is not of this world; the subjects of which are forbidden to fight; in which Mercy and Truth are met together, and Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other; which has no state lines, no national partitions, no geographical boundaries; in which there is no distinction of rank, or division of caste, or inequality of sex; the officers of which are Peace, its exactors Righteousness, its walls Salvation, and its gates Praise; and which is destined to break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms.

Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind. We love the land of our nativity, only as we love all other lands. The interests, rights, and liberties of American citizens are no more dear to us, than are those of the whole human race. Hence, we can allow no appeal to patriotism, to revenge any national insult or injury. The Prince of Peace, under whose stainless banner we rally, came not to destroy, but to save, even the worst of enemies. He has left us an example, that we should follow his steps. *God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*

We conceive that if a nation has no right to defend itself against foreign enemies, or to punish its invaders, no individual possesses that right in his own case. The unit cannot be of greater importance than the aggregate. If one man may take life, to obtain or defend his rights, the same license must necessarily be granted to communities, states, and nations. If *he* may use a dagger or a pistol, *they* may employ cannon, bomb-shells, land and naval forces. The means of self-preservation must be in proportion to the magnitude of interests at stake, and the number of lives exposed to destruction. But if a rapacious and blood-thirsty soldiery, thronging these shores from abroad, with intent to commit rapine and destroy life, may not be resisted by the people or magistracy, then ought no resistance to be offered to domestic troublers of the public peace, or of private security. No obligation can rest upon Americans to regard foreigners as more sacred in their persons than themselves, or to give them a monopoly of wrong-doing with impunity.

The dogma, that all the governments of the world are approvingly ordained of God, and that the powers that be in the United States, in Russia, in Turkey, are in accordance with His will, is not less absurd than impious. It makes the impartial Author of human freedom and equality, unequal and tyrannical. It cannot be affirmed, that the powers that be, in any nation, are actuated by the spirit, or guided by the example of Christ, in the treatment of enemies: therefore, they cannot be agreeable to the will of God: and, therefore, their overthrow, by a spiritual regeneration of their subjects, is inevitable.

We register our testimony, not only against all wars, whether offensive or defensive, but all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against the militia system and a standing army; against all military chieftains and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victory over a foreign foe, all trophies won in battle, all celebrations in honor of military or naval exploits; against all appropriations for the defence of a nation by force and arms, on the part of any legislative body; against every edict of government, requiring of its subjects military service. Hence, we deem it unlawful to bear arms, or to hold a military office.

As every human government is upheld by physical strength, and its laws are enforced virtually at the point of the bayonet, we cannot hold any office which imposes upon its incumbent the obligation to do right, on pain of imprisonment or death. We therefore voluntarily exclude ourselves from every legislative and judicial body, and repudiate all human politics, worldly honors, and stations of authority. If *we* cannot occupy a seat in the legislature, or on the bench, neither can we elect *others* to act as our substitutes in any such capacity.

It follows that we cannot sue any man at law, to compel him by force to restore any thing which he may have wrongfullly taken from us or others; but,

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if he has seized our coat, we shall surrender up our cloak, rather than subject him to punishment.

We believe that the penal code of the old covenant, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, has been abrogated by Jesus Christ; and that, under the new covenant, the forgiveness, instead of the punishment of enemies, has been enjoined upon all disciples, in all cases whatsoever. To extort money from enemies, or set them upon a pillory, or cast them into prison, or hang them upon a gallows, is obviously not to forgive, but to take retribution. Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord.

The history of mankind is crowded with evidences, proving that physical coercion is not adapted to moral regeneration; that the sinful dispositions of man can be subdued only by love; that evil can be exterminated from the earth only by goodness; that it is not safe to rely upon an arm of flesh, upon man whose breath is in his nostrils, to preserve us from harm; that there is great security in being gentle, harmless, long-suffering, and abundant in mercy; that it is only the meek who shall inherit the earth, for the violent, who resort to the sword, shall perish with the sword. Hence, as a measure of sound policy,—of safety to property, of life, and liberty,—of public quietude and private enjoyment,—as well as on the ground of allegiance to Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords,—we cordially adopt the non-resistance principle; being confident that it provides for all possible consequences, will ensure all things needful to us, is armed with omnipotent power, and must ultimately triumph over every assailing force.

We advocate no jacobinical doctrines. The spirit of jacobinism is the spirit of retaliation, violence and murder. It neither fears God, nor regards man. *We* would be filled with the spirit of Christ. If we abide by our principles, it is impossible for us to be disorderly, or plot treason, or participate in any evil work:—we shall submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; obey all the requirements of government, except such as we deem contrary to the commands of the gospel; and in no wise resist the operation of law, except by meekly submitting to the penalty of disobedience.

But, while we shall adhere to the doctrine of non-resistance and passive submission to enemies, we purpose, in a moral and spiritual sense, to speak and act boldly in the cause of God; to assail inquity in high places and in low places; to apply our principles to all existing, civil, political, legal, and ecclesiastical institutions; and to hasten the time, when the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever.

It appears to us a self-evident truth, that, whatever the gospel is designed to destroy at any period of the world, being contrary to it, ought now to be abandoned. If, then, the time is predicted, when swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and men shall not learn the art of war any more, it follows that all who manufacture, sell, or wield those deadly weapons, do thus array themselves against the peaceful dominion of the Son of God on earth.

Having thus briefly, but frankly, stated our principles and purposes, we proceed to specify the measures we propose to adopt, in carrying our object into effect.

We expect to prevail through the foolishness of preaching—striving to commend ourselves unto every man's conscience, in the sight of God. From the press we shall promulgate our sentiments as widely as practicable. We shall endeavor to secure the co-operation of all persons, of whatever name or sect. The triumphant progress of the cause of Temperance and of Abolition in our land, through the instrumentality of benevolent and voluntary associations, encourages us to combine our own means and efforts for the promotion of a still greater cause. Hence we shall employ lecturers, circulate tracts and publications, form societies, and petition our state and national governments in relation to the subject of Universal Peace. It will be our leading object to devise ways and means for effecting a radical change in the views, feelings and practices of society, respecting the sinfulness of war, and the treatment of enemies.

In entering upon the great work before us, we are not unmindful that, in its prosecution, we may be called to test our sincerity, even as in a fiery ordeal. It may subject us to insult, outrage, suffering, yea, even death itself. We anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation, calumny. Tumults may arise against us. The ungodly and violent, the proud and pharisaical, the ambitious and tyrannical, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, may combine to crush us. So they treated the Messiah, whose example we are humbly striving to imitate. If we suffer with him, we know that we shall reign with him. We shall not be afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. Our confidence is in the Lord Almighty, not in man. Having withdrawn from human protection, what can sustain us but that faith which overcomes the world? We shall not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try us, as though some strange thing had happened unto us; but rejoice, inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings. Wherefore, we commit the keeping of our souls to God, in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. *For every one that forsakes houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for Christ's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.*

Firmly relying upon the certain and universal triumph of the sentiments contained in this Declaration, however formidable may be the opposition ar-

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rayed against them,—in solemn testimony of our faith in their divine origin,—we hereby affix our signatures to it; commending it to the reason and conscience of mankind, giving ourselves no anxiety as to what may befal us, and resolving in the strength of the Lord God calmly and meekly to abide the issue.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Can I see another's wo,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh! no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His Joy to all:
He becomes an Infant small:
He becomes a Man of wo:
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He giveth us His Joy,
That our griefs He may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

ABSENCE.

BY FRANCES A. BUTLER.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time;
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave, and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

TO AN INFANT.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Fair bud of being! blossoming like the rose—
Leaf upon leaf unfolding to the eye,
In fragrance rich and spotless purity—
That hourly dost some latent charm disclose;—
O may the dews and gentle rains of Heaven
Give to thy root immortal sustenance;
So thou in matchless beauty shalt advance,
Nor by the storms of life be rudely driven.
But if, O envious Death! this little flower
Thou from its tender stem untimely break,
An Angel shall the drooping victim take,
And quick transplant it to a heavenly bower,
Where it shall flourish in eternal Spring,
Nurtured beneath the eye of a paternal KING.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 13.

TO M. W.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

L'Envoi, to a Volume of Poems.

Whether my heart hath wiser grown or not,
In these three years, since I to thee inscribed,
Mine own betrothed, the firstlings of my muse,—
Poor windfalls of unripe experience,
Young buds plucked hastily by childish hands
Not patient to await more full-blown flowers,—
At least it hath seen more of life and men,
And pondered more, and grown a shade more sad;
Yet with no less of hope or settled trust
In the benignness of that Providence,
Which shapes from out our elements awry
The grace and order that we wonder at,
The mystic harmony of right and wrong,
Both working out His wisdom and our good:
A trust, Beloved, chiefly learned of thee,
Who hast that gift of patient tenderness,
The instinctive wisdom of a woman's heart,
Which, seeing Right, can yet forget the Wrong,
And, strong itself to comfort and sustain,
Yet leans with full-confiding piety
On the great Spirit that enriches all.

Less of that feeling, which the world calls love,
Thou findest in my verse, but haply more
Of a more precious virtue, born of that,
The love of God, of Freedom, and of Man.
Thou knowest well what these three years have been,
How we have filled and graced each other's hearts,
And every day grown fuller of that bliss,
Which, even at first, seemed more than we could bear,
And thou, meantime, unchanged, except it be
That thy large heart is larger, and thine eyes
Of palest blue, more tender with the lore
Which taught me first how good it was to love;
And, if thy blessed name occur less oft,
Yet thou canst see the shadow of thy soul
In all my song, and art well-pleased to feel
That I could ne'er be rightly true to thee,
If I were recreant to higher aims.
Thou didst not grant to me so rich a fief
As thy full love, on any harder tenure
Than that of rendering thee a single heart;
And I do service for thy queenly gift
Then best, when I obey my soul, and tread
In reverence the path she beckons me.

'T were joy enough,—if I could think that life
Were but a barren struggle after joy,—
To live, and love, and never look beyond
The fair horizon of thy bounteous heart,
Whose sunny circle stretches wide enough
For me to find a heaped contentment in;
To do naught else but garner every hour
My golden harvest of sweet memories,
And count my boundless revenue of smiles
And happy looks, and words so kind and gentle
That each doth seem the first to give thy heart,—
Content to let my waveless soul flow on,
Reflecting but the spring-time on its brink,
And thy clear spirit bending like a sky
O'er it,—secure that from thy virgin hands
My brows shall never lack their dearest wreath:
But life hath nobler destinies than this,
Which but to strive for is reward enough,
Which to attain is all earth gives of peace.
Thou art not of those niggard souls, who deem
That Poesy is but to jingle words,
To string sweet sorrows for apologies
To hide the barrenness of unfurnished hearts,
To prate about the surfaces of things,
And make more threadbare what was quite worn out:
Our common thoughts are deepest, and to give
Such beauteous tones to these, as needs must take
Men's hearts their captives to the end of time,
So that who hath not the choice gift of words
Takes these into his soul, as welcome friends,
To make sweet music of his joys and woes,
And be all Beauty's swift interpreters,
Links of bright gold 'twixt nature and his heart,
This is the errand high of Poesy.
The day has long gone by wherein 't was thought
That men were greater poets, inasmuch
As they were more unlike their fellow-men:
The poet sees beyond, but dwells among,
The wearing turmoil of our work-day life;
His heart not differs from another heart,
But rather in itself enfolds the whole
Felt by the hearts about him, high or low,
Hath deeper sympathies and clearer sight,
And is more like a human heart than all;
His larger portion is but harmony
Of heart, the all-potent alchemy that turns
The humblest things to golden inspiration;
A loving eye's unmatched sovereignty;
A self-sustained, enduring humbleness;
A reverence for woman; a deep faith
In gentleness, as strength's least doubtful proof;
And an electric sympathy with love,
Heaven's first great message to all noble souls.

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But, if the poet's duty be to tell
His fellow-men their beauty and their strength,
And show them the deep meaning of their souls,
He also is ordained to higher things;
He must reflect his race's struggling heart,
And shape the crude conceptions of his age.
They tell us that our land was made for song,
With its huge rivers and sky-piercing peaks,
Its sea-like lakes and mighty cataracts,
Its forests vast and hoar, and prairies wide,
And mounds that tell of wondrous tribes extinct;
But Poesy springs not from rocks and woods;
Her womb and cradle are the human heart,
And she can find a nobler theme for song
In the most loathsome man that blasts the sight,
Than in the broad expanse of sea and shore
Between the frozen deserts of the poles.
All nations have their message from on high,
Each the messiah of some central thought,
For the fulfilment and delight of Man:
One has to teach that Labor is divine;
Another, Freedom; and another, Mind;
And all, that God is open-eyed and just,
The happy centre and calm heart of all.

Are, then, our woods, our mountains, and our streams,
Needful to teach our poets how to sing?
O, maiden rare, far other thoughts were ours,
When we have sat by ocean's foaming marge,
And watched the waves leap roaring on the rocks,
Than young Leander and his Hero had,
Gazing from Sestos to the other shore.
The moon looks down and ocean worships her,
Stars rise and set, and seasons come and go
Even as they did in Homer's elder time,
But we behold them not with Grecian eyes:
Then they were types of beauty and of strength,
But now of freedom, unconfined and pure,
Subject alone to Order's higher law.
What cares the Russian serf or Southern slave,
Though we should speak as man spake never yet
Of gleaming Hudson's broad magnificence,
Or green Niagara's never-ending roar?
Our country hath a gospel of her own
To preach and practice before all the world,—
The freedom and divinity of man,
The glorious claims of human brotherhood,—
Which to pay nobly, as a freeman should,
Gains the sole wealth that will not fly away,—
And the soul's fealty to none but God.
These are realities, which make the shows
Of outward Nature, be they ne'er so grand,
Seem small, and worthless, and contemptible:
These are the mountain-summits for our bards,
Which stretch far upward into heaven itself,
And give such wide-spread and exulting view
Of hope, and faith, and onward destiny,
That shrunk Parnassus to a molehill dwindles.
Our new Atlantis, like a morning-star,
Silvers the murk face of slow-yielding Night,
The herald of a fuller truth than yet
Hath gleamed upon the upraised face of Man
Since the earth glittered in her stainless prime,—
Of a more glorious sunrise than of old
Drew wondrous melodies from Memnon huge,
Yea, draws them still, though now he sits waist-deep
In the engulfing flood of whirling sand,
And looks across the wastes of endless gray,
Sole wreck, where once his hundred-gated Thebes
Pained with her mighty hum the calm, blue heaven:
Shall the dull stone pay grateful orisons,
And we till noonday bar the splendor out,
Lest it reproach and chide our sluggard hearts,
Warm-nestled in the down of Prejudice,
And be content, though clad with angel-wings,
Close-clipped, to hop about from perch to perch,
In paltry cages of dead men's dead thoughts!
O, rather, like the sky-lark, soar and sing,
And let our gushing songs befit the dawn
And sunrise, and the yet unshaken dew
Brimming the chalice of each full-blown hope,
Whose blithe front turns to greet the growing day!
Never had poets such high call before,
Never can poets hope for higher one.
And, if they be but faithful to their trust,
Earth will remember them with love and joy,
And, O, far better, God will not forget.
For he who settles Freedom's principles
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth stabs Falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than ever Brutus with his dagger could.
Wait for no hints from waterfalls or woods,
Nor dream that tales of red men, brute and fierce,
Repay the finding of this Western World,
Or needed half the globe to give them birth:
Spirit supreme of Freedom! not for this
Did great Columbus tame his eagle soul
To jostle with the daws that perch in courts;
Not for this, friendless, on an unknown sea,
Coping with mad waves and more mutinous spirits,
Battled he with the dreadful ache at heart
Which tempts, with devilish subtleties of doubt,
The hermit of that loneliest solitude,
The silent desert of a great New Thought:
Though loud Niagara were to-day struck dumb,
Yet would this cataract of boiling life
Rush plunging on and on to endless deeps,
And utter thunder till the world shall cease,—
A thunder worthy of the poet's song,
And which alone can fill it with true life.
The high evangel to our country granted
Could make apostles, yea, with tongues of fire,
Of hearts half-darkened back again to clay!
'T is the soul only that is national,
And he who pays true loyalty to that
Alone can claim the wreath of patriotism.

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Beloved! if I wander far and oft
From that which I believe, and feel, and know,
Thou wilt forgive, not with a sorrowing heart,
But with a strengthened hope of better things;
Knowing that I, though often blind and false
To those I love, and, O, more false than all
Unto myself, have been most true to thee,
And that whoso in one thing hath been true
Can be as true in all. Therefore thy hope
May yet not prove unfruitful, and thy love
Meet, day by day, with less unworthy thanks,
Whether, as now, we journey hand in hand,
Or, parted in the body, yet are one
In spirit and the love of holy things.

DEFORMING—REFORMING.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

I went last week to Blackwell's Island, in the East River, between the city and Long Island. The environs of the city are unusually beautiful, considering how far Autumn has advanced upon us. Frequent rains have coaxed vegetation into abundance, and preserved it in verdant beauty. The trees are hung with a profusion of vines, the rocks are dressed in nature's green velvet of moss, and from every little cleft peeps the rich foliage of some wind-scattered seed. The island itself presents a quiet loveliness of scenery, unsurpassed by anything I have ever witnessed; though Nature and I are old friends, and she has shown me many of her choicest pictures, in a light let in only from above. No form of gracefulness can compare with the bend of flowing waters all round and round a verdant island. The circle typifies Love; and they who read the spiritual alphabet, will see that a circle of *waters* must needs be very beautiful. Beautiful it *is*, even when the language it speaks is an unknown tongue. Then the green hills beyond look so very pleasant in the sunshine, with *homes* nestling among them, like dimples on a smiling face. The island itself abounds with charming nooks—open wells in shady places, screened by large weeping willows; gardens and arbors running down to the river's edge, to look at themselves in the waters; and pretty boats, like white-winged birds, chased by their shadows, and breaking the waves into gems.

But man has profaned this charming retreat. He has brought the screech-owl, the bat, and the vulture, into the holy temple of Nature. The island belongs to government; and the only buildings on it are penitentiary, mad-house, and hospital; with a few dwellings occupied by people connected with those institutions. The discord between man and nature never before struck me so painfully; yet it is wise and kind to place the erring and the diseased in the midst of such calm, bright influences. Man may curse, but Nature for ever blesses. The guiltiest of her wandering children she would fain enfold within her arms to the friendly heart-warmth of a mother's bosom. She speaks to them ever in the soft, low tones of earnest love; but they, alas, tossed on the roaring, stunning surge of society, forget the quiet language.

As I looked up at the massive walls of the prison, it did my heart good to see doves nestling within the shelter of the deep, narrow, grated windows. I thought what blessed little messengers of heaven they would appear to me, if I were in prison; but instantly a shadow passed over the sunshine of my thought. Alas, doves do not speak to *their* souls, as they would to *mine*; for they have lost their love for child-like, and gentle things. *How* have they lost it? Society with its unequal distribution, its perverted education, its manifold injustice, its cold neglect, its biting mockery, has taken from them the gifts of God. They are placed here, in the midst of green hills, and flowing streams, and cooing doves, after the heart is petrified against the genial influence of all such sights and sounds.

As usual, the organ of justice (which phrenologists say is unusually developed in my head) was roused into great activity by the sight of prisoners. 'Would you have them prey on Society?' said one of my companions. I answered, 'I am troubled that society has preyed upon *them*. I will not enter into an argument about the right of society to punish these sinners; but I say she *made* them sinners. How much I have done toward it, by yielding to popular prejudices, obeying false customs, and suppressing vital truths, I know not; but doubtless I have done, and am doing, my share. God forgive me. If He dealt with us, as we deal with our brother, who could stand before him?'

While I was there, they brought in the editors of the Flash, the Libertine, and the Weekly Rake. My very soul loathes such polluted publications; yet a sense of justice again made me refractory. These men were perhaps trained to such service by all the social influences they had ever known. They dared to *publish* what nine-tenths of all around them *lived* unreproved. Why should they be imprisoned, while —— —— flourished in the full tide of editorial success, circulating a paper as immoral, and perhaps more dangerous, because its indecency is slightly veiled? Why should the Weekly Rake be shut up, when daily rakes walk Broadway in fine broadcloth and silk velvet?

Many more than half the inmates of the penitentiary were women; and of course a large proportion of them were taken up as 'street-walkers.' The men who made them such, who, perchance, caused the love of a human heart to be its ruin, and changed tenderness into sensuality and crime—these men live in the 'ceiled houses' of Broadway, and sit in

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council in the City Hall, and pass 'regulations' to clear the streets they have filled with sin. And do you suppose their poor victims do not *feel* the injustice of society thus regulated? Think you they respect the *laws?* Vicious they are, and they may be both ignorant and foolish; but, nevertheless, they are too wise to respect such laws. Their whole being cries out that it is a mockery; all their experience proves that society is a game of chance, where the cunning slip through, and the strong leap over. The criminal *feels* this, even when incapable of *reasoning* upon it. The laws do not secure his reverence, because he sees that their operation is unjust. The secrets of prisons, so far as they are revealed, all tend to show that the prevailing feeling of criminals, of all grades, is that they are *wronged.* What we call *justice*, they regard as an unlucky *chance;* and whosoever looks calmly and wisely into the foundations on which society rolls and tumbles, (I cannot say on which it *rests*, for its foundations heave like the sea,) will perceive that they *are* victims of chance.

For instance, everything in school-books, social remarks, domestic conversation, literature, public festivals, legislative proceedings, and popular honors, all teach the young soul that it is noble to retaliate, mean to forgive an insult, and unmanly not to resent a wrong. Animal instincts, instead of being brought into subjection to the higher powers of the soul, are thus cherished into more than natural activity. Of three men thus educated, one enters the army, kills a hundred Indians, hangs their scalps on a tree, is made major general, and considered a fitting candidate for the presidency. The second goes to the Southwest to reside; some 'roarer' calls him a rascal—a phrase not misapplied, perhaps, but necessary to be resented; he agrees to settle the question of honour at ten paces, shoots his insulter through the heart, and is hailed by society as a brave man. The third lives in New York; a man enters his office, and, true, or untrue, calls him a knave. He fights, kills his adversary, is tried by the laws of the land, and hung. These three men indulged the same passion, acted from the same motives, and illustrated the same education; yet how different their fate!

With regard to dishonesty, too—the maxims of trade, the customs of society, and the general unreflecting tone of public conversation, all tend to promote it. The man who has made 'good bargains,' is wealthy and honoured; yet the details of those bargains few would dare to pronounce good. Of two young men nurtured under such influences, one becomes a successful merchant; five thousand dollars are borrowed of him; he takes a mortgage on a house worth twenty thousand dollars; in the absence of the owner, when sales are very dull, he offers the house for sale, to pay his mortgage; he bids it in himself, for four thousand dollars; and afterwards prosecutes and imprisons his debtor for the remaining thousand. Society calls him a shrewd business man, and pronounces his dinners excellent; the chance is, he will be a magistrate before he dies. The other young man is unsuccessful; his necessities are great; he borrows some money from his employer's drawer, perhaps resolving to restore the same; the loss is discovered before he has a chance to refund it; and society sends him to Blackwell's island, to hammer stone with highway robbers. Society made both these men thieves; but punished the one, while she rewarded the other. That criminals so universally *feel* themselves victims of injustice, is one strong proof that it is true; for impressions entirely without foundation are not apt to become universal. If society does make its own criminals, how shall she cease to do it? It can be done only by a change in the structure of society, that will diminish the temptations to vice, and increase the encouragements to virtue. If we can abolish *poverty*, we shall have taken the greatest step towards the abolition of *crime;* and this will be the final triumph of the gospel of Christ. Diversities of gifts will doubtless always exist; for the law written on spirit, as well as matter, is infinite variety. But when the kingdom of God comes 'on earth as it is in heaven,' there will not be found in any corner of it that poverty which hardens the heart under the severe pressure of physical suffering, and stultifies the intellect with toil for mere animal wants. When public opinion regards wealth as a *means*, and not as an *end*, men will no longer deem penitentiaries as a necessary evil; for society will then cease to be a great school for crime. In the meantime, do penitentiaries and prisons increase or diminish the evils they are intended to remedy?

The superintendent at Blackwell told me, unasked, that ten years' experience had convinced him that the whole system tended to *increase* crime. He said, of the lads who came there, a large proportion had already been in the house of refuge; and a large proportion of those who left, afterward went to Sing Sing. 'It is as regular a succession as the classes in a college,' said he, 'from the house of refuge to the penitentiary, and from the penitentiary to the State prison.' I remarked that coercion tended to rouse all the bad passions in man's nature, and if long continued, hardened the whole character. 'I know that,' said he, 'from my own experience; all the devil there is in me rises up when a man attempts to compel me. But what can I do? I am *obliged* to be very strict. When my feelings tempt me to unusual indulgence, a bad use is almost always made of it. I see that the system fails to produce the effect intended; but I cannot change the result.'

I felt that his words were true. He could not change the influence of the system while he discharged the duties of his office; for the same reason

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that a man cannot be at once slave-driver and missionary on a plantation. I allude to the necessities of the office, and do not mean to imply that the character of the individual was severe. On the contrary, the prisoners seemed to be made as comfortable as was compatible with their situation. There were watch-towers, with loaded guns, to prevent escape from the island; but they conversed freely with each other as they worked in the sunshine, and very few of them looked wretched. Among those who were sent under guard to row us back to the city, was one who jested on his own situation, in a manner which showed plainly enough that he looked on the whole thing as a game of chance, in which he *happened* to be the loser. Indulgence cannot benefit such characters. What is wanted is, that no human being should grow up without deep and friendly interest from the society round him; and that none should feel himself the victim of injustice, because society punishes the very sins which it teaches, nay drives men to commit. This world would be in a happier condition if legislators spent half as much time and labour to *prevent* crime, as they do to *punish* it. The poor need houses of *encouragement*; and society gives them houses of *correction*. Benevolent institutions and reformatory societies perform but a limited and temporary use. They do not reach the ground-work of evil; and it is reproduced too rapidly for them to keep even the surface healed. The natural spontaneous influences of society should be such as to supply men with healthy motives, and give full, free play to the affections, and the faculties. It is horrible to see our young men goaded on by the fierce, speculating spirit of the age, from the contagion of which it is almost impossible to escape, and then see them tortured into madness, or driven to crime, by fluctuating changes of the money-market. The young soul is, as it were, entangled in the great merciless machine of a falsely-constructed society; the steam he had no hand in raising, whirls him hither and thither, and it is altogether a lottery-chance whether it crushes or propels him.

Many, who are mourning over the too obvious diseases of the world, will smile contemptuously at the idea of *reconstruction*. But let them reflect a moment upon the immense changes that have already come over society. In the middle ages, both noble and peasant would have laughed loud and long at the prophecy of such a state of society as now exists in the free States of America; yet here we are!

I by no means underrate modern improvements in the discipline of prisons, or progressive meliorations in the criminal code. I rejoice in these things as facts, and still more as prophecy. Strong as my faith is that the time will come when war and prisons will both cease from the face of the earth, I am by no means blind to the great difficulties in the way of those who are honestly striving to make the best of things as they *are*. Violations of right, continued generation after generation, and interwoven into the whole structure of action and opinion, will continue troublesome and injurious, even for a long time after they are outwardly removed. Legislators and philanthropists may well be puzzled to know what to do with those who have become hardened in crime; meanwhile, the highest wisdom should busy itself with the more important questions. How did these men *become* criminals? Are not social influences largely at fault? If society is the criminal, were it not well to reform society?

It is common to treat the inmates of penitentiaries and prisons as if they were altogether unlike ourselves—as if they belonged to another race; but this indicates superficial thought and feeling. The passions which carried those men to prison, exist in your own bosom, and have been gratified, only in a less degree: perchance, if you look inward, with enlightened self-knowledge, you will perceive that there have been periods in your own life when a hair's-breadth further in the wrong would have rendered you amenable to human laws; and that you were prevented from moving over that hair's-breadth boundary by outward circumstances, for which you deserve no credit.

If reflections like these make you think lightly of sin, you pervert them to a very bad use. They *should* teach you that every criminal has a human heart, which *can* be reached and softened by the same means that will reach and soften your own. In all, even the most hardened, love lies folded up, perchance buried; and the voice of love calls it forth, and makes it gleam like living coals through ashes. This influence, if applied in season, would assuredly *prevent* the hardness, which it has so much power to soften.

That most tender-spirited and beautiful book, entitled 'My Prisons, by Sylvio Pellico,' abounds with incidents to prove the omnipotence of kindness. He was a gentle and noble soul, imprisoned merely for reasons of state, being suspected of republican notions. Robbers and banditti, confined in the same building, saluted him with respect as they passed him in the court; and he always returned their salutations with brotherly cordiality. He says, 'One of them once said to me, 'Your greeting, signore, does me good. Perhaps you see something in my face that is not very bad? An unhappy passion led me to commit a crime; but oh, signore, I am not, indeed I am not a villain.' And he burst into tears. I held out my hand to him, but he could not take it. My guards, not from bad feelings, but in obedience to orders, repulsed him.'

In the sight of God, perchance their repulse was a heavier crime than that for which the poor fellow was imprisoned; perhaps it *made* him a 'villain,' when the genial influence of Sylvio Pellico might have restored him a blessing to the human family.

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If these things *are* so, for what a frightful amount of crime are the coercing and repelling influences of society responsible.

I have not been happy since that visit to Blackwell's Island. There is something painful, yea, terrific, in feeling myself involved in the great wheel of society, which goes whirling on, crushing thousands at every turn. This relation of the individual to the mass is the sternest and most frightful of all the conflicts between necessity and free will. Yet here, too, conflict, *should* be harmony, and *will* be so. Put far away from thy soul all desire of retaliation, all angry thoughts, all disposition to overcome or humiliate an adversary, and be assured thou hast done much to abolish gallows, chains, and prisons, though thou hast never written or spoken a word on the criminal code.

God and good angels alone know the vast, the incalculable influence that goes out into the universe of spirit, and thence flows into the universe of matter, from the conquered evil, and the voiceless prayer, of one solitary soul. Wouldst thou bring the world unto God? Then live near to him thyself. If divine life pervade thine own soul, every thing that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayest be unconscious of being charged therewith. This surely would be the highest, to strive to keep near the holy, not for the sake of our own reward here or hereafter, but that through love to God we might bless our neighbour. The human soul can perceive this, and yet the beauty of the earth is every where defaced with jails and gibbets! Angelic natures can never deride, else were there loud laughter in heaven at the discord between man's perceptions and his practice.

At Long Island Farms I found six hundred children, supported by the public. It gives them wholesome food, comfortable clothing, and the common rudiments of education. For this it deserves praise. But the aliment which the spirit craves, the *public* has not to give. The young heart asks for *love*, yearns for love — but its own echo returns to it through empty halls, instead of answer.

The institution is much lauded by visiters, and not without reason; for every thing looks clean and comfortable, and the children appear happy. The drawbacks are such as inevitably belong to their situation, as children of the public. The oppressive feeling is, that there are no *mothers* there. Every thing moves by machinery, as it always must with masses of children, never subdivided into families. In one place, I saw a stack of small wooden guns, and was informed that the boys were daily drilled to military exercises, as a useful means of forming habits of order, as well as fitting them for the future service of the state. Their infant school evolutions partook of the same drill character; and as for their religion, I was informed that it was 'beautiful to see them pray; for at the tip of the whistle, they all dropped on their knees.' Alas, poor childhood, thus doth 'church and state' provide for thee! The state arms thee with wooden guns, to play the future murderer, and the church teaches thee to pray in platoons, 'at the first tip of the whistle.' Luckily they cannot drive the angels from thee, or most assuredly they would do it, *pro bono publico*.

The sleeping-rooms were clean as a Shaker's apron. When I saw the long rows of nice little beds, ranged side by side, I inquired whether there was not a merry buzz in the morning. 'They are not permitted to speak at all in the sleeping apartments,' replied the superintendent. The answer sent a chill through my heart. I acknowledged that in such large establishments the most exact method was necessary, and I knew that the children had abundant opportunity for fun and frolic in the sunshine and the open fields, in the after part of the day; but it is so natural for all young things to crow and sing when they open their eyes to the morning light, that I could not bear to have the cheerful instinct perpetually repressed.

The hospital for these children is on the neighbouring island of Blackwell. This establishment, though clean and well supplied with outward comforts, was the most painful sight I ever witnessed. About one hundred and fifty children were there, mostly orphans, inheriting every variety of disease from vicious and sickly parents. In beds all of a row, or rolling by dozens over clean matting on the floor, the poor little pale, shrivelled, and blinded creatures were waiting for death to come and release them. Here the absence of a mother's love was most agonizing; not even the patience and gentleness of a saint could supply its place; and saints are rarely hired by the public. There was a sort of resignation expressed in the countenances of some of the little ones, which would have been beautiful in maturer years, but in childhood it spoke mournfully of a withered soul. It was pleasant to think that a large proportion of them would soon be received by the angels, who will doubtless let them sing in the morning.

That the law of Love may cheer and bless even *public* establishments, has been proved by the example of the Society of Friends. They formerly had an establishment for their own poor, in the city of Philadelphia, on a plan so simple and so beautiful, that one cannot but mourn to think it has given place to more common and less brotherly modes of relief. A nest of small households enclosed, on three sides, an open space devoted to gardens, in which each had a share. Here each poor family lived in separate rooms, and were assisted by the Society according to its needs. Sometimes a widow could support herself, with the exception of rent; and in that case, merely rooms were furnished gratis. An aged couple could perhaps subsist very comfortably, if supplied with house and fuel; and the friend-

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ly assistance was according to their wants. Some needed entire support; and to such it was ungrudgingly given. These paupers were oftentimes ministers and elders, took the highest seats in the meeting-house, and had as much influence as any in the affairs of the Society. Every thing conspired to make them retain undiminished self-respect. The manner in which they evinced this would be considered impudence in the tenants of our modern alms-houses. One old lady being supplied with a load of wood at her free lodgings, refused to take it, saying, that it did not suit her; she wanted dry, small wood. 'But,' remonstrated the man, 'I was ordered to bring it here.' 'I can't help that. Tell 'em the best wood is the best economy. I do not want such wood as that.' Her orders were obeyed, and the old lady's wishes were gratified. Another, who took great pride and pleasure in the neatness of her little garden, employed a carpenter to make a trellis for her vines. Some objection was made to paying this bill, it being considered a mere superfluity. But the old lady maintained that it was necessary for her comfort; and at meetings and all public places, she never failed to rebuke the elders. 'O *you* profess to do unto others as you would be done by, and you have never paid that carpenter his bill.' Worn out by her perseverance, they paid the bill, and she kept her trellis of vines. It probably was more necessary to her comfort than many things *they* would have considered as not superfluous.

The poor of this establishment did not feel like dependents, and were never regarded as a burden. They considered themselves as members of a family, receiving from brethren the assistance they would have gladly bestowed under a reverse of circumstances. This approaches the gospel standard. Since the dawn of Christianity, no class of people have furnished an example so replete with a most wise tenderness, as the Society of Friends, in the days of its purity. Thank God, nothing good or true ever dies. The lifeless form falls from it, and it lives elsewhere.

TO THE DAISY.

"Her* divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a Daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man." G. WITHER.

* His muse.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A song, a song, for the Beldame Queen,
A Queen that the world knows well,
Whose portal of state is the workhouse gate,
And throne the prison cell.

I have been crown'd in every land,
With nightshade steep'd in tears,
I've a dog-gnawn bone for my sceptre wand
Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
No golden vest I own,
No radiant glow tints cheek or brow,
Yet say, who dares my frown?

Oh, I am a Queen of a ghastly court,
And tyrant sway I hold,
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport,
With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
From its first and beautiful mould,
Till it hideth away from the face of day,
Too hideous to behold.

Mark ye the wretch who has cloven and cleft
The skull of the lonely one,
And quail'd not at purpling his blade to the heft,
To make sure that the deed was done.

Fair seeds were sown in his infant breast,
That held goodly blossom and fruit,
But I trampled them down—Man did the rest—
And God's image grew into the brute.

He hath been driven, and haunted, and scourged,
For the sin I bade him do,
He hath wrought the lawless work I urged
Till blood seem'd fair to his view.

I shriek with delight to see him bedight
In fetters that chink and gleam,
"He is mine," I shout, as they lead him out
From the dungeon to the beam.

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,
With limbs all warp'd and worn,
While he hurries along through a noisy throng,
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and Care would have rear'd him straight
As the towering mountain pine,
But I nursed him into that halting gait,
And wither'd his marrowless spine.

Pain may be heard on a downy bed,
Heaving the groan of despair,
For Suffering shuns not the diadem's head,
And abideth everywhere.

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But the shorten'd breath and parching lip,
Are watch'd by many an eye,
And there is balmy drink to sip,
And tender hands to ply.

Come, come with me, and ye shall see
What a child of mine can bear,
Where squalid shadows thicken the light,
And foulness taints the air.

He lieth alone to gasp and moan,
While the cancer eats his flesh,
With the old rags festering on his wound,
For none will give him fresh.

Oh, carry him forth in a blanket robe,
The lazar-house is nigh,
The careless hand shall cut and probe,
And strangers see him die.

Where's the escutcheon of blazon'd worth?
Who is heir to the famed rich man?
Ha! ha! he is mine—dig a hole in the earth,
And hide him as soon as ye can.

Oh, I am a Queen, of a ghastly court,
And the handmaids that I keep,
Are such phantom things as Fever brings
To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see, they come in my haggard train,
With jagg'd and matted locks
Hanging round them as rough as the wild steed's mane,
Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,
They come in maniac guise,
With angled chins, and yellow skins,
And hollow staring eyes.

They come to be girded with leather and link,
And away at my bidding they go,
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,
In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of Beauty, they like ye,
Are of gentle womankind,
And wonder not if little there be,
Of angel form and mind.

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,
Would that flourishing rose be found?
If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,
Would your arms have been so round?

Oh, I am a Queen with a despot rule,
That crushes to the dust!
The laws I deal, bear no appeal,
Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain,
With the might of the demon's skill;
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me and ye shall see,
How well I begin the day,
For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,
And snatch his loaf away.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
How my skeleton victims fall;
How I order the graves without a stone,
And the coffins without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the Beldame Queen—
A Queen that ye fear right well;
For my portal of state is the workhouse gate,
And my throne the prison-cell.

A WREN'S NEST.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The Hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

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Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things; but once
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light, the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian Flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove,
Housed near the growing Primrose tuft
In foresight, or in love.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

You ask what are my opinions about 'Women's Rights.' I confess a strong distaste to the subject, as it has been generally treated. On no other theme probably has there been uttered so much of false, mawkish sentiment, shallow philosophy, and spluttering, farthing-candle wit. If the style of its advocates has often been offensive to taste, and unacceptable to reason, assuredly that of its opponents have been still more so. College boys have amused themselves with writing dreams, in which they saw women in hotels, with their feet hoisted, and chairs tilted back, or growling and bickering at each other in legislative halls, or fighting at the polls, with eyes blackened by fisticuffs. But it never seems to have occurred to these facetious writers, that the proceedings which appear so ludicrous and improper in *women*, are also ridiculous and disgraceful in *men*. It were well that *men* should learn not to hoist their feet above their heads, and tilt their chairs backward, not to growl and snap in the halls of legislation, nor give each other black eyes at the polls.

Maria Edgeworth says, 'We are disgusted when we see a woman's mind overwhelmed with a torrent of learning; that the tide of literature has passed over it should be betrayed only by its fertility.' This is beautiful and true; but is it not likewise applicable to man? The truly great never seek to display themsevles. If they carry their heads high above the crowd, it is only made manifest to others by accidental revelations of their extended vision. 'Human duties and proprieties do not lie so very far apart,' said Harriet Martineau; 'if they did, there would be two gospels and two teachers, one for man and another for woman.'

It would seem, indeed, as if men were willing to give women the exclusive benefit of gospel-teaching. '*Women* should be gentle,' say the advocates of subordination; but when Christ said, 'Blessed are the meek,' did he preach to women only? '*Girls* should be modest,' is the language of common teaching, continually uttered in words and customs. Would it not be an improvement for men also to be scrupulously pure in manners, conversation and life? Books addressed to young married people abound with advice to the *wife*, to control her temper, and never to utter wearisome complaints, or vexatious words, when the husband comes home fretful or unreasonable, from his out-of-door conflicts with the world. Would not the advice be as excellent and appropriate, if the husband were advised to conquer *his* fretfulness, and forbear *his* complaints, in consideration of his wife's ill-health, fatiguing cares, and the thousand disheartening influences of domestic routine? In short, whatsoever can be named as loveliest, best, and most graceful in woman, would likewise be good and graceful in man. 'You

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will perhaps remind me of courage. If you use the word in its highest signification, I answer, that woman, above others, has abundant need of it in her pilgrimage; and the true woman wears it with a quiet grace. If you mean mere animal courage, *that* is not mentioned in the Sermon on the Mount, among those qualities which enable us to inherit the earth, or become the children of God. That the feminine ideal approaches much nearer to the gospel standard, than the prevalent idea of manhood, is shown by the universal tendency to represent the Saviour and his most beloved disciple with mild, meek expression, and feminine beauty. None speak of the bravery, the might, or the intellect of Jesus; but the devil is always imagined as a being of acute intellect, political cunning, and the fiercest courage. These universal and instinctive tendencies of the human mind reveal much.

That the present position of women in society is the result of physical force, is obvious enough; whosoever doubts it, let her reflect why she is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man. What constitutes the danger of aggression? Superior physical strength, uncontrolled by the moral sentiments. If physical strength were in complete subjection to moral influence, there would be no need of outward protection. That animal instinct and brute force now govern the world, is painfully apparent in the condition of women every where; from the Morduan Tartars, whose ceremony of marriage consists in placing the bride on a mat, and consigning her to the bridegroom, with the words, 'Here, wolf, take thy lamb,'—to the German remark, that 'stiff ale, stinging tobacco, and a girl in her smart dress, are the best things.' The same thing, softened by the refinements of civilization, peeps out in Stephens's remark, that 'woman never looks so interesting, as when leaning on the arm of a soldier:' and in Hazlitt's complaint that 'it is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them; it is not quite fair to ask them a *reason* for what they say.'

This sort of politeness to women is what men call gallantry; an odious word to every sensible woman, because she sees that it is merely the flimsy veil which foppery throws over sensuality, to conceal its grossness. So far is it from indicating sincere esteem and affection for women, that the profligacy of a nation may, in general, be fairly measured by its gallantry. This taking away *rights*, and *condescending* to grant *privileges*, is an old trick of the physical-force principle; and with the immense majority, who only look on the surface of things, this mask effectually disguises an ugliness, which would otherwise be abhorred. The most inveterate slaveholders are probably those who take most pride in dressing their household servants handsomely, and who would be most ashamed to have the name of being *unnecessarily* cruel. And profligates, who form the lowest and most sensual estimate of women, are the very ones to treat them with an excess of outward deference.

There are few books, which I can read through, without feeling insulted as a woman; but this insult is almost universally conveyed through that which was intended for praise. Just imagine, for a moment, what impression it would make on men, if women authors should write about *their* 'rosy lips,' and melting eyes, and voluptuous forms, as as they write about *us!* That women in general do not feel this kind of flattery to be an insult, I readily admit; for, in the first place, they do not perceive the gross chattel-principle, of which it is the utterance; moreover, they have, from long habit, become accustomed to consider themselves as household conveniences, or gilded toys. Hence, they consider it feminine and pretty to abjure all such use of their faculties, as would make them coworkers with man in the advancement of those great principles, on which the progress of Society depends. 'There is perhaps no *animal*,' says Hannah More, 'so much indebted to subordination, for its good behaviour, as women.' Alas, for the animal age, in which such utterance could be tolerated by public sentiment!

Martha More, sister of Hannah, describing a very impressive scene at the funeral of one of her Charity School teachers, says: 'The spirit within seemed struggling to speak, and I was in a sort of agony; but I recollected that I had heard, somewhere, a woman must not speak in the *church*. Oh, had she been buried in the church *yard*, a messenger from Mr. Pitt himself should not have restrained me; for I seemed to have received a message from a higher Master within.'

This application of theological teaching carries its own commentary.

I have said enough to show that I consider prevalent opinions and customs highly unfavourable to the moral and intellectual development of women: and I need not say, that, in proportion to their true culture, women will be more useful and happy, and domestic life more perfected. True culture, in them, as in men, consists in the full and free development of individual character, regulated by their *own* perceptions of what is true, and their *own* love of what is good.

This individual responsibility is rarely acknowledged, even by the most refined, as necessary to the spiritual progress of women. I once heard a very beautiful lecture from R. W. Emerson, on Being and Seeming. In the course of many remarks, as true as they were graceful, he urged women to *be*, rather than *seem*. He told them that all their laboured education of forms, strict observance of genteel etiquette, tasteful arrangement of the toilette, &c., all this *seeming* would not *gain hearts* like *being* truly what God made them; that earnest sim-

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plicity, the sincerity of nature, would kindle the eye, light up the countenance, and give an inexpressible charm to the plainest features.

The advice was excellent, but the motive, by which it was urged, brought a flush of indignation over my face. *Men* were exhorted to *be*, rather than to *seem*, that they might fulfil the sacred mission for which their souls were embodied; that they might, in God's freedom, grow up into the full stature of spiritual manhood; but *women* were urged to simplicity and truthfulness, that they might become more *pleasing*.

Are we not all immortal beings? Is not each one responsible for himself and herself? There is no measuring the mischief done by the prevailing tendency to teach women to be virtuous as a duty to *man* rather than to *God*—for the sake of pleasing the creature, rather than the Creator. 'God is thy law, *thou* mine,' said Eve to Adam. May Milton be forgiven for sending that thought 'out into everlasting time' in such a jewel setting. What weakness, vanity, frivolity, infirmity of moral purpose, sinful flexibility of principle—in a word, what soul-stifling, has been the result of thus putting man in the place of God!

But while I see plainly that society is on a false foundation, and that prevailing views concerning women indicate the want of wisdom and purity, which they serve to perpetuate—still, I must acknowledge that much of the talk about Women's Rights offends both my reason and my taste. I am not of those who maintain there is no sex in souls; nor do I like the results deducible from that doctrine. Kinmont, in his admirable book, called the Natural History of Man, speaking of the war-like courage of the ancient German women, and of their being respectfully consulted on important public affairs, says: 'You ask me if I consider all this right, and deserving of approbation? or that women were here engaged in their appropriate tasks? I answer, yes; it is just *as* right that they should take this interest in the honour of their country, as the other sex. Of course, I do not think that women were *made* for war and battle; neither do I believe that *men* were. But since the fashion of the times had made it so, and settled it that war was a necessary element of greatness, and that no safety was to be procured without it, I argue that it shows a healthful state of feeling in other respects, that the feelings of both sexes were *equally* enlisted in the cause: that there was no *division* in the house, or the state; and that the serious pursuits and objects of the one were also the serious pursuits and objects of the other.'

The nearer society approaches to divine order, the less separation will there be in the characters, duties, and pursuits of men and women. Women will not become less gentle and graceful, but men will become more so. Women will not neglect the care and education of their children, but men will find themselves ennobled and refined by sharing thos duties with them; and will receive, in return, co operation and sympathy in the discharge of various other duties, now deemed inappropriate to women. The more women become rational companions, partners in business and in thought, as well as in affection and amusement, the more highly will men appreciate *home*—that blessed word, which opens to the human heart the most perfect glimpse of Heaven, and helps to carry it thither, as on an angel's wings.

> 'Domestic bliss,
> That can, the world eluding, be itself
> A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses
> But its own sharers and approving heaven;
> That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
> Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.'

Alas, for these days of Astor houses, and Tremonts, and Albions! where families exchange comfort for costliness, fireside retirement for flirtation and flaunting, and the simple, healthful, cozy meal, for gravies and gout, dainties and dyspepsia. There is no characteristic of my countrymen, which I regret so deeply, as their slight degree of adhesiveness to home. Closely intertwined with this instinct, is the religion of a nation. The Home and the Church bear a near relation to each other. The French have no such word as home in their language, and I believe they are the least reverential and religious of all the Christian nations. A Frenchman had been in the habit of visiting a lady constantly for several years, and being alarmed at a report that she was sought in marriage, he was asked why he did not marry her himself. '*Marry* her!' exclaimed he,—'Good heavens! *where should I spend my evenings?*' The idea of domestic happiness was altogether a foreign idea to his soul, like a word that conveyed no meaning. Religious sentiment in France leads the same roving life as the domestic affections; breakfasting at one restaurateur's and supping at another's. When some wag in Boston reported that Louis Philippe had sent over for Dr. Channing to manufacture a religion for the French people, the witty significance of the joke was generally appreciated.

There is a deeper spiritual reason why all that relates to the domestic affections should ever be found in close proximity with religious faith. The age of chivalry was likewise one of unquestioning veneration, which led to the crusade for the holy sepulchre. The French revolution, which tore down churches, and voted that there was no God, likewise annulled marriage; and the doctrine, that there is no sex in souls, has usually been urged by those of infidel tendencies. Carlyle says, 'But what feeling it was in the ancient, devout, deep soul, which of marriage made a *sacrament*, this, of all things in the world, is what Diderot will think of for æons without discovering; unless perhaps it were to increase the *vestry fees*.'

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The conviction that woman's present position in society is a false one, and therefore re-acts disastrously on the happiness and improvement of man, is pressing by slow degrees on the common consciousness, through all the obstacles of bigotry, sensuality, and selfishness. As man approaches to the truest life, he will perceive more and more that there is no separation or discord in their mutual duties. They will be one; but it will be as affection and thought are one: the treble and bass of the same harmonious tune.

THE FORLORN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The night is dark, the stinging sleet,
Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
Drives whistling down the lonely street,
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare and struggle dim
Through the white sleet-clouds as they pass,
Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl
Faces the east-wind's searching flaws,
And, as about her heart they whirl,
Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,
Her bare feet to the sidewalk freeze;
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,
Though faint with hunger and disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,
And, piercing through her garments thin,
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there
Makes colder the cold heart within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow
Streams outward through an open shutter,
Giving more bitterness to woe,
More loneness to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt,
Until she saw this gush of light
Spread warmly forth, and seem to melt
Its slow way through the deadening night.

She hears a woman's voice within,
Singing sweet words her childhood knew,
And years of misery and sin
Furl off and leave her heaven blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who sinks
Outwearied in the drifting snow,
Drowses to deadly sleep, and thinks
No longer of its hopeless woe:

Old fields, and clear blue summer days,
Old meadows, green with grass and trees,
That shimmer through the trembling haze
And whiten in the western breeze,—

Old faces,—all the friendly past
Rises within her heart again,
And sunshine from her childhood cast
Makes summer of the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm glow,
From all humanity apart,
She hears old footsteps wandering slow
Through the lone chambers of her heart.

Outside the porch before the door,
Her cheek upon the cold, hard stone,
She lies, no longer foul and poor,
No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning, something heavily
Against the opening door did weigh,
And there, from sin and sorrow free,
A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told
That she had found a calm release,
And that, from out the want and cold,
The song had borne her soul in peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts out,
Straightway the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence mid the world's loud din;

And one of his great charities
Is Music, and it doth not scorn
To close the lids upon the eyes
Of the polluted and forlorn;

Far was she from her childhood's home,
Farther in guilt had wandered thence,
Yet thither it had bid her come
To die in maiden innocence.

OLD MAIDS.

BY HANS VON SPIRGEL.

I am a lover of all woman kind,
And maidens old are not *old maids* to me.
Though beauty flees, there still remains the mind,
And mind is surely better company!
What though the harp be new and trimmed with gold;
Does sweeter music tremble in its tone
Than when the gaudy polish has grown old,
And nought is left but sweet accord alone?
Or is the gem held in less high esteem,
Because the casket is defaced by time?
A woman's mind, a priceless gem I deem;—
Her heart, a harp that music yields sublime.
So wonder not that years hide not from me
The jewel's glow—the harp's sweet melody.

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BIRDS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

There is nothing which makes me feel the imprisonment of a city, like the absence of birds. Blessings on the little warblers! Lovely types are they of all winged and graceful thoughts. Dr. Follen used to say, 'I feel dependent for a vigorous and hopeful spirit on now and then a kind word, the loud laugh of a child, or the silent greeting of a flower.' Fully do I sympathize with this utterance of his gentle and loving spirit; but more than the benediction of the flower, more perhaps than even the mirth of childhood, is the clear, joyous note of the bird a refreshment to my soul.

'The birds! the birds of summer hours,
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.
Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amidst the mists of even,
They warble on, as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.'

But alas! like the free voices of fresh youth, they come not on the city air. Thus should it be; where mammon imprisons all thoughts and feelings that would fly upward, their winged types should be in cages too. Walk down Mulberry-street, and you may see, in one small room, hundreds of little feathered songsters, each hopping about restlessly in his gilded and garlanded cage, like a dyspeptic merchant in his marble mansion. I always turn my head away when I pass; for the sight of the little captives goes through my heart like an arrow. The darling little creatures have such visible delight in freedom;

'In the joyous song they sing;
In the liquid air they cleave;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nests they weave.'

I seldom see a bird encaged, without being reminded of Petion, a truly great man, the popular idol of Haiti, as Washington is of the United States.

While Petion administered the government of the island, some distinguished foreigner sent his little daughter a beautiful bird, in a very handsome cage. The child was delighted, and with great exultation exhibited the present to her father. 'It is indeed very beautiful, my daughter,' said he; 'but it makes my heart ache to look at it. I hope you will never show it to me again.'

With great astonishment, she inquired his reasons. He replied, 'When this island was called St. Domingo, we were all slaves. It makes me think of it to look at that bird; for *he* is a slave.'

The little girl's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered, as she exclaimed, 'Why, father! he has such a large, handsome cage; and as much as ever he can eat and drink.'

'And would *you* be a slave,' said he, 'if you could live in a great house, and be fed on frosted cake?'

After a moment's thought, the child began to say half reluctantly, 'Would he be happier, if I opened the door of his cage?' 'He would be *free!*' was the emphatic reply. Without another word, she took the cage to the open window, and a moment after, she saw her prisoner playing with the humming-birds among the honey-suckles.

One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds was often related by my grandfather, who witnessed the fact with his own eyes. He was attracted to the door, one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree.

Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvellous and altogether unaccountable stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. The popular belief was that the serpent charmed the bird by *looking steadily at it; and that such a sympathy was thereby established, that if the snake was struck, the bird felt the blow, and writhed under it.*

These traditions excited my grandfather's curiosity to watch the progress of things; but, being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he had a chance to despoil the nest. The distressed mother meanwhile continued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually, with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground rigid, and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death by cutting off his head, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white ash!

The little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white ash leaves about their ankles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the north star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in 'massa's' corn or tobacco.

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I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white ash; but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees round their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

The following well authenticated anecdote has something wonderfully human about it:

A parrot had been caught young, and trained by a Spanish lady, who sold it to an English sea-captain. For a time the bird seemed sad among the fogs of England, where birds and men all spoke to her in a foreign tongue. By degrees, however, she learned the language, forgot her Spanish phrases, and seemed to feel at home. Years passed on, and found Pretty Poll the pet of the captain's family. At last her brilliant feathers began to turn grey with age; she could take no food but soft pulp, and had not strength enough to mount her perch. But no one had the heart to kill the old favourite, she was entwined with so many pleasant household recollections. She had been some time in this feeble condition, when a Spanish gentleman called one day to see her master. It was the first time she had heard the language for many years. It probably brought back to memory the scenes of her youth in that beautiful region of vines and sunshine. She spread forth her wings with a wild scream of joy, rapidly ran over the Spanish phrases, which she had not uttered for years, and fell down dead.

There is something strangely like reason in this. Itm akes one want to know whence comes the bird's soul, and whither goes it.

There are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is founded on traditions handed down among animals, from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn-swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time in watching them, than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was *so* busy, and *so* important; and her mate was *so* attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than these did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her month to take it, he poured forth *such* a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the father-bird had formed correct opinions on 'the woman question;' for during the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct, concerning division of labour. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledgelings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbours. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chatted away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings;

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and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it.'

Three times their neighbours came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they alighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. That beautiful family continued to be our playmates, until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art, from those little creatures perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbours. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me. We had lived so friendly together, that I wanted to meet them in another world, if I could not in this; and I wept, as a child weeps at its first grief.

There was somewhat, too, in their beautiful life of loving freedom which was a reproach to me. Why was not *my* life as happy and as graceful as theirs? Because they were innocent, confiding, and unconscious, they fulfilled all the laws of their being without obstruction.

> 'Inward, inward to thy heart,
> Kindly Nature, take me;
> Lovely, even as thou art,
> Full of loving make me.
> *Thou* knowest nought of dead-cold forms,
> Knowest nought of littleness;
> Lifeful truth *thy* being warms,
> Majesty and earnestness.'

The old Greeks observed a beautiful festival, called 'The Welcome of the Swallows.' When these social birds first returned in the spring-time, the children went about in procession, with music and garlands; receiving presents at every door, where they stopped to sing a welcome to the swallows, in that graceful old language, so melodious even in its ruins, that the listener feels as if the brilliant azure of Grecian skies, the breezy motion of their olive groves, and the gush of their silvery fountains, had all passed into a monument of liquid and harmonious sounds.

LUCY.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

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IN SADNESS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

There is not in this life of ours
One bliss unmixed with fears;
The hope that wakes our deepest powers
A face of sadness wears,
And the dew that showers our dearest flowers
Is the bitter dew of tears.

Fame waiteth long, and lingereth
Through weary nights and morns,
And evermore the shadow Death
With mocking finger scorns
That underneath the laurel-wreath
Should be a wreath of thorns.

The laurel-leaves are cool and green,
But the thorns are hot and sharp;
Lean Hunger grins and stares between
The poet and his harp,
Though of Love's sunny sheen his woof have been,
Grim Want thrusts in the warp.

And if, beyond this darksome clime,
Some fair star Hope may see,
That keeps unjarred the blissful chime
Of its golden infancy,—
Where the harvest-time of faith sublime
Not always is to be;—

Yet would the true soul rather choose
A home where sorrow is,
Than in a sated peace to lose
Its life's supremest bliss,—
The rainbow hues that bend profuse
O'er cloudy spheres like this,—

The want, the sorrow, and the pain,
That are Love's right to cure,—
The sunshine bursting after rain,—
The gladness insecure,
That makes us fain strong hearts to gain
To do and to endure.

High natures must be thunder scarred
With many a searing wrong;
From mother Sorrow's breasts the bard
Sucks gifts of deepest song;
Nor all unmarred with struggles hard
Wax the soul's sinews strong.

Dear Patience, too, is born of woe,
Patience, that opes the gate
Wherethrough the soul of man must go
Up to each nobler state,
Whose voice's flow so meek and low
Smooths the bent brows of Fate.

Though Fame be slow, yet Death is swift,
And, o'er the spirit's eyes,
Life after life doth change and shift
With larger destinies:
As on we drift, some wider rift
Shows us serener skies.

And, though naught falleth to us here
But gains the world counts loss,
Though all we hope of wisdom clear,
When climbed to, seems but dross,
Yet all, though ne'er Christ's faith they wear,
At least may share his cross.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

She was a Phantom of Delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

Who knows that truth is strong next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious! Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we injure her to misdoubt her strength! Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?—MILTON.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

No. 14.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged Man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned
The old man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless.—Statesmen ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not
A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught—that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from door to door
This old man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

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Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds
In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have received
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with the world
Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear
That overhangs his head from the green wall,
Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred;—all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,
Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.——Many, I believe, there are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
—But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
Go, and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.
—Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,
My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week,
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
By her own wants, she from her store of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has borne him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of Heaven
Has hung around him; and while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never House, misnamed of Industry,
Make him a captive! for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal: and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

A very deep meaning lies in that notion, that a man in search of buried treasure must work in utter silence; must speak not a word, whatever appearance, either terrific or delightful, may present itself. And not less significant is the tradition that one who is on an adventurous pilgrimage to some precious talisman, through the most lonesome mountain-path, or dreary desert, must walk onward without stopping, nor look around him, though fearfully menacing, or sweetly enticing voices follow his footsteps, and sound in his ear.—Goethe.

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FROM "LOWELL'S CONVERSATIONS."

The earliest poetry of all countries is sacred poetry, or that in which the idea of God predominates and is developed. The first effort at speech which man's nature makes in all tongues is, to pronounce the word "Father." Reverence is the foundation of all poetry. From Reverence the spirit climbs on to love, and thence beholds all things. No matter in what Scythian fashion these first recognitions of something above and beyond the soul are uttered, they contain the germs of psalms and prophecies. Whether, for a while, the immortal guest rests satisfied with a Fetish or an Apollo, it has already grasped the clew which leads unerringly to the very highest idea. For reverence is the most keen-eyed and exacting of all the faculties, and, if there be the least flaw in its idol, it will kneel no longer. From wood it rises to gold and ivory; from these, to the yet simpler and more majestic marble; and, planting its foot upon that, it leaps upward to the infinite and invisible. When I assume reverence, then, as the very primal essence and life of poetry, I claim for it a nobler stirp than it has been the fashion to allow it. Beyond Adam runs back its illustrious genealogy. It stood with Uriel in the sun, and looked down over the battlements of heaven with the angelic guards. In short, it is no other than the religious sentiment itself. That is poetry which makes sorrow lovely, and joy solemn to us, and reveals to us the holiness of things. Faith casts herself upon her neck as upon a sister's. She shows us what glimpses we get of life's spiritual face. What she looks on becomes miraculous, though it be but the dust of the way-side; and miracles become but as dust for their simpleness. There is nothing noble without her; with her there can be nothing mean. What songs the Druids sang within the sacred circuit of Stonehenge we can barely conjecture; but those forlorn stones doubtless echoed with appeals to a higher something; and are not even now without their sanctity, since they chronicle a nation's desire after God. Whether those forest-priests worshipped the strangely beautiful element of fire, or if the pilgrim Belief pitched her tent and rested for a night in some ruder and bleaker creed, there we may yet trace the light footprints of Poesy, as she led her sister onward to fairer fields, and streams flowing nearer to the oracle of God.

Byron might have made a great poet. As it is, his poetry is the record of a struggle between his good and his baser nature, in which the latter wins. The fall is great in proportion to the height from which one is hurled. An originally beautiful spirit becomes the most degraded when perverted. It would fain revenge itself upon that purity from which it is an unhappy and restless exile, and drowns its remorse in the drunkenness and vain bluster of defiance. There is a law of neutralization of forces, which hinders bodies from sinking beyond a certain depth in the sea; but in the ocean of baseness, the deeper we get the easier the sinking. As for the kindness which Milton and Burns felt for the Devil, I am sure that God thinks of him with pity a thousand times to their once, and the good Origin believed him not incapable of salvation.

These simplest thoughts, feelings and experiences, that lie upon the very surface of life, are overlooked by all but uncommon eyes. Most look upon them as mere weeds. Yet a weed, to him that loves it, is a flower: and there are times when we would not part with a sprig of chickweed for a whole continent of lilies. No man thinks his own nature miraculous, while to his neighbour it may give a surfeit of wonder. Let him go where he will, he can find no heart so worth a study as his own. The prime fault of modern poets is, that they are resolved to be peculiar. They are not content that it should come of itself, but they must dig and bore for it, sinking their wells usually through the grave of some buried originality, so that if any water rises it is tainted. Read most volumes of poems, and you are reminded of a French bill of fare, where every thing is *á la* something else. Even a potato *au naturel* is a godsend. When will poets learn that a grass-blade of their own raising is worth a barrow-load of flowers from their neighbour's garden?

Ah, if we would but pledge ourselves to truth as heartily as we do to a real or imaginary mistress, and think life too short only because it abridged our time of service, what a new world we should have! Most men pay their vows to her in youth, and go up into the bustle of life, with her kiss warm upon their lips, and her blessing lying upon their hearts like dew; but the world has lips less chary. and cheaper benedictions, and if the broken troth plight with their humble village-mistress comes over them sometimes with a pang, she knows how to blandish away remorse, and persuades them, ere old age, that their young enthusiasm was a folly and an indiscretion.

I agree with you that the body is treated with quite too much ceremony and respect. Even religion has vailed its politic hat to it, till, like Christopher Sly, it is metamorphosed, in its own estimation, from a tinker to a duke. Men, who would, without compunction, kick a living beggar, will yet stand in awe of his poor carcass, after all that rendered it truly venerable has fled out of it. We agree with the old barbarian epitaph which affirmed that the handfull of dust had been Ninus; as if that which convicts us of mortality and weakness could at the same time endow us with our high prerogative of kingship over them. South, in one of his sermons, tells us of certain men whose souls are of no worth, but as salt to keep their bodies from putrifying. I fear that the soul is too often regarded in this sutler fashion. Why should men ever be

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afraid to die, but that they regard the spirit as secondary to that which is but its mere appendage and conveniency, its symbol, its word, its means of visibility? If the soul lose this poor mansion of hers by the sudden conflagration of disease, or by the slow decay of age, is she therefore houseless and shelterless? If she cast away this soiled and tattered garment, is she therefore naked? A child looks forward to his new suit, and dons it joyfully; we cling to our rags and foulness. We should welcome Death as one who brings us tidings of the finding of long-lost titles to a large family estate, and set out gladly to take possession, though, it may be, not without a natural tear for the humbler home we are leaving. Death always means us a kindness, though he has often a gruff way of offering it. Even if the soul never returned from that chartless and unmapped country, which I do not believe, I would take Sir John Davies's reason as a good one:

"But, as Noah's pigeon, which returned no more,
Did show she footing found, for all the flood;
So, when good souls, departed through death's door,
Come not again, it shows their dwelling good."

The realm of Death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.

After all, the body is a more expert dialectician than the soul, and buffets it, even to bewilderment, with the empty bladders of logic; but the soul can retire from the dust and turmoil of such conflict, to the high tower of instinctive faith, and there, in hushed serenity, take comfort of the sympathizing stars. We look at death through the cheap glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him for the monster which the flawed and crooked glass presents him. You say truly that we have wasted time in trying to coax the body into a faith in what, by its very nature, it is incapable of comprehending. Hence, a plethoric, short-winded kind of belief, that can walk at an easy pace over the smooth plain, but loses breath at the first sharp uphill of life. How idle is it to set a sensual bill of fare before the soul, acting over again the old story of the Crane and the Fox!

I know not when we shall hear pure spiritualism preached by the authorized expounders of doctrine. These have suffered the grain to mildew, while they have been wrangling about the husks of form; and the people have stood by, hungry and half-starved, too intent on the issue of the quarrel to be conscious that they were trampling the forgotten and scattered bread of life in the mire. Thank Heaven, they may still pluck ripe ears, of God's own planting and watering, in the fields!

True poetry is never out of place, nor will a good word spoken for her ever fail of some willing and fruitful ear. Even under our thin crust of fashion and frivolity throb the undying fires of the great soul of man, the fountain and centre of all poetry, and which will one day burst forth to wither like grass-blades the vain temples and palaces which forms and conventionalities have heaped smotheringly upon it. Behind the blank faces of the weak and thoughtless, I see, sometimes with a kind of dread, this awful and mysterious presence, as I have seen one of Allston's paintings in a ball-room overlooking with its serene and steadfast eyes the butterfly throng beneath, and seeming to gaze, from these narrow battlements of time, far out into the infinite promise of the future, beholding there the free, erect, and perfected soul.

No sincere desire of doing good need make an enemy of a single human being; for that is a capacity in which he is by nature unfitted to shine. It may, and must, rouse opposition; but that philanthropy has surely a flaw in it, which cannot sympathize with the oppressor equally as with the oppressed. It is the high and glorious vocation of Poesy as well to make our own daily life and toil more beautiful and holy to us by the divine ministerings of love, as to render us swift to convey the same blessing to our brother. Poesy is love's chosen apostle, and the very almoner of God. She is the the home of the outcast, and the wealth of the needy. For her the hut becomes a palace, whose halls are guarded by the gods of Phidias, and kept peaceful by the maid-mothers of Raphael. She loves better the poor wanderer whose bare feet know by heart all the freezing stones of the pavement, than the delicate maiden for whose dainty soles Brussels and Turkey have been over-careful; and I doubt not but some remembered scrap of childish song hath often been a truer alms than all the benevolent societies could give. She is the best missionary, knowing when she may knock at the door of the most curmudgeonly hearts, without being turned away unheard. The omnipresence of her spirit is beautifully and touchingly expressed in "The Poet," one of the divisions of a little volume of poems by Cornelius Matthews. Were the whole book as simple in thought and diction as the most of this particular poem, I know few modern volumes that would equal it. Let me read you the passage I alluded to. You will see that the poor slave is not forgotten.

"There sits not on the wilderness's edge,
In the dusk lodges of the wintry North,
Nor couches in the rice-fields slimy sedge,
Nor on the cold, wide waters ventures forth,—
Who waits not, in the pauses of his toil,
With hope that spirits in the air may sing;
Who upward turns not, at propitious times,
Breathless, his silent features listening,
In desert and in lodge, on marsh and main,
To feed his hungry heart and conquer pain."

The love of the beautiful and true, like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being,

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though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation. The angel, who has once come down into the soul, will not be driven thence by any sin or baseness even, much less by any undeserved oppression or wrong. At the soul's gate sits she silently, with folded hands and downcast eyes; but, at the least touch of nobleness, those patient orbs are serenely uplifted, and the whole spirit is lightened with their prayerful lustre. Over all life broods Poesy, like the calm, blue sky with its motherly, rebuking face. She is the true preacher of the Word, and when, in time of danger and trouble, the established shepherds have cast down their crooks and fled, she tenderly careth for the flock. On her calm and fearless heart rests weary freedom, when all the world have driven her from the door with scoffs and mockings. From her white breasts flows the strong milk which nurses our heroes and martyrs; and she blunts the sharp tooth of the fire, makes the axe edgeless, and dignifies the pillory or the gallows. She is the great reformer, and, where the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness and wrong cannot long prevail. The more this love is cultivated and refined, the more do men strive to make their outward lives rhythmical and harmonious, that they may accord with that inward and dominant rhythm by whose key the composition of all noble and worthy deeds is guided. To make one object, in outward or inward nature, more holy to a single heart is reward enough for a life; for, the more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful,—the human soul. Love never contracts its circles: they widen by as fixed and sure a law as those around a pebble cast into still water. The angel of love, when, full of sorrow, he followed the first exiles, behind whom the gates of Paradise shut with that mournful clang, of which some faint echo has lingered in the hearts of all their offspring, unwittingly snapped off and brought away in his hand the seed-pod of one of the never-fading flowers which grew there. Into all dreary and desolate places fell some of its blessed kernels; they asked but little soil to root themselves in, and in this narrow patch of our poor clay they sprang most quickly and sturdily. Gladly they grew, and from them all time has been sown with whatever gives a higher hope to the soul, or makes life nobler and more godlike; while, from the overarching sky of poesy, sweet dew forever falls, to nurse and keep them green and fresh from the world's dust.

God's livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it have not so much gold-lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and is besides a great deal cheaper.

Never was falser doctrine preached than that love's chief delight and satisfaction lies in the pursuit of its object, which won, the charm is already fluttering its wings to seek some fairer height. This is true only when love has been but one of the thousand vizards of selfishness, when we have loved ourselves in the beautiful spirit we have knelt to; that is, when we have merely loved the delight we felt in loving. Then it is that the cup we so thirsted after tastes bitter or insipid, and we fling it down undrunk. Did we empty it, we should find that it was the poor, muddy dregs of *self* at the bottom, which made our gorge rise. If it be God whom we love in loving our elected one, then shall the bright halo of her spirit expand itself over all existence, till every human face we look upon shall share in its transfiguration, and the old forgotten traces of brotherhood be lit up by it; and our love, instead of pining discomforted, shall be lured upward and upward by low, angelical voices, which recede before it forever, as it mounts from brightening summit to summit on the delectable mountains of aspirations and resolve and deed.

If any have aught worth hearing to say, let them say it, be they men or women. We have more than enough prating by those who have nothing to tell us. I never heard that the Quaker women were the worse for preaching, or the men for listening to them. If we pardon such exhibitions as those of the dancing-females on the stage, surely our prudery need not bristle in such a hedgehog fashion because a woman in the chaste garb of the Friends dares to plead in public for the downtrodden cause of justice and freedom. Or perhaps it is more modest and maidenly for a woman to expose her body in public than her soul? If we listen and applaud, while, as Coleridge says,

> "Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
> In intricacies of laborious song,"

must we esteem it derogatory to our sense of refinement to drink from the fresh brook of a true woman's voice, as it gushes up from a heart throbbing only with tenderness for our neighbour fallen among thieves? Here in Massachusetts we burn Popish nunneries, but we maintain a whole system of Protestant ones. If a woman is to be an Amazon, all the cloisters in the world will not starve or compress her into a Cordelia. There is no sex in noble thoughts, and deeds agreeing with them; and such recruits do equally good service in the army of truth, whether they are brought in by women or men. Out on our Janus-faced virtue, with its one front looking smilingly to the stage, and its other with shame-shut eyes turned frowningly upon the Anti-slavery Convention! If other reapers be wanting, let women go forth into the harvest-field of God and bind the ripe shocks of grain; the complexion of their souls shall not be tanned or weather-stained, for the sun that shines there only makes the fairer and whiter all that it looks upon. Whatever is in its place is in the highest place; whatever is right is graceful, noble, expedient; and the universal hiss

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of the world shall fall upon it as a benediction, and go up to the ear of God as the most moving prayer in its behalf. If a woman be truly chaste, that chastity shall surround her, in speaking to a public assembly, with a ring of protecting and rebuking light, and make the exposed rostrum as private as an oratory; if immodest, there is that in her which can turn the very house of God into a brothel.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where roll'd the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
Slaves—SLAVES are breathing in that air,
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear
The paltry *menace* of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fetter'd soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat!
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ:
"Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

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Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
The gather'd wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

THE CONTRAST.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Thy love thou sentest oft to me,
And still, as oft, I thrust it back;
Thy messenger I could not see
In those who every thing did lack,
The poor, the outcast, and the black.

Pride held his hand before mine eyes,
The world with flattery stuffed mine ears;
I looked to see a monarch's guise,
Nor dreamed thy love would knock for years,
Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
Thou with a smile didst take it in,
And entertained it royally
Though grimed with earth, with hunger thin,
And leprous with the taint of sin.

Now, every day thy love I meet
As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
With weary step and bleeding feet,
Still knocking at the heart of pride,
And offering grace, though still denied.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

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THE ECONOMY OF SLAVERY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

On the Battery, the other day, I met an acquaintance from New England. He was on his way from Virginia, where he had been making contracts for wood at a dollar an acre. In the true spirit of Yankee enterprise, he buys up the produce of waste lands, fells the trees, ships them to New York and Boston, and finds the trade profitable.

A large emigration of substantial farmers from Orange, Duchess, and Columbia counties, in this State, have, within a few years, emigrated to the counties of Loudon, Culpepper and Fairfax, in Virginia. They bought up the worn-out plantations for a mere song, and, by judicious application of free labour, they are "redeeming the waste places, and making the wilderness blossom as the rose." A traveller recently told me that the farms cultivated by Quakers, who employ no slaves, formed such a striking contrast to other portions of Virginia, that they seemed almost like oases in the desert.

What a lesson this teaches concerning the comparative effect of slave labour and free labour, on the prosperity of a State! It seems strange, indeed, that enlightened self-interest does not banish the accursed system from the world; for political economists ought to see that "it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," as Napoleon once said of some error in state policy. But the fact is, self-interest never *can* be very much enlightened. All true vision derives its clearness from the heart.

If ever this truth were legibly written on the face of the earth, it is inscribed on Virginia. No State in the Union has superior natural advantages. Look at its spacious bays, its broad and beautiful rivers, traversing the country in every direction; its majestic forests, its grand and picturesque mountains, its lovely and fertile valleys, and the abundance of its mineral wealth. Words could hardly be found enthusiastic enough to express the admiration of Europeans, who first visited this magnificent region. Some say her name was given, "because the country seemed to retain the virgin plenty and purity of the first creation, and the people their primitive innocency of life and manners." Waller describes it thus:

> "So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
> None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
> Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
> To show how all things were created first."

Alas, that the shores of that beautiful State should become the Guinea coast of the New World!—our central station of slavery and the slave trade! Of the effects produced, we need not question abolitionists, for we learn them from the lips of her own sons. John Randolph said, years ago, that he "expected soon to see the slaves of Virginia advertising for runaway masters." Washington, in a letter to Sir John Sinclair, describes the land in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon as exhausted and miserable. He alludes to the fact, that the price of land in Pennsylvania and the free States, then averaged more than twice as much as land in Virginia: "because," says he, "there are in Pennsylvania laws for the gradual abolition of slavery and because foreign emigrants are more inclined to settle in free States." Mr. Custis says, "Of the multitude of foreigners who daily seek an asylum and home in the empire of liberty, how many turn their steps to the region of the slave? None. There is a malaria in the atmosphere of those regions, which the new comer shuns, as being deleterious to his views and habits. See the wide-spreading ruin, which the avarice of our ancestral government has produced in the South, as witnessed in a sparse population of freemen, deserted habitations and fields without culture. Strange to tell, even the wolf, driven back long since by the approach of man, now returns, after the lapse of a hundred years, to howl over the desolations of slavery."

The allusion to the wolf, is no figure of speech. Wild beasts have returned to extensive districts of Virginia, once inhabited and cultivated.

Some eighteen years ago, when I lived in the dream-land of romantic youth, and thought nothing of slavery, or any other evils that infest the social system, an intelligent young lady from the South told me an adventure, which made a strong impression on my imagination. She was travelling with her brother in the interior of eastern Virginia. Marks of diminishing prosperity everywhere met their view. One day, they entered upon a region which seemed entirely deserted. Here and there some elegant villa indicated the former presence of wealth; but piazzas had fallen, and front doors had either dropped, or hung suspended upon one hinge. Here and there a stray garden-flower peeped forth, amid the choking wilderness of weeds; and vines once carefully trained on lattices, spread over the ground in tangled confusion. Nothing disturbed the silence, save the twittering of some startled bird, or the hoot and scream of gloomy wood creatures, scared by the unusual noise of travellers.

At last, they came to a church, through the roof of which a tree, rooted in the central aisle beneath, sent up its verdant branches into the sunlight above. Leaving their horse to browse on the grass-grown road, they passed into the building, to examine the interior. Their entrance startled innumerable birds and bats which flew circling round their heads, and through the broken windows. The pews had coats-of-arms blazoned on the door-pannels, but birds had built their nests in the corners, and grass had grown up through the chinks of the floor. The handsome trimmings of the pulpit were so covered with dust,

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as to leave the original colour extremely doubtful. On the cushion lay a gilt-edged Bible, still open probably at the place where religious lessons had last been read.

I have before my mind's eye a vivid picture of that lonely church, standing in the silence of the forest. In some moods of mind, how pleasant it would be to spend the Sabbath there alone, listening to the insects singing their prayers, or to the plaintive voice of the ring-dove, coming up from the inmost heart of the shaded forest,

> "Whose deep, low note, is like a gentle wife,
> A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
> Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,
> An hour for mother's work; and singing low,
> While her tired husband and her children sleep."

In the stillness of Nature there is ever something sacred; for she pleadeth tenderly with man that he will live no more at discord with her; and, like the eloquent dumb boy, she ever carryeth "great names for God in her heart."

> "'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
> And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
> Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
> A call to prayer."

I can never forget that adventure in the wilderness. There is something sadly impressive in such complete desolation, where life has once been busy and gay—and where human pride has inscribed its transient history with the mouldering insignia of rank and wealth.

The rapid ruin and the unbroken stillness seemed so much like a work of enchantment, that the travellers named the place The Hamlet of the Seven Sleepers. At the next inhabited village, they obtained a brief outline of its history. It had been originally settled by wealthy families, with large plantations and numerous slaves. They were Virginian gentlemen of the olden school, and would have felt themselves disgraced by the modern business of breeding slaves for market. In fact, strong family pride made them extremely averse to sell any slave that had belonged to their ancestors. So the slaves multiplied on their hands, and it soon took "all their corn to feed their hogs, and all their hogs to feed their negroes." Matters grew worse and worse with these old families. The strong soil was at last exhausted by the miserable system of slavery, and would no longer yield its increase. What could these aristocratic gentlemen do for their sons, under such circumstances? Plantations must be bought for them in the far Southwest, and they must disperse, with their trains of human cattle, to blight other new and fertile regions. There is an old superstition, that no grass grows where the devil has danced; and the effects of slavery show that this tradition, like most others, is born of truth. It is not, as some suppose, a special vengeance on the wicked system; it is a simple result of the universal and intimate relation between spirit and matter. Freedom writes itself on the earth in growth and beauty; oppression, in dreariness and decay. If we attempt to trace this effect analytically, we shall find that it originates in landholders too proud to work, in labourers deprived of healthful motive, in the inevitable intermediate class of overseers, who have no interest in the soil or the labourers; but whose pay depends on the forced product they can extort from both. Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, has stated the case impressively: "Compare the condition of the slaveholding portion of this commonwealth, barren, desolate, and seared as it were by the avenging hand of Heaven, with the description which we have of this same country from those who first broke its soil. To what is this change ascribable? Alone to the blasting and withering effects of slavery. To that vice in the organization of society, by which one-half its inhabitants are arrayed in interest and feeling against the other half; to that condition of things, in which half a million of your population can feel no sympathy with society, in the prosperity of which they are forbidden to participate, and no attachment to a government at whose hands they receive nothing but injustice."

Dr. Meade, of Virginia, in the records of an official tour through the State, speaks of great numbers of churches fallen absolutely into ruin, from the gradual impoverishment of surrounding estates, and the consequent dispersion of the population.

Pope's Creek Church, where General Washington was baptized, fell into such complete decay, that it was a resort for beasts and birds. It was set on fire a few years ago, lest the falling in of the roof should kill the cattle, accustomed to seek shade and shelter there.

Yet in view of these facts, statesmen, for temporary purposes, are willing to spread over the rich prairies of Texas this devastating system, to devour, like the locusts of Egypt, every green thing in its path.

And while we are thus wilfully perpetuating and extending this terrible evil, priests and politicians are not ashamed to say that it must be so, because the system was entailed upon us by "the avarice of our ancestral government." Would any *other* evil, any evil which we ourselves did not choose, be tolerated among us, because it was a legacy from Great Britain? I never hear this weak apology offered, without thinking of the answer made to it by the eloquent George Thompson: "Yes, charge the guilt upon England; but, as you have copied England in her *sin*, copy her in her *repentance*."

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HEART-LEAP WELL.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Heart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;
And now as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are scattered among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up that hill—(it was at least
Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
Down to the weary fountain where he lies.

I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbour, made for rural joy;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it HEART-LEAP WELL.

And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,
I will come hither with my Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountain fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said;
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale,—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

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PART SECOND.

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not far distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what his place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearer hollow never shone,
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care,
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals;
Never to blend our pleasures or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

"MAY I COME UP?"

"May I come up?" the waking germ inquires?
"All winter long; the fearful frost has bound
Above my head a mass of icy ground.
I've slept in silence, till the solar fires
Have driven away the frost; the softened earth
Invites me now to claim the right of birth.
Oh may I come, and see day's sunny smile?"
"Not yet, not yet. 'Tis past the time of snow,
But frosts come, and the nipping winds may blow.
'Tis safe for thee to hide a little while
Within thy cell: ere long shalt tho arise
And God thy life wilt keep." The April hours,
Soon weepingcome, with warm and genial skies,
The germ springs up, and bears a crown of buds and flowers.

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LOVE AND FAITH.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

* * * * * *

I thank my heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love. I thank him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with blessing. 'What shall be our reward,' says Swedenborg, 'for loving our neighbour *as* ourselves in this life? That when we become angels, we shall be enabled to love him *better* than ourselves.' This is a reward pure and holy; the only one, which my heart has not rejected, whenever offered as an incitement to goodness. It is this chiefly which makes the happiness of lovers more nearly allied to heaven, than any other emotions experienced by the human heart. Each loves the other better than himself; each is willing to sacrifice all to the other—nay, finds joy therein. This it is that surrounds them with a golden atmosphere, and tinges the world with rose-colour. A mother's love has the same angelic character; more completely unselfish, but lacking the charm of perfect reciprocity.

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word, LOVE. It is the divine vitality that every where produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles, if we will.

'Love is the story without an end, and angels throng to hear;
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart.'

From the highest to the lowest, all feel its influence, all acknowledge its sway. Even the poor, despised donkey is changed by its magic influence. When coerced and beaten, he is vicious, obstinate, and stupid. With the peasantry of Spain, he is a petted favourite, almost an inmate of the household. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog; and he delights to take the baby on his back, and walk him round, gently, on the greensward. His intellect expands, too, in the sunshine of affection; and he that is called the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning, he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known round. At last, the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with cannisters of milk, an inscription, written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk, and return the vessels; and the donkey was instructed to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty cannisters; and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downward to make them ring. The peasant afterward learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus idealize the jackass, what may it not do? Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime, and make this earth an Eden.

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts, never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained never *needed* the whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or rein, with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as with children; if accustomed to beating, they would not obey without it. But if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equable firmness, the victory once gained over them, was gained for ever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, the gallows, and chains; while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he *might* work miracles, inward and outward, if he *would*. Unto this end let us work with unfaltering faith. Great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust;—mighty is it even to the redemption of a world.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion; and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sounds behind him. 'But this too I feared to do,' said he, 'lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished amid the din, the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones: one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony.'

I have often thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that *can* thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest, as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft

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voice amid the braying of the multitude; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be *forced* into perfect tune. But this were a pitiful experiment; the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness; would only increase the tumult.

Stronger, and more frequently, comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end—singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

This is the hardest and the bravest task, which a true soul has to perform amid the clashing elements of time. But *once* has it been done perfectly, unto the end; and that voice, so clear in its meekness, is heard above all the din of a tumultuous world; one after another chimes in with its patient sweetness, and, through infinite discords, the listening soul can perceive that the great tune is slowly coming into harmony.

A CHIPPEWA LEGEND.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The old Chief, feeling now well-nigh his end,
Called his two eldest children to his side,
And gave them, in few words, his parting charge:
"My son and daughter, me ye see no more;
The happy hunting-grounds await me, green
With change of spring and summer through the year;
But, for remembrance, after I am gone,
Be kind to little Sheemah for my sake:
Weakling he is and young, and knows not yet
To set the trap, or draw the seasoned bow;
Therefore of both your loves he hath more need,
And he, who needeth love, to love hath right;
It is not like our furs and stores of corn,
Whereto we claim sole title by our toil,
But the Great Spirit plants it in our hearts,
And waters it, and gives it sun, to be
The common stock and heritage of all:
Therefore be kind to Sheemah, that yourselves
May not be left deserted in your need."

Alone, beside a lake, their wigwam stood,
Far from the other dwellings of their tribe;
And, after many moons, the loneliness
Wearied the elder brother, and he said,
"Why should I dwell here all alone, shut out
From the free, natural joys that fit my age?
Lo, I am tall and strong, well skilled to hunt,
Patient of toil and hunger, and not yet
Have seen the danger which I dared not look
Full in the face; what hinders me to be
A mighty Brave and Chief among my kin?"
So, taking up his arrows and his bow,
As if to hunt, he journeyed swiftly on,
Until he gained the wigwams of his tribe,
Where, choosing out a bride, he soon forgot,
In all the fret and bustle of new life,
The little Sheemah and his father's charge.

Now when the sister found her brother gone,
And that, for many days, he came not back,
She wept for Sheemah more than for herself;
For Love bides longest in a woman's heart,
And flutters many times before he flies,
And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
May lure him back, as swift and glad as light;
And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
Oft looking out in hope of his return;
And, after Duty hath been driven forth,
Then Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,
And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out
Whatever paltry warmth and light are left,
With avaricious greed, from all beside.
So, for long months, the sister hunted wide,
And cared for little Sheemah tenderly;
But, daily more and more, the loneliness
Grew wearisome, and to herself she sighed,
"Am I not fair? at least the glossy pool,
That hath no cause to flatter, tells me so;
But, O, how flat and meaningless the tale,
Unless it tremble on a lover's tongue!
Beauty hath no true glass, except it be
In the sweet privacy of loving eyes."
Thus deemed she idly, and forgot the lore
Which she had learned of nature and the woods,
That beauty's chief reward is to itself,
And that the eyes of Love reflect alone
The inward fairness, which is blurred and lost
Unless kept clear and white by Duty's care.
So she went forth and sought the haunts of men,
And, being wedded, in her household cares,
Soon, like the elder brother, quite forgot
The little Sheemah and her father's charge.

But Sheemah, left alone within the lodge,
Waited and waited, with a shrinking heart,
Thinking each rustle was his sister's step.
Till hope grew less and less, and then went out,
And every sound was changed from hope to fear.
Few sounds there were:—the dropping of a nut,
The squirrel's chirrup, and the jay's harsh scream,
Autumn's sad remnants of blithe Summer's cheer,
Heard at long intervals, seemed but to make
The dreadful void of silence silenter.
Soon what small store his sister left was gone,

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And, through the Autumn, he made shift to live
On roots and berries, gathered in much fear
Of wolves, whose ghastly howl he heard ofttimes,
Hollow and hungry, at the dead of night.
But Winter came at last, and, when the snow,
Thick-heaped for gleaming leagues o'er hill and plain,
Spread its unbroken silence over all,
Made bold by hunger, he was fain to glean,
(More sick at heart than Ruth, and all alone,)
After the harvest of the merciless wolf,
Grim Boaz, who, sharp-ribbed and gaunt, yet feared
A thing more starving than himself;
Till, by degrees, the wolf and he grew friends,
And shared together all the winter through.

Late in the Spring, when all the ice was gone,
The elder brother, fishing in the lake,
Upon whose edge his father's wigwam stood,
Heard a low moaning noise upon the shore:
Half like a child it seemed, half like a wolf,
And straightway there was something in his heart
That said, "It is thy brother Sheemah's voice."
So, paddling swiftly to the bank, he saw,
Within a little thicket close at hand,
A child that seemed fast changing to a wolf,
From the neck downward, gray with shaggy hair,
That still crept on and upward as he looked.
The face was turned away, but well he knew
That it was Sheemah's, even his brother's face.
Then with his trembling hands he hid his eyes,
And bowed his head, so that he might not see
The first look of his brother's eyes, and cried,
"O, Sheemah! O, my brother, speak to me!
Dost thou not know me, that I am thy brother?
Come to me, little Sheemah, thou shalt dwell
With me henceforth, and know no care or want!"
Sheemah was silent for a space, as if
'T were hard to summon up a human voice,
And, when he spake, the sound was of a wolf's:
"I know thee not, nor art thou what thou say'st;
I have none other brethren than the wolves,
And, till thy heart be changed from what it is,
Thou art not worthy to be called their kin."
Then groaned the other, with a choking tongue,
"Alas! my heart is changed right bitterly;
'T is shrunk and parched within me even now!"
And, looking up fearfully, he saw
Only a wolf that shrank away and ran,
Ugly and fierce, to hide among the woods.

This rude, wild legend hath an inward sense,
Which it were well we all should lay to heart;
For have not we our younger brothers, too,
The poor, the outcast, and the trodden-down,
Left fatherless on earth to pine for bread?
They are ahungered for our love and care,
It is their spirits that are famishing,
And our dear Father, in his Testament,
Bequeathed them to us as our dearest trust,
Wherefore we shall give up a straight account.
Woe, if we have forgotten them, and left
Those souls that might have grown so fair and glad,
That only wanted a kind word from us,
To be so free and gently beautiful,—
Left them to feel their birthright as a curse,
To grow all lean, and cramped, and full of sores,
And last,—sad change, that surely comes to all
Shut out from manhood by their brother-man,—
To turn mere wolves, for lack of aught to love!

Hear it, O England! thou who liest asleep
On a volcano, from whose pent-up wrath,
Already some red flashes, bursting up,
Glare bloodily on coronet and crown
And gray cathedral looming huge aloof,
With dreadful portent of o'erhanging doom!
Thou Dives among nations! from whose board,
After the dogs are fed, poor Lazarus,
Crooked and worn with toil, and hollow-eyed,
Begs a few crumbs in vain!

I honour thee
For all the lessons thou hast taught the world,
Not few nor poor, and freedom chief of all;
I honour thee for thy huge energy,
Thy tough endurance, and thy fearless heart:
And how could man, who speaks with English words,
Think lightly of the blessed womb that bare
Shakspeare and Milton, and full many more
Whose names are now our earth's sweet lullabies,
Wherewith she cheers the infancy of those
Who are to do her honour in their lives?
Yet I would bid thee, ere too late, beware,
Lest, while thou playest off thine empty farce
Of Queenship to outface a grinning world,
Patching thy purple out with filthy rags,
To make thy madness a more bitter scoff,
Thy starving millions,—who not only pine
For body's bread, but for the bread of life,
The light which from their eyes is quite shut out
By the broad mockery of thy golden roof,—
Should turn to wolves that hanker for thy blood.
Even now their cry, which, o'er the ocean-stream,
Wanders, and moans upon the awe-struck ear,
Clear-heard above the sea's eternal wail,
But deeper far, and mournfuller, than that,
(For nought so fathomless as woe unshared,)
Hath learned a savage meaning of the wolf,
Whose nature now half-triumphs in the heart
Of the world-exiled and despairing Man.

And thou, my country, who to me art dear
As is the blood that circles through my heart,
To whom God granted it in charge to be
Freedom's apostle to a trampled world,
Who shouldst have been a mighty name to shae
Old lies and shams, as with a voice from Heaven,
Art little better than a sneer and mock,
And tyrants smile to see thee holding up

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Freedom's broad Ægis o'er three million slaves!
Shall God forget himself to honor thee?
Shall justice lie to screen thine ugly sin?
Shall the eternal laws of truth become
Cobwebs to let thy foul oppression through?
Shall the untiring Vengeance, that pursues,
Age after age, upon the sinner's track,
Roll back his burning deluge at thy beck?
Woe! woe! Even now I see thy star drop down,
Waning and pale, its faint disc flecked with blood,
That had been set in heaven gloriously,
To beacon Man to Freedom and to Home!
Woe! woe! I hear the loathsome serpent hiss,
Trailing, unharmed, its slow and bloated folds
O'er the lone ruins of thy Capitol!
I see those outcast millions turned to wolves,
That howl and snarl o'er Freedom's gory corse,
And lap the ebbing heart's-blood of that Hope,
Which would have made our earth smile back on heaven,
A happy child upon a happy mother,
From whose ripe breast it drew the milk of life.

But no, my country! other thoughts than these
Befit a son of thine: serener thoughts
Befit the heart which can, unswerved, believe
That wrong already feels itself o'ercome,
If but one soul have strength to see the right,
Or one free tongue dare speak it. All mankind
Look, with an anxious flutter of the heart,
To see thee working out thy glorious doom.
Thou shalt not, with a lie upon thy lips,
Forever prop up cunning despotisms,
And help to strengthen every tyrant's plea,
By striving to make man's deep soul content
With a half-truth that feeds it with mere wind.
God judgeth us by what we know of right,
Rather than what we practise that is wrong,
Unknowingly; and thou shalt yet be bold
To stand before Him, with a heart made clean
By doing that He taught thee how to preach.
Thou yet shalt do thy holy errand; yet,
That little Mayflower, convoyed by the winds
And the rude waters to our rocky shore,
Shall scatter Freedom's seed throughout the world,
And all the nations of the earth shall come,
Singing, to share the harvest-home of Truth.

Have you traced the cause and consequence of that under current of opinion which is slowly, but surely sapping the foundations of empires? Have you heard the low booming of that mighty ocean which approaches, wave after wave, to break up the dykes and boundaries of ancient power?

Mrs. Jameson's Visits and Sketches.

Genius, even in its faintest scintillations, is the inspired gift of God—a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labour in his sphere, to keep alive the sacred fire among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is forever threatning to extinguish. Woe to him, if he neglect this mandate—if he hear not its still small voice. Woe to him if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions; if he offer it at the shrine of vanity, or if he sell it for a piece of money.

D'Israeli.

The influence of Coleridge, like that of Bentham, extends far beyond those who share in the peculiarities of his philosophical or religious creed. He has been the great awakener in this country of the spirit of philosophy, within the bounds of traditional opinions. He has been, almost as truly as Bentham, "the great questioner of things established:" * * * * By Bentham, beyond all others, men have been led to ask themselves, in regard to any ancient or received opinion, Is it *true?* And by Coleridge, what is the meaning of it? The one took his stand *outside* the received opinion, and surveyed it as an entire stranger to it: the other, looked at it from within, and endeavoured to see it with the eyes of a believer in it; to discover by what apparent facts it was at first suggested, and by what appearances it has ever since been rendered credible. * * * Bentham judged a proposition true or false, as it accorded or not with the result of his inquiries; and did not search very curiously into what might be meant by the proposition, when it obviously did not mean what he thought true.

With Coleridge on the contrary, the very fact that any doctrine had been believed by thoughtful men, and received by whole nations or generations of mankind, was a part of the problem to be solved, was one of the phenomena to be accounted for. And as Bentham's short and easy method of referring all to the selfish interests of aristocracies, or priests, or lawyers, or some other species of impostors, could not satisfy a man who saw so much farther into the complexities of human intellect and feelings—he considered the long or extensive prevalence of any opinion as a presumption that it was not altogether a fallacy; that, to its first authors, at least, it was the result of a struggle to express in words something which had a reality to *them*, though not perhaps to many of those who have since received the doctrine as mere tradition. The long duration of a belief, he thought, is at least proof positive of an adaptation in it to some portion or other of the human mind; and if on digging down to the root, we do not find, as is generally the case, some truth, we shall find some natural want or requirement of human nature which the doctrine in question is fitted to satisfy: among which wants, the instincts of self-

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ishness and of credulity have a place, but by no means an exclusive one. Thus, Bentham continually missed the truth which is in the traditional opinions, and Coleridge, that which is not of them. But each found much of what the other missed.

Critique on Coleridge's writings.

The true scholar will feel that the richest romance, the noblest fiction that was ever woven, the heart and soul of beauty, lies enclosed in *human life*. Itself of surpassing value, it is also the richest material for his creations. * * * He must bear his share of the common load. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names in books. His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know in his own beating bosom its sweet and smart? Out of love and hatred, out of earnings and borrowings and lendings and losses, out of sickness and pain, out of wooing and worshipping, out of travelling and voting and watching and caring, out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lesson; let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavour exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him; and this by *punctual action*, and not by promises and dreams. *Literary Lionism.*

Many are the thousands who have let the man die within them from cowardly care about meat and drink, and a warm corner in this great asylum of safety, whose gates have ever been thronged by the multitude who cannot appreciate the free air and open heaven. And many are the hundreds who have let the poet die within them, that their complacency may be fed, their vanity intoxicated, and themselves securely harboured in the praise of their immediate neighbours. Few, very few are there who, "noble in reason," and conscious of being "infinite in faculties," have faith to look before and after; faith to go on, to reverence the dreams of their youth; faith to appeal to the god-like human mind yet unborn. Among the millions who are now thinking and feeling on our own soil, is it not likely that there is one who might take up the song of Homer, one who might talk the night away with Socrates, one who might be the Shakespeare of an age, when our volcanoes shall have become regions of green pasture and still waters, and new islands shall send forth human speech from the midst of the sea? What are such men about? If one is pining in want, rusting in ignorance, or turning from angel to devil under oppression, it is too probable that another may be undergoing extinction in drawing rooms—surrendering his divine faculties to wither in lamp-light—and be wafted away in perfume and praise. As surely as the human thought has power to fly abroad over an expanse of a thousand years, it has need to rest on that far shore and meditate—"where now are the flatteries and vanities, and competitions which seemed so important in their duty? Where are the ephemeral reputations, the glow-worm ideas, the gossamer sentiments which the impertinent voice of Fashion, pronounced immortal and divine? The deluge of oblivion has swept over them all, while the minds which were really immortal and divine, are still there, 'forever singing as they shine' in the firmament of thought, and mirrored in the deep of ages out of which they rose."

Literary Lionism.

We talk of the world, of fate, of chance, and mischance, often in a very bad humour. But how much of this world have we seen?—how much have we not seen? How much can—will—we not see for sheer indolence and blindness? I have seen wonders to-day in this most frivolous and godless of cities, Berlin. What lives in women whom I found in the lowest, grass-grown, neglected, hovels! How different is every thing among the lower classes from what the wise in this world have published, printed, read, and believed! God alone knows how much real, simple-minded, sterling honesty and truth He has sent into the world. Blessed be his name that he has given me eyes to see it. RAHEL.

I will gladden the human circle in which I live. I will open my heart to the gospel of life and nature. I will seize hold on the moments, and the good which they bring. No friendly glance, no spring-breeze, shall pass over me unenjoyed or unacknowledged. Out of every flower will I suck a drop of honey, and out of every moment a drop of eternal life.

Not till we have patiently studied beauty can we safely venture to look at defects, for not till then can we do it in that spirit of earnest love which gives more than it takes away.

I?—no; how should I—skimming over the surface of society with perpetual sunshine and favouring airs—how should I sound the shoals and gulf which lie below?

Mrs. Jameson's Visits and Sketches.

Riches weigh more heavily upon talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones lie buried many spiritual giants. RICHTER.

I hold the constant regard that we pay in all our actions to the judgments of others, as the poison of our peace, our reason, and our virtue. Upon this slave's chain have I long filed, but I scarcely hope ever to break it. RICHTER.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE-HEARTED.

No. 15.

PROMETHEUS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

One after one the stars have risen and set,
Sparkling upon the hoarfrost on my chain:
The Bear, that prowled all night about the fold
Of the North-star, hath shrunk into his den,
Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn,
Whose blushing smile floods all the Orient;
And now bright Lucifer grows less and less,
Into the heaven's blue quiet deep-withdrawn.
Sunless and starless all, the desert sky
Arches above me, empty as this heart
For ages hath been empty of all joy,
Except to brood upon its silent hope,
As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.
All night have I heard voices: deeper yet
The deep low breathing of the silence grew,
While all about, muffled in awe, there stood
Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt at heart,
But, when I turned to front them, far along
Only a shudder through the midnight ran,
And the dense stillness walled me closer round.
But still I heard them wander up and down
That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings
Did mingle with them, whether of those hags
Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,
Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
I could but guess; and then toward me came
A shape as of a woman: very pale
It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,
And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
Their fixed awe went through my brain like ice;
A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog
Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:
And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh.
A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips
Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought
Some doom was close upon me, and I looked
And saw the red moon through the heavy mist,
Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,
Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds merged
Into the rising surges of the pines,
Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt loins
Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,
Sad as the wail that from the populous earth
All day and night to high Olympus soars,
Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn
From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.
And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph, Jove!
They are wrung from me but by the agonies
Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall
From clouds in travail of the lightning, when
The great wave of the storm, high-curled and black
Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.
Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type
Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?
True Power was never born of brutish Strength,
Nor sweet Truth suckled at the shaggy dugs
Of that old she-wolf. Are thy thunderbolts,
That quell the darkness for a space, so strong
As the prevailing patience of meek Light,
Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,
Wins it to be a portion of herself?
Why art thou made a god of, thou, who hast
The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear
Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?
Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
What kind of doom it is whose omen flits
Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
The fearful shadow of the kite. What need
To know that truth whose knowledge cannot save?
Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;
When thine is finished, thou art known no more:
There is a higher purity than thou,
And higher purity is greater strength;
Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart
Trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.
Let man but hope, and thou art straightway chilled
With thought of that drear silence and deep night
Which, like a dream, shall swallow thee and thine.
Let man but will, and thou art god no more,
More capable of ruin than the gold
And ivory that image thee on earth.
He who hurled down the monstrous Titan-brood
Blinded with lightnings, with rough thunders stunned,
Is weaker than a simple human thought.
My slender voice can shake thee, as the breeze,
That seems but apt to stir a maiden's hair,
Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole:
For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow
In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown
By years of solitude,—that holds apart
The past and future, giving the soul room

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To search into itself,—and long commune
With this eternal silence;—more a god,
In my long-suffering and strength to meet
With equal front the direst shafts of fate,
Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,
Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.
Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought down
The light to man, which thou, in selfish fear,
Had'st to thyself usurped,—his by sole right,
For Man hath right to all save Tyranny,—
And which shall free him yet from thy frail throne.
Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they trample on,
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
And see that Tyranny is always weakness,
Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
The tyrant trembles, if the air but stirs
The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,
And crouches, when the thought of some great spirit,
With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,
Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.
So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth,
And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove!

And, wouldst thou know of my supreme revenge,
Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,
Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are,
Listen! and tell me if this bitter peak,
This never-glutted vulture, and these chains
Shrink not before it; for it shall befit
A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-heart.
Men, when their death is on them, seem to stand
On a precipitous crag that overhangs
The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,
As in a glass, the features dim and vast
Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,
Of what have been. Death ever fronts the wise;
Not fearfully, but with clear promises
Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,
Their out-look widens, and they see beyond
The horizon of the Present and the Past,
Even to the very source and end of things.
Such am I now: immortal woe hath made
My heart a seer, and my soul a judge
Between the substance and the shadow of Truth.
The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,
By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure
Of such as I am, this is my revenge,
Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch,
Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.
The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,
Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee,—
The songs of maidens pressing with white feet
The vintage on thine altars poured no more,—
The murmurous bliss of lovers, underneath
Dim grape-vine bowers, whose rosy bunches press
Not half so closely their warm cheeks, unchecked
By thoughts of thy brute lust,—the hive-like hum
Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt Toil
Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own
By its own labor, lightened with glad hymns
To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea,—
Even the spirit of free love and peace,
Duty's sure recompense through life and death,—
These are such harvests as all master-spirits
Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs;
These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal
They stab fallen tyrants; this their high revenge:
For their best part of life on earth is when,
Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,
Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become
Part of the necessary air men breathe;
When, like the moon, herself behind a cloud,
They shed down light before us on life's sea,
That cheers us to steer onward still in hope.
Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er
Their holy sepulchres; the chainless sea,
In tempest or wide calm, repeats their thoughts;
The lightning and the thunder, all free things,
Have legends of them for the ears of men.
All other glories are as falling stars,
But universal Nature watches theirs:
Such strength is won by love of human kind.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame,
Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with;
But that the memory of noble deeds
Cries, shame upon the idle and the vile,
And keeps the heart of Man for ever up
To the heroic level of old time.
To be forgot at first is little pain
To a heart conscious of such high intent
As must be deathless on the lips of men;
But, having been a name, to sink and be
A something which the world can do without,
Which, having been or not, would never change
The lightest pulse of fate,—this is indeed
A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,
And this thy heart shall empty to the dregs.
Endless despair shall be thy Caucasus,
And memory thy vulture; thou wilt find
Oblivion far lonelier than this peak,—
Behold thy destiny! Thou think'st it much
That I should brave thee, miserable god!
But I have braved a mightier than thou,
Even the tempting of this soaring heart,
Which might have made me, scarcely less than thou,
A god among my brethren weak and blind,—
Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing
To be down-trodden into darkness soon.
But now I am above thee, for thou art

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Thebungling workmanship of fear, the block
That awes the swart Barbarian; but I
Am what myself have made,—a nature wise
With finding in itself the types of all,—
With watching from the dim verge of the time
What things to be are visible in the gleams
Thrown forward on them from the luminous past,—
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and sorrow, and with love,
Broad as the world, for freedom and for man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble, except Love,
By whom, and for whose glory, ye shall cease:
And, when thou art but a dim moaning heard
From out the pitiless glooms of Chaos, I
Shall be a power and a memory,
A name to fright all tyrants with, a light
Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong,
Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
Huge echoes that from age to age live on
In kindred spirits, giving them a sense
Of boundless power from boundless suffering wrung:
And many a glazing eye shall smile to see
The memory of my triumph, (for to meet
Wrong with endurance, and to overcome
The present with a heart that looks beyond,
Are triumph), like a prophet eagle, perch
Upon the sacred banner of the Right.
Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth;
But Good, once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak god,
Shalt fade and be forgotten! but this soul,
Fresh living still in the serene abyss,
In every heaving shall partake, that grows
From heart to heart among the sons of men,—
As the ominous hum before the earthquake runs
Far through the Ægean from roused isle to isle,—
Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,
And mighty rents in many a cavernous error
That darkens the free light to man:—This heart,
Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as the truth
Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks and claws
Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it, shall
In all the throbbing exultations share
That wait on freedom's triumphs, and in all
The glorious agonies of martyr-spirits,—
Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged clouds
That veil the future, showing them the end,—
Pain's thorny crown for constancy and truth,
Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.
This is a thought, that, like the fabled laurel,
Makes my faith thunder-proof; and thy dread bolts
Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow
On the hoar brows of aged Caucasus:
But, O thought far more blissful, they can rend
This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a star!

Unleash thy crouching thunders now, O Jove!
Free this high heart, which, a poor captive long,
Doth knock to be let forth, this heart which still
In its invincible manhood, overtops
Thy puny godship, as this mountain doth
The pines that moss its roots. O, even now,
While from my peak of suffering I look down,
Beholding with a far-spread gush of hope
The sunrise of that Beauty, in whose face,
Shone all around with love, no man shall look
But straightway like a god he is uplift
Unto the throne long empty for his sake,
And clearly oft foreshadowed in wide dreams
By his free inward nature, which nor thou,
Nor any anarch after thee, can bind
From working its great doom,—now, now set free
This essence, not to die, but to become
Part of that awful Presence which doth haunt
The palaces of tyrants, to hunt off,
With its grim eyes and fearful whisperings
And hideous sense of utter loneliness,
All hope of safety, all desire of peace,
All but the loathed forefeeling of blank death,—
Part of that spirit which doth ever brood
In patient calm on the unpilfered nest
Of man's deep heart, till mighty thoughts grow fledged
To sail with darkening shadow o'er the world,
Filling with dread such souls as dare not trust
In the unfailing energy of Good,
Until they swoop, and their pale quarry make
Of some o'erbloated wrong,—that spirit which
Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of man,
Like acorns among grain, to grow and be
A roof for freedom in all coming time!

But no, this cannot be; for ages yet,
In solitude unbroken, shall I hear
The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,
And Euxine answer with a muffled roar,
On either side storming the giant walls
Of Caucasus with leagues of climbing foam,
(Less, from my height, than flakes of downy snow,)
That draw back baffled but to hurl again,
Snatched up in wrath and horrible turmoil,
Mountain on mountain, as the Titans erst,
My brethren, scaling the high seat of Jove,
Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders broad
In vain emprise. The moon will come and go
With her monotonous vicissitude;
Once beautiful, when I was free to walk
Among my fellows, and to interchange
The influence benign of loving eyes,
But now by aged use grown wearisome;—
False thought! most false! for how could I endure
These crawling centuries of lonely woe
Unshamed by weak complaining, but for thee

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Loneliest, save me, of all created things,
Mild-eyed Astarte, my best comforter,
With thy pale smile of sad benignity?

Year after year will pass away and seem
To me, in mine eternal agony,
But as the shadows of dumb summer-clouds,
Which I have watched so often darkening o'er
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,
But, with still swiftness, lessening on and on
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where
The gray horizon fades into the sky,
Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet
Must I lie here upon my altar huge,
A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,
As it hath been, his portion; endless doom,
While the immortal with the mortal linked
Dreams of its wings and pines for what it dreams,
With upward yearn unceasing. Better so:
For wisdom is meek sorrow's patient child,
And empire over self, and all the deep
Strong charities that make men seem like gods;
And love, that makes them be gods, from her breasts
Sucks in the milk that makes mankind one blood.
Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
Having two faces, as some images
Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is ill;
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.
Therefore, great heart, bear up! thou art but type
Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
Would win men back to strength and peace through love:
Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;
And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love;
And patience, which at last shall overcome.

HOPE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Hope in the young heart springeth
As flowers in the infant year;
Hope in the young heart singeth,
As birds when the flowers appear.

Hope in the old heart dieth,
As wither those early flowers;
Hope from the old heart flieth,
As the birds from wintry bowers.

But Spring will revive the flowers;
And the birds return to sing;
And Death will renew Hope's powers
In the old heart withering.

FROM LONGFELLOW'S HYPERION.

And yet, if you look closely at the causes of these calamities of authors, you will find, that many of them spring from false and exaggerated ideas of poetry and the poetic character; and from disdain of common sense, upon which all character, worth having, is founded. This comes from keeping aloof from the world, apart from our fellow-men; disdainful of society, as frivolous By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy; and soon the mind. This is nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.

LITERARY FAME.

Time has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But, as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters, never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those, whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men, must soon be as well forgotten, as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this: well knowing, that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales of them; so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, and their most cherished thoughts, purposes, and opinions have no longer an individual being among men; but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought. If, then, the imagination can trace the noble dust of heroes, till we find it stopping a beer-barrel, and know that

> Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away;"

not less can it trace the noble thoughts of great men, till it finds them mouldered into the common dust of conversation, and used to stop men's mouths, and patch up theories, to keep out the flaws of opinion. Such, for example, are all popular adages and wise proverbs, which are now resolved into the common mass of thought; their authors forgotten, and having no more an individual being among men.

It is better, therefore, that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame; namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be, in our

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imperfection; impossible perhaps to achieve it wholly. Yet the resolute, the indomitable will of man can achieve much,—at times even this victory over himself; being persuaded, that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose, that a period of time will ever come, when the world, or any considerable portion of it shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And oh! how majestically they walk in history; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him; others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly Paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils!

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons! Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those, who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much;—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them, while they sleep!

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and for ever!

THE SCHOLAR'S HOME.

But to resume our old theme of scholars and their whereabout, * * * where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err, who think, that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity;—the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass;—and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men;—such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.

I fear, however, interrupted Flemming, that in cities the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, 'a wonderous wretch and weedless,' to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain-shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become

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soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices.

Both town and country have their dangers, said the Baron; and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must never forget his high vocation. Other artists give themselves up wholly to the study of their art. It becomes with them almost religion. For the most part, and in their youth, at least, they dwell in lands, where the whole atmosphere of the soul is beauty; laden with it as the air may be with vapor, till their very nature is saturated with the genius of their art. Such, for example, is the artist's life in Italy.

I agree with you, exclaimed Flemming; and such should be the Poet's everywhere; for he has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world,—and the glories of a modern one,—his Apollo and Transfiguration. He must neither forget nor undervalue his vocation; but thank God that he is a poet; and everywhere be true to himself, and to 'the vision and the faculty divine' he feels within him.

But, at any rate, a city life is most eventful, continued the Baron. The men who make, or take, the lives of poets and scholars, always complain that these lives are barren of incidents. Hardly a literary biography begins without some such apology, unwisely made. I confess, however, that it is not made without some show of truth; if, by incidents, we mean only those startling events, which suddenly turn aside the stream of Time, and change the world's history in an hour. There is certainly a uniformity, pleasing or unpleasing, in literary life, which for the most part makes to-day seem twin-born with yesterday. But if, by incidents, you mean events in the history of the human mind, (and why not?) noiseless events, that do not scar the forehead of the world as battles do, yet change it not the less, then surely the lives of literary men are most eventful. The complaint and the apology are both foolish. I do not see why a successful book is not as great an event as a successful campaign; only different in kind, and not easily compared.

Indeed, interrupted Flemming, in no sense is the complaint strictly true, though at times apparently so. Events enough there are, were they all set down. A life, that is worth writing at all, is worth writing minutely. Besides, all literary men have not lived in silence and solitude;—not all in stillness, not all in shadow. For many have lived in troubled times, in the rude and adverse fortunes of the state and age, and could say with Wallenstein'

> 'Our life was but a battle and a march;
> And, like the wind's blast, never-resting, homeless,
> We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.'

Of such examples history has recorded many; Dante, Cervantes, Byron, and others; men of iron; men who have dared to breast the strong breath of public opinion, and, like spectre-ships, come sailing right against the wind. Others have been puffed out by the first adverse wind that blew; disgraced and sorrowful, because they could not please others. Truly 'the tears live in an onion, that should water such a sorrow.' Had they been men, they would have made these disappointments their best friends, and learned from them the needful lesson of self-reliance.

To confess the truth, added the Baron, the lives of literary men, with their hopes and disappointments, and quarrels and calamities, present a melancholy picture of man's strength and weakness. On that very account the scholar can make them profitable for encouragement,—consolation,—warning.

And after all, continued Flemming, perhaps the greatest lesson, which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word; Wait!—Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands, like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle,—there is such a din,—such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, Come! But the voices of the Past say, Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainly, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait;—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness,—not in useless pastime,—not in querulous dejection; but in constant steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, sobeit the deed and book were well done! It is the past of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition, to care too much about fame,—about what the world says of us. To be always looking into the faces of others for approval;—to be always anxious for the effect

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of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you, you will see men, who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell, that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful! because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the 'trick and fantasy of fame'; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do,—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings,—no disappointment,—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.

SPRING IN HEIDELBERG.

It was a sweet carol, which the Rhodian children sang of old in Spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season;

> "The Swallow is come!
> The Swallow is come!
> O fair are the seasons, and light
> Are the days that she brings,
> With her dusky wings,
> And her bosom snowy white."

A pretty carol, too, is that, which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in Spring;

> "Stork! Stork! poor Stork!
> Why is thy foot so bloody?
> A Turkish boy hath torn it;
> Hungarian boy will heal it,
> With fiddle, fife, and drum."

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where Spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the East-wind nailed to the mast! Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks, to sun themselves; and think it is summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea-breath comes from the eastern sea; and again,

> "The driving hail
> Upon the window beats with icy flail."

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun, to-morrow, not before;—they must sit in wet garments until then.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing;—they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighbouring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude, which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbours will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold butter-cups under each others' chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still. Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough,—not a breath of wind,—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

MAN'S DESTINY.

Just observe what a glorious thing human life is, when seen in this light; and how glorious man's destiny. I am; thou art; he is! seems but a schoolboy's conjugation. But therein lies a great mystery. These words are significant of much. We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself without laboring at the same time for all others: a glimpse of truth, which by the universal harmony of things becomes an inward benediction, and lifts the soul mightily upward. Still more so, when a man regards himself as a ne-

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cessary member of this union. The feeling of our dignity and our power grows strong, when we say to ourselves; My being is not objectless and in vain; I am a necessary link in the great chain, which, from the full developement of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward into eternity. All the great, and wise, and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those, whose good deeds have outlived their names,—all those have labored for me. I have entered into their harvest. I walk the green earth, which they inhabited. I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task, which they once undertook, the task of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build forward, where they were forced to leave off; and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted. And at length I, too, must leave it, and go hence. O, this is the sublimest thought of all! I can never finish the noble task; therefore, so sure as this task is my destiny, I can never cease to work, and consequently never cease to be. What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never ending; consequently no period is set to my being, and I am eternal. I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, and to the roaring cataract, and to the storm-clouds swimming in the fire-sea overhead and say; I am eternal, and defy your power! Break, break over me! and thou Earth, and thou Heaven, mingle in the wild tumult! and ye Elements foam and rage, and destroy this atom of dust,—this body, which I call mine! My will alone, with its fixed purpose, shall hover brave and triumphant over the ruins of the universe; for I have comprehended my destiny; and it is more durable than ye! It is eternal; and I, who recognise it, I likewise am eternal!

Far from our ranks be that timid sentiment of Erasmus, "Peaceful error is better than boisterous truth." That was the shrinking sensitiveness of a secluded student, whom the rough sounds of free discussion had never hardened into manly vigor, and hopeful quiet trust in the power of truth. Better, far better, the heroic advice of old Bancreldt, freedom's martyr, "Peace, if possible, but truth at any rate."—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

They are indeed long shadows, and their evening sunshine lies cold upon the earth; *but they all point toward the morning.*—JEAN PAUL.

It is ever to the injury of essentials, that the mind of man is preoccupied with secondary matter.

How often was I not forced in bitterness of heart to say, 'I must tread the wine-press alone?'

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee!*"

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THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had been himself imprisoned, and deprived of all his property, for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined 10 pounds each for non-attendance at church—which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the general court at Boston, that body, in obedience to the suggestions of its ghostly advisers, and conscience-keepers, issued an order, which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to *sell* the said persons to any of the English nation at *Virginia* or *Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.—*Vide* Sewall's History, pp. 225-6. G. Bishop.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison-bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars,
In the coldness and the darkness, all through the long night time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow;
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for *thee* the hearth-fire brightens, not for *thee* kind words are spoken,
Not for *thee* the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within *thy* lap are laid,
For *thee* no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"O! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound,
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth-bound;

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

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"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh! ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung, drop by drop, the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, oh Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When "Get behind me Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate, within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street,
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side up the long street I passed.
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How from every door and window the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me; shame burned upon my cheek;
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak;
"Oh Lord, support thy handmaid, and from her soul cast out
The fear of man which brings a snare, the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sun-lit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar, their net-work on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains, with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk, at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words, the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh, and scoff, and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

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Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child."

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said;
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the isle of far Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
Ye may hold her at higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice nor sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God, who made me—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain; shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion-glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest, and baffled clerk, rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll;
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye if from their farther work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which full and clear swept round the silent bay,
As with kind words and kinder looks he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid!

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Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly; on evening's twilight calm,
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear saints with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong!
The Lord shall smite their pride and break the jaw-teeth of the strong.
Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Wo to the wolves who seek the flock to raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad;
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

THE INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A voice upon the prairies,
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low.
It is a mother's wailing!—
Hath Earth another tone
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost, her only one?—

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark the storm swell high
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.
Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan,—
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept her tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,
She watch'd and toil'd and pray'd,
Though every dreary dawn revealed
Some ravage death had made,
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress,
And dovelike were the tones that breath'd
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent.

I said Consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain;
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplored her pain;
None save that widow'd mother,
Who now by her open tomb,
Is writhing like the smitten wretch,
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,
That bed beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall green corn
That ripeneth on the plain,
Since she for whom the board was spread
Must ne'er return again?

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
Thy burial-rite survey'd;
There's many a king whose funeral
A black rob'd realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee forest maiden,
Beneath thy native tree!
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust like thee,—
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourn,
As here they mourn for thee.

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NEVER DESPAIR.

The words of the Overcomer to one who said, "I am weary; I would that I were dead."

Fainting pilgrim, soon grown weary,
I have words of cheer for thee;
All thy pathway, cold and dreary,
Hath been early trod by me.

Dearest joys, when scarcely tasted,
Have been snatched from thee away;
Golden hopes have quickly wasted
In the conflict of thy day,—

Yet hast thou exceeding treasure,
In that bosom lone and bare,
Sunken hope, and shadowed pleasure,
Unexpiring, slumber there;

Though thy pathway darkness hideth,
These shall brighten o'er the storm;
Only where the tempest rideth,
Doth the rainbow bend its form.

On the faded joys thou cherished,
Joys shall spring for coming hours;
Soils whereon the verdure perished,
Yield again the richest flowers.

All the love thy heart has given,
Shall return to gladden thee,
Like the dew that flies to heaven!
Like the bread cast on the sea!

E'en in death it shall not languish;
Young and sweet a brow I see,
Calm, as when midst parting anguish,
Pure, her blessing fell on me;

And when life is load-like pressing,
And my spirit yearns for rest,
Sweetly comes that strengthening blessing,
Angel-like, unto my breast.

Courage, then, oh! sad wayfarer!
Grasp the shield of faith once more;
Ever yet, the trusting wearer
Better days hath found in store:

Resolutely upward turning
From thy anguish and despair,
Thine extending gaze discerning,
What was dark and hidden there,—

Conflicts stern, and dread accounted,
Shall below thy footsteps lay,
Ladder-rounds, whereon thou mounted,—
Stepping-stones, upon thy way.

A REQUIEM.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ay, pale and silent maiden,
Cold as thou liest there,
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air,
The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shallows
And dost possess the Deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
Thy heart is cold and still,
Thine eyes are shut for ever,
And Death hath had his will;
He loved and would have taken,
I loved and would have kept;
We strove,—and he was stronger,
And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more gladsome
Than it was wont to be:
Thy body was a fetter
That bound me to the flesh;
Thank God that it is broken,
And now I live afresh!

Now I can see thee clearly;
The dusky cloud of clay,
That hid thy starry spirit,
Is rent and blown away:
To earth I give thy body,
Thy spirit to the sky;
I saw its bright wings growing,
And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen;
Lifts the eternal shadow,
The silence bursts apart,
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart.

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A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty,
  Wha hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
  And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
  The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
  Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  His ribband, star, and a' that;
A man of independent mind,
  Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,
An honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  His dignities and a' that!
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it shall for a' that;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
  Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that;
Whan man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be, and a' that.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
  And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
  Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died!

That which thou with truckling spirit,
  Bending to the crowd shall say,
Dust and darkness shall inherit,
  Time shall hurl like chaff away—
But the silent earnest thought,
To thine inmost nature taught,
Shall not fade away to nought.

Longings in deep anguish working,
  Powers like sudden flames that start,
And though baffled, still stay lurking,
  Are the seedfields unto art:
Thence upsprings its glorious flower
In its will appointed hour,
And to heaven itself doth tower.

WM. W. STORY.

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LINES,

Written on reading several pamphlets published by clergymen against the abolition of the gallows.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The suns of eighteen centuries have shone
Since the Redeemer walked with men, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for His head;
And He, who wander'd with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
Hath now His temples upon every shore,
Altar, and shrine, and priest—and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore!

Yet, as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of His lot,
With their dim, earthly vision, knew Him not,
How ill are His high teachings understood!
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest
At His own altar binds the chain anew;
Where He hath bidden to life's equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few;
Where He hath spoken peace, His name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending men;
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,
And daily taught His lesson—to forgive!
Twisted the cord, and edged the murderous steel;
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eye-balls swim
The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him!

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew,
The vines and olives of the Holy Land—
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew—
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear—
Goa's dark dungeons—Malta's sea-washed cell,
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung,
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of Hell!
The midnight of Bartholomew—the stake
Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake—
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
When guilt itself a human tear might claim—
Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!
That earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy name been done!

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!
That *man* is holier than a *creed*—that all
Restraint upon him must consult his *good*,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And Love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
Through long, dark centuries, its way has wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith become a living part.

Who shall arrest this tendency? Bring back
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?
Harden the softening human heart again,
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?
Ye most unhappy men!—who, turn'd away
From the mild sunshine of the gospel day,
Grope in the shadows of man's twilight time,
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,
Permitted in another age and clime?
Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew
Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew
No evil in the Just One?—Wherefore turn
To the dark, cruel past?—Can ye not learn
From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free
Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore;
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,
Will ye become the Druids of *our* time?
Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,
And, consecrators of law's darkest crime,
Urge to its loathsome work the hangman's hand?
Beware—lest human nature, roused at last,
From its peeled shoulder your incumbrance cast,
And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,
Rank you with those who led their victims round
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven—a pagan brotherhood!

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HUNGER AND COLD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Sisters two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue;
To the poor man ye've been true
From of old:
Ye can speak the keenest word,
Ye are sure of being heard,
From the point ye're never stirred,
Hunger and Cold!

Let the Statesman temporize;
Palsied are his shifts and lies
When they meet your blood-shot eyes,
Grim and bold;
Policy ye set at naught,
In their traps ye'll not be caught,
Ye're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door;
While the mass of men is poor
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontrolled;
Ye had nevet yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
Ye can visit, sans court dress,
Hunger and Cold!

When the Toiler's heart ye clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He recks not a bloody smutch
On his gold:
Every thing to you defers,
Ye are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,
Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons ye draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
Cannot hold;
Ye're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied,
Somehow God is on your side,
Hunger and Cold!

Ye respect no hoary wrong
More for having triumphed long;
Its past victims, haggard throng,
From the mould
Ye unbury; swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your bitter jeers,
Hunger and Cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower;
Through the window ye will glower,
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled;
Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
Guiltless blood may chance be shed,
But ye must and will be fed,
Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil,
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told:
Devils' theories are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please,
Hunger and Cold!

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth! and be thy Pity led
To Love's fold;
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,—
Hunger and Cold!

THINK OF OUR COUNTRY'S GLORY.

BY ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

Think of our country's glory,
All dimmed with Afric's tears—
Her broad flag stained and gory,
With the hoarded guilt of years!
Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shrieked, alas, in vain,
When heart from heart is rending,
Ne'er to be joined again!
Shall we behold unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crushed?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?

O, no! by every blessing
That Heaven to thee may lend—
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend.
Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shrieked, alas, in vain,
When heart from heart is rending,
Ne'er to be joined again!

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VOICES OF THE TRUE-HEARTED.

No. 16.

THE SILVER TANKARD.

On a slope of land opening itself to the south, in a now thickly settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farm-house to which the epithet "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields; beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his own home, but, prospectively as the home of his children, and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains. It was full of the comforts of life,—the furniture even a little "showy" for a Puritan; and when the table was set, there was, to use a Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent.—This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this pleasant valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday; and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting, on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door, with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife who had been somewhat detained. He was standing at the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart, perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant a neighbor, of six miles' distance, rode up on horseback and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he, "I have come out of my way in going to meeting, to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you'd better look out, lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, neighbor, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal the better. I don't think it safe for you all to be off to meeting to day: but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good-bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl, about nine years old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching.—He soon settled the point. "I won't even take Hitty with me; for 'twill make her cowardly. The thieves may not come,—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands; and we will go to worship Him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. As he settled this, the little girl and her mother stepped to the chaise; the father saying to the child, "If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is silver and gold, when we think of God's holy word?"—With these words on his lips he drove off,—a troubled man, in spite of his religious trust; because he left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house; but nature, for this once at least, got the better of her

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training. "No harm," thought she, "to see the brood of chickens." Nor did she, when she had given them some water, go into the house; but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bob'lincoln, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She passed almost an hour out of the house, because she did not want to be alone; and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a little wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something, when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind; they shall see I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty;" so putting down the Bible, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come. She called to them to come; and without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can;"—and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father, whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveller.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast time nor dinner time, but about half way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction, "spare of our abundance;" and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, "Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who, half starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men folks had gone to meeting. "Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" asked Hitty. "We can't wait," was the reply, "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I am glad you do not want me to cook for you,—but I would do it if you did,—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays." Then away she tripped about, making her preparation for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons and the silver tankard full of "old orchard," with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were put on,—perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance and manners of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and freely, and was as unembarrassed, as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face down almost to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a younger and better looking man, stood confounded and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken into his trade; and often would he go to the window and look out, keeping his back to the child. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never once took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner table; there was even a half smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence; drinking occasionally from the silver tankard.—When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said, "Come! let's go." "What?" exclaimed the older robber, "go with empty hands when this silver is here." He seized the tankard. "Put that down," shouted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house." Poor Hitty at once awoke to a sense of the character of her guests; with terror in her face and yet with a child-like frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that *he* would take care of her.

The old thief, looking to his young companion, and finding he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog which has had a bone taken from him. "Fool! catch me in your company again;" and with such expressions left the house, followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said, "Don't be afraid—stay quiet in the house—nobody shall hurt you." Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, was tried, and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in a jail in the seaport town, to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up like a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to him for the protection of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale,

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his hair tangled and matted together,—for why should he care for his looks; there was no other expression in his countenance, than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his brother man; he did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavor, he asked, "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone, even here?"

"I come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her when you ——."

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether another man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl?—Oh what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should be happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling, little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispered to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men, *because their hands had been against him.*

I have told the story more at length, and interwoven some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substantially as it was related to me.—The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been colored by the imagination. The silver tankard as an heir loom has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush in upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil with good,—How truly did Jesus Christ know what is in the heart of man,—How true to the best feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society,—How much of our virtue do we owe to our position among men,—How inconsistent with Christian love is it to put to death our brother, *whose crimes arise mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society*,—How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be substituted for the law of force. The reader will not however need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the "silver tankard," by the kindness and innocence of a child.

POEMS BY MARY HOWITT.

A FOREST SCENE

IN THE DAYS OF WICKLIFFE.

A little child she read a book
Beside an open door;
And, as she read page after page,
She wonder'd more and more.

Her little finger carefully
Went pointing out the place;—
Her golden locks hung drooping down,
And shadow'd half her face.

The open book lay on her knee,
Her eyes on it were bent;
And as she read page after page,
The colour came and went.

She sate upon a mossy stone
An open door beside;
And round, for miles on every hand,
Stretch'd out a forest wide.

The summer sun shone on the trees,
The deer lay in the shade;
And overhead the singing birds
Their pleasant clamour made.

There was no garden round the house,
And it was low and small,—
The forest sward grew to the door;
The lichens on the wall.

There was no garden round about,
Yet flowers were growing free,
The cowslip and the daffodil,
Upon the forest-lea.

The butterfly went flitting by,
The bees were in the flowers;
But the little child sate steadfastly,
As she had sate for hours.

"Why sit you here, my little maid?"
An aged pilgrim spake;
The child look'd upward from her book,
Like one but just awake.

Back fell her locks of golden hair,
And solemn was her look,
As thus she answer'd, witlessly,
"Oh, sir, I read this book!"

"And what is there within that book
To win a child like thee?—
Up! join thy mates, the merry birds,
And frolic with the bee!"

"Nay, sir, I cannot leave this book,
I love it more than play;—
I've read all legends, but this one
Ne'er saw I till this day.

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"And there is something in this book,
That makes all care be gone,—
And yet I weep, I know not why,
As I go reading on!"

"Who art thou, child, that thou shouldst read
A book with mickle heed?—
Books are for clerks—the king himself
Hath much ado to read!"

"My father is a forester—
A bowman keen and good;—
He keeps the deer, within their bound,
And worketh in the wood.

"My mother died in Candlemas,—
The flowers are all in blow
Upon her grave at Allonby
Down in the dale below."

This said, unto her book she turn'd,
As steadfast as before;
"Nay," said the pilgrim, "nay, not yet,
And you must tell me more.

"Who was it taught you thus to read?"
"Ah, sir, it was my mother,—
She taught me both to read and spell—
And so she taught my brother;

"My brother dwells at Allonby
With the good monks alway;
And this new book he brought to me,
But only for one day.

"Oh, sir, it is a wondrous book,
Better than Charlemagne,—
And, be you pleased to leave me now,
I'll read in it again!"

"Nay, read to me," the pilgrim said;
And the little child went on
To read of CHRIST, as was set forth
In the Gospel of Saint John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cheeks did slide;
The pilgrim sate, with bended head,
And he wept at her side.

"I've heard," said he, "the Archbishop,
I've heard the Pope of Rome,
But never did their spoken words
Thus to my spirit come!

"The book, it is a blessed book!
Its name, what may it be?
Said she, "They are the words of CHRIST
That I have read to thee;
Now done into the English tongue
For folks unlearned as we!"

"Sancta Maria!" said the man,
Our canons have decreed
That this is an unholy book
For simple folk to read!

"Sancta Maria! Bless'd be God!
Had this good book been mine,
I need not have gone on pilgrimage
To holy Palestine!

"Give me the book, and let me read!
My soul is strangely stirred;—
They are such words of love and truth
As ne'er before I heard!"

The little girl gave up the book,
And the pilgrim, old and brown,
With reverend lips did kiss the page,
Then on the stone sat down.

And aye he read page after page;
Page after page he turn'd;
And as he read their blessed words
His heart within him burn'd.

Still, still the book the old man read,
As he would ne'er have done;
From the hour of noon he read the book
Unto the set of sun.

The little child she brought him out
A cake of wheaten bread;
But it lay unbroke at eventide;
Nor did he raise his head,
Until he every written page
Within the book had read.

Then came the sturdy forester
Along the homeward track,
Whistling aloud a hunting tune,
With a slain deer on his back.

Loud greeting gave the forester
Unto the pilgrim poor;
The old man rose with thoughtful brow,
And enter'd at the door.

The two had sate them down to meat,
And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
How he had eaten on Olivet,
And drank at Jacob's well.

And then he told how he had knelt
Where'er our Lord had pray'd;
How he had in the garden been,
And the tomb where he was laid;—

And then he turn'd unto the book,
And read in English plain,
How Christ had died on Calvary;
How he had risen again;

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And all his comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all,
He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parched soil,
As to the hungry, bread,
So fell upon the woodman's soul
Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus through the midnight did they read,
Until the dawn of day;
And then came in the woodman's son
To fetch the book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech,
His face was pale with dread,
For he said, "The King hath made a law
That the book must not be read,—
For it was such a fearful heresy,
The holy Abbot said."

—

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

THE LAY OF A LANDLESS POET.

Lovely Lady Madeline!
High-born Lady Madeline,
What a heavenly dream had I,
'Neath the moon but yester-e'en!

In thy gracious beauty bright,
In thy bower I saw thee stand,
Looking from its casement out,
With my verses in thy hand,

Birds were singing all around thee,
Flowers were blooming 'neath the wall,
And from out the garden alleys
Chimed the silvery fountain's fall.

But thy thoughts were not of these;
Loveliest Lady Madeline,
Would that, in that blessed hour,
I the folded scroll had been!

Madeline, thy race is proud,
Fierce thy brethren, stern thy sire;
And thy lady-mother's scorn
Withereth like consuming fire.

How is it, sweet Madeline,
That thou art so kind of cheer,
That the lowliest in the house
Thinks of thee with love, not fear.

Even the sour old gardener,
Through the winter's iciest hours,
Works with cheerful-hearted will
If it be to tend thy flowers.

As for me—oh Madeline,
Though thy brethren fierce and high
Scarce would deign to speak my name,
'Twould for thee be heaven to die!

Madeline, my love is madness!
How should I aspire unto thee;
How should I, the lowly-born,
Find fit words to woo thee!

Every goodly chamber beareth
Proudly on its pictured wall,
Lords and ladies of renown,
Richly robed, and noble all.

Not a daughter of thy house
But did mate in her degree;
'Twas for love I learned by rote,
Long years past, thy pedigree!

And in those old chronicles,
Which the chaplain bade me read,
Not a page, but of thy line
Telleth some heroic deed.

And within the chancel aisle,
'Neath their banners once blood-dyed,
Lie the noble of thy house,
In their marble, side by side.

As for me—my father lieth
In the village churchyard-ground,
And upon his lowly head-stone
Only may his name be found.

What am I, that I should love
One like thee, high Madeline!
I, a nameless man and poor,
Sprung of kindred mean.

Without house, without lands,
Without bags of goodly gold;
What have I to give pretence
To my wishes wild and bold!

What have I? Oh, Madeline,
Small things to the poor are great;
Mine own heart and soul have made
The wealth of mine estate.

Walking 'neath the stars at even,
Walking 'neath the summer's noon;
Spring's first leaves of tender green,
And fair flowers sweet and boon:

These, the common things of earth,
But more, our human kind;
The silent suffering of the heart;
The mystery of mind:

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The lowly lot of peasant folk,
Their humblest hopes and fears;
The pale cheek of a woman,
And even children's tears:

All circumstance of mortal life,
The lowly though it be;
And pure thought garnered in the soul,
The wealth of poesy—
Have made me, high-born Madeline,
Not quite unworthy thee!

—

Anything which excites the tenderness of the human heart, and directs it toward heartless customs and cruel prejudices, is doing the work of a missionary in the world's redemption, though it be in the form of a little child-like poem. Who can estimate the blessed influence of Mary Howitt, on future generations? The small seed she plants with such loving diligence, will grow into spreading trees, and nations rest in their shade. Hear her plead for the persecuted Hedge-Hog.

Thou poor little English porcupine,
What a harassed and weary life is thine!
And thou art a creature meek and mild,
And wouldst not harm a sleeping child.

Thou scarce can stir from thy tree-root
But thy foes are up in hot pursuit;
Thou might'st be an asp, or horned snake,
Thou poor little martyr of the brake!

Thou scarce canst put out that nose of thine;
Thou canst not show a single spine,
But the urchin rabble are in a rout,
With terrier curs to hunt thee out.

The poor Hedge-hog! one would think he knew
His foes so many, his friends so few;
For when he comes out, he's in a fright,
And hurries again to be out of sight.

How unkind the world must seem to him,
Living under the thicket dusk and dim,
And getting his living among the roots,
Of the insects small, and dry hedge-fruits.

How hard it must be to be kicked about
If by chance his prickly back peep out;
To be all his days misunderstood,
When he could not harm us if he would!

He's an innocent thing, living under the blame
That he merits not, of an evil name;
He is weak and small,—and all he needs
Lies under the hedge among the weeds.

He robs not man of rest nor food,
And all that he asks is quietude;
To be left by him as a worthless stone,
Under the dry hedge bank alone!

Oh, poor little English porcupine,
What a troubled and weary life is thine!
I would that my pity thy foes could quell,
For thou art ill-used and meanest well.

—

BIRDS.

Oh, the sunny, summer time!
Oh, the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life,
When the year is in its prime!
Birds are by the water-falls
Dashing in the rain-bow spray;
Everywhere, everywhere
Light and lovely there are they!
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills;
Birds are by the sea;

On the moor, and in the fen,
'Mong the whortle-berries green;
In the yellow furze bush
There the joyous bird is seen;
In the heather on the hill;
All among the mountain thyme;
By the little brook-sides,
Where the sparkling water's chime;
In the crag; and on the peak,
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
There the bird with wild wing
Wheeleth through the air.

Wheeleth through the breezy air,
Singing, screaming in his flight,
Calling to his bird-mate,
In a troubleless delight!
In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns up-curl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis and the merle;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
Wakes the mother ring-dove
Brooding on her nest!

Oh, the sunny summer time!
Oh, the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life
When the year is in its prime!
Some are strong and some are weak;
Some love day and some love night:—
But where'er a bird is,
Whate'er loves—it has delight,
In the joyous song it sings;
In the liquid air it cleaves;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nest it weaves!

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Do we wake or do we sleep;
Go our fancies in a crowd
After many a dull care,—
Birds are singing loud!
Sing then, linnet; sing then, wren;
Merle and mavis sing your fill;
And thou, rapturous sky lark,
Sing and soar up from the hill!
Sing, oh, nightingale, and pour
Out for us sweet fancies new!
Singing thus for us, birds,
We will sing of you!

—

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

What are they? gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury;
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
With lordly pomp and state?
Or thankless, liveried serving-men,
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats
Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden, chased cups o'erbrimmed
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchments setting forth
Broad lands our father's held;
Parks for our deer, ponds for our fish;
And woods that may be felled?

No, no, they are not these! or else,
God help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these! our household wealth
Belongs not to degree;
It is the love within our souls—
The children at our knee!

My heart is filled with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasure,
Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving human things,
Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children,
The toiling, though the young,
Gathering with sun-burnt hands
The dusty way-side flowers!
Alas!—that pastime symbolleth
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand—
And this, he kisses tenderly;
And that, sweet names doth call—
For I know he has no treasure
Like those dear children small!

Oh, children young, I bless ye,
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate,
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim—
The Saviour blessed ye while on earth,—
I bless ye in His name!

—

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water side;
Wandering o'er the heathy-fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild;
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean;
Little children may be seen!
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, every where!

In the far isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen;
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Whereso'er the sun hath shone;
On a league of peopled ground;
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! They, in me,
Move a kindly sympathy!
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonders so intense,
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labours and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares.
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

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THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a Cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

They sat in silent watchfulness
The sacred cypress tree about,
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,
Their failing eyes looked out.

Grey Age and Sickness waiting there
Through weary night and lingering day—
Grim as the idols at their side
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;
Unseen of them the island flowers
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;
The cloud-fire on their eye-balls blazed,
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?
The Moslem's sunset-call—the dance
Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam
Of battle-flag, and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf,
Of which the wandering Jogees sing:
Which lends once more to wintry Age
The greenness of its spring.

Oh!—if these poor and blinded ones
In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree,
Whose healing leaves of life are shed
In answer to the breath of prayer
Upon the waiting head:

Not to restore our failing forms,
And build the spirit's broken shrine,
But, on the fainting soul to shed
A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary in our watch
And murmur at the long delay?
Impatient of our Father's time
And His appointed way?

Or, shall the stir of outward things
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
When on the heathen watcher's ear
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong:
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer:
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord
Our hearts can do and dare.

But Oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save:
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee!

It is little:
But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season? 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

T. N. TALFOURD.

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A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire; what, said he to the priest, do ye worship the fire? Not the fire, answered the priest; it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat. Do you then worship the sun as your God? asked the Jew. Know ye not this luminary also, is but a work of that Almighty Creator?

We know it, replied the priest, but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible Being who blesses and preserves all things?

The Israelite thereupon rejoined. Do your people then distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God, and descending, even from this, to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame. Ye amuse the outward but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to them the earthly, ye withdraw from them the heavenly light.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any image or any likeness.

How then do you designate the Supreme Being? asked the Parsee.

We call him Jehovah, Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be; answered the Jew.

Your appellation is grand and sublime, said the Parsee, but it is awful too!

A Christian then drew nigh and said—We call him FATHER.

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other, and said—Here is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart, said they.

Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven, and said with reverence and love—OUR FATHER! And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers.—*F. A. Krummecher.*

TO MY BOOKS.

BY CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take—
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending,
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought;
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings told so well.

ENGLISH DESTITUTION.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
"Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is a Christian's work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! Men, with sisters dear!
O! Men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
And a crust of bread—and rags;
That shatter'd roof; and this naked floor;
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

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"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love and Hope,
But only time for Grief;
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich,—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

A STARVATION ANTHEM FOR THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

Bring forth the babe in pomp and lace,
While thousands starve and curse the light!
But what of that?—on royal face
Shame knows no blush, however slight.
Bring forth the babe; a nation's moans
Will ring sweet music in his ear,
For well we know a people's groans
To royal ears were always dear.

Bring forth the babe;—down, courtiers, down!
And bow your lackey knees in dust
Before a child's beslobbered gown—
(*Our* children cannot find a crust!)
When Christ was born, no servile throng
Around the Saviour's manger met;
No flatterers raised their fulsome song,—
But what was Christ to Albert's pet?

God, who has heard the widow's moan,—
God, who has heard the orphan's cry;
Thou, too, dost sit upon a throne,
But none round thee of famine die!
Things like this babe of royal birth,
Who boast their princely "right divine,"
Are but thy parodies on earth—
Their's is oppression—mercy thine.

Bring forth the babe! From foreign lands
Fresh kingly vampires flock to greet
This new one in its nurse's hands,
(For royal mothers give no teat.)
Bring forth the toy of princely whim,
And let your prayers mount night and day;
For ought we not to pray for him
Who'll *prey on us* enough some day?

O! who would grudge to squander gold
On such a glorious babe as this?
What though *our* babes be starved and cold,
They have no claim on earthly bliss.
Ours are no mongrel German breed,
But English born and English bred;
Then let them live and die in need,
While the plump Coburg thing is fed!

Christen the babe, Archbishop proud,
Strange servant of the lowly Christ;
Thousands are to *your* purse allowed;
For *him* the smallest loaf sufficed.
Though holy water's scanty now,
My lord you may dismiss your fears;
Take to baptize the infant's brow,
A starving people's bitter tears!

SONNET.

BY FRANCES ANN BUTLER.

Whene'er I recollect the happy time
When you and I held converse dear together,
There come a thousand thoughts of sunny weather,
Of early blossoms, and the fresh year's prime.
Your memory lives for ever in my mind
With all the fragrant beauties of the spring,
With od'rous lime and silver hawthorn twin'd,
And many a noon-day woodland wandering.
There's not a thought of you, but brings along
Some sunny dream of river, field and sky:
'Tis wafted on the blackbird's sunset song,
Or some wild snatch of ancient melody.
And as I date it still, our love arose
'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.

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THE EMIGRANT'S FAMILY.

One of the strongest peculiarities—indeed, I may say *passions*—of the Irish, is their devoted fondness for their offspring. A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the Northern lakes. It happened to be what sailors call very *dirty* weather, finished up by a tremendous gale, which obliged us to seek a shelter at a lump of aboriginal barrenness, called Manitou Island, where we were obliged to remain five days. There were a few deck passengers—between five and six hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient for the average time, provisions became alarmingly scarce, and no possibility of a supply. To be sure, there was one venerable ox—a sort of semi-petrifaction, an organic remnant—a poor attenuated, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who obligingly yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite a mercy that we arrived to relieve him from a painful state of suspense; for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breadth had not been extracted, he certainly would not have drawn it by himself

Well, as you may suppose, there was considerable consternation on board. Short—*very* short allowance was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Amongst the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three beautiful children, the eldest about seven years, all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of their fellow passengers could afford them; and as they were scantily supplied, it can readily be imagined how miserably off was the poor family. However, it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin, and their hunger appeased. Gleesome, bright eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, all life and happiness, and in blissful ignorance of the destitution by which they were surrounded.

One day delighted with her *proteges*, the lady happened to say, half jestingly, "I wonder would this poor man part with one of those little darlings? I should like to adopt it."

"I don't know," said I; "suppose we make the inquiry."

The man was sent for, and the delicate business thus opened.

"My good friend," said the lady, "you are very poor, are you not?"

His answer was peculiarly Irish: "poor! my lady," said he. "Be the powers of pewther! if there's a poorer man nor myself troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about aquail."

"Then you must find it difficult to support your children," said I, making a long jump towards our object.

"Is it support thim, sir?" he replied.

"Lord bless ye, I never supported thim. They git supported some how or another; they've niver bin hungry yit—when they are it'll be time enough to grumble."

Irish all over, thought I—to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow look out for itself.

"Well then," I resumed, with a determined plunge, "would it be a relief to you to part from them?"

I had mistaken my mode of attack. He started, turned pale, and with a wild glare in his eyes, literally screamed out:

"A relief! God be good to us, what d'ye mean? A relief? would it be a relief d'ye think, to have the hand chopped from me body; or the heart tore out of me breast?"

"You don't understand us," interposed my philanthropic companion. "Should one be enabled to place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well-doing?"

The tact of woman! She had touched the chord of paternal solicitude; the poor fellow was silent, twisted his head about and looked all bewildered. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest was evident and affecting. At last he said:

"God bless ye me lady, and all that thinks of the poor! Heaven knows I'd be glad to betther the child; it is'nt in regard to myself, but—had'nt I better go and speak to Mary; she's the mother of the child, and t'would be onreasonable to be givin' away her children afore her face and she not know nothing of the mather."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring back word as soon as possible." In about an hour he returned, but with eyes red and swollen; and features pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," inquired I, "what success?"

"Bedad 'twas a hard struggle, sir," said he, "but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give us strength to bear it."

"Very good, and which is it to be?"

"Why, sir, I've been spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Nora here is the ouldest she won't miss the mother so much, and if ye'll jist let her take a partin' kiss she'd give her to yez wid a blessin."

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was not long ere he returned, but when he did he was leading the second oldest.

"How's this?" said I, "have you changed your mind?"

"Not exactly changed me mind, sir," he replied, "but I've changed the crather. You see sir, I've been spakin' to Mary, and whin it come to the ind, be goxey! she could'nt part with Norah, at all; they've got use to aich other's ways; but here's little Biddy—she's purtier far if she'll do as well."

"It's all the same," said I, "let Biddy remain."

"May Heaven be yer guardian!" cried he, snatch-

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ing her up in his arms, and giving her one long and hearty kiss. "God be kind to thim that's kind to you, and thim that offers you hurt or harm, may their sowl niver see St. Pether!" So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend Pat reappeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" said I.

"Why, thin, sir," said he, with an expression of the most comic anxiety, "axin yer honor's pardon for bein' so wake-hearted, whin I begin to think of Biddy's eyes—look at thim, they're the image of her mother's bedad—I could'nt let her go; but here's little Paudeen—he won't be much trouble to any one, for if he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of creation; and if he takes after his father, he'll have a purty hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Take him, sir, and gi' me Biddy."

"Just as you like," said I, having pretty good guess how matters would eventuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, and handed us the little toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us thought I. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed ere Pat rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Paudeen in his arms, he turned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried:

"Look at him sir—jist look at him—it's the youngest. Ye would'nt have the heart to keep him from us. The long and short of it is, I've been spakin to Mary. I did'nt like to let Biddy go; but be me sowl, neither could live half a day without little Paudeen. No, sir; no, we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our children, *unless it's the will of Providence to take them from us.*"

A FUNERAL.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

Slowly and softly let the music go
As ye wind upwards to the gray church tower;
Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low—
Tread lightly on the path-side daisy flower;
For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
Loved by the unsunn'd drops of silver dew;
Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
In prime of even, when the stars are few.
Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould,
Weep with her one brief hour, then turn away,—
Go to hope's prison—and from out the cold
And solitary gratings many a day
Look forth: 'tis said the world is growing old—
And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play.

THE WATER DRINKER'S SONG.

O! water for me! Bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness like infant purity;
O water, bright water for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim,
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew,
And my hand is steady and my eye is true.
O water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yields are vigor and health;
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim—again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb;
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the mighty it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light;
So, water, I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When over the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
O! cheerly then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying and waving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O! sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,
And my dreams are of Heaven the livelong night;
So hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribband and star!

His words seem'd oracles
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him:
Then some would weep, some shout, some, deeper touch'd,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.
The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 'twere noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.

GEORGE CROLY.

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A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
From one stage of our being to the next
We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,
The momentary work of unseen hands,
Which crumbles down behind us; looking back,
We see the other shore, the gulf between,
And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,
Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.
We trace the wisdom to the apple's fall,
Not to the birth-throes of a mighty Truth
Which, for long ages in blank Chaos dumb,
Yet yearned to be incarnate, and had found
At last a spirit meet to be the womb
From which it might leap forth to bless mankind,—
Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with all
The hoarded thoughtfulness of earnest years,
And waiting but one ray of sunlight more
To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray?
We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.
Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,
And have predestined sway: all other things,
Except by leave of us, could never be.
For Destiny is but the breath of God
Still moving in us, the last fragment left
Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
Within our thought, to beckon us beyond
The narrow circle of the seen and known,
And always tending to a noble end,
As all things must that overrule the soul,
And for a space unseat the helmsman, Will.
The fate of England and of freedom once
Seemed wavering in the heart of one plain man:
One step of his, and the great dial hand,
That marks the destined progress of the world
In the eternal round from wisdom on
To higher wisdom, had been made to pause
A hundred years. That step he did not take,—
He knew not why, nor we, but only God,—
And lived to make his simple oaken chair
More terrible and grandly beautiful,
More full of majesty, than any throne,
Before or after, of a British king.

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged men,
Looking to where a little craft lay moored,
Swayed by the lazy current of the Thames,
Which weltered by in muddy listlessness.
Grave men they were, and battlings of fierce thought
Had trampled out all softness from their brows,
And ploughed rough furrows there before their time,
For other crop than such as homebred Peace
Sows broadcast in the willing soil of Youth.
Care, not of self, but of the common weal,
Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left instead
A look of patient power and iron will,
And something fiercer, too, that gave broad hint
Of the plain weapons girded at their sides.
The younger had an aspect of command,—
Not such as trickles down, a slender stream,
In the shrunk channel of a great descent,—
But such as lies entowered in heart and head,
And an arm prompt to do the 'hests of both.
His was a brow where gold were out of place,
And yet it seemed right worthy of a crown,
(Though he despised such,) were it only made
Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
That would have matched his sinewy, brown face.
The elder, although such he hardly seemed,
(Care makes so little of some five short years,)
Had a clear, honest face, whose rough-hewn strength
Was mildened by the scholar's wiser heart
To sober courage, such as best befits
The unsullied temper of a well taught-mind,
Yet so remained that one could plainly guess
The hushed volcano smouldering underneath.
He spoke: the other, hearing, kept his gaze
Still fixed, as on some problem in the sky.

"O, CROMWELL, we are fallen on evil times!
There was a day when England had wide room
For honest men as well as foolish kings;
But now the uneasy stomach of the time
Turns squeamish at them both. Therefore let us
Seek out that savage clime where men as yet
Are free: there sleeps the vessel on the tide,
Her languid canvass drooping for the wind;
Give us but that, and what need we to fear
This Order of the Council? The free waves
Will not say, No, to please a wayward king,
Nor will the winds turn traitors at his beck:
All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord
Will watch as kindly o'er the Exodus
Of us his servants now, as in old time.
We have no cloud or fire, and haply we
May not pass dry-shod through the ocean-stream;
But, saved or lost, all things are in His hand."
So spake he, and meantime the other stood
With wide gray eyes still reading the blank air,
As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw
Some mystic sentence, written by a hand,
Such as of old did awe the Assyrian king,
Girt with his satraps in the blazing feast.

"HAMPDEN! a moment since, my purpose was
To fly with thee,—for I will call it flight,
Nor flatter it with any smoother name,—

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But something in me bids me not to go;
And I am one, thou knowest, who, unmoved
By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed
And reverence due to whatsoe'er my soul
Whispers of warning to the inner ear.
Moreover, as I know that God brings round
His purposes in ways undreamed by us,
And makes the wicked but his instruments
To hasten on their swift and sudden fall,
I see the beauty of his providence
In the King's order: blind, he will not let
His doom part from him, but must bid it stay
As 't were a cricket, whose enlivening chirp
He loved to hear beneath his very hearth.
Why should we fly? Nay, why not rather stay
And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,
Not, as of old the walls of Thebes were built,
By minstrel twanging, but, if need should be,
With the more potent music of our swords?
Think'st thou that score of men beyond the sea
Claim more God's care than all of England here?
No: when He moves his arm, it is to aid
Whole peoples, heedless if a few be crushed,
As some are ever when the destiny
Of man takes one stride onward nearer home.
Believe it, 't is the mass of men He loves;
And, where there is most sorrow and most want,
Where the high heart of man is trodden down
The most, 't is not because He hides his face
From them in wrath, as purblind teachers prate:
Not so: there most is He, for there is He
Most needed. Men who seek for Fate abroad
Are not so near his heart as they who dare
Frankly to face her when she faces them,
On their own threshold, where their souls are strong
To grapple with and throw her; as I once,
Being yet a boy, did throw this puny king,
Who now has grown so dotard as to deem
That he can wrestle with an angry realm,
And throw the brawned Antæus of men's rights.
No, Hampden! they have half-way conquered Fate
Who go half-way to meet her,—as will I.
Freedom hath yet a work for me to do;
So speaks that inward voice which never yet
Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on
To noble deeds for country and mankind.
And, for success, I ask no more than this,—
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true, whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end,
Although it be the gallows or the block?
'T is only Falsehood that doth ever need
These outward shows of gain to bolster her.
Be it we prove the weaker with our swords;
Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,
And there's such music in her, such strange rhythm,
As make men's memories her joyous slaves,
And cling around the soul, as the sky clings
Round the mute earth, forever beautiful,
And, if o'erclouded, only to burst forth
More all-embracingly divine and clear:
Get but the truth once uttered, and 't is like
A star newborn, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

"What should we do in that small colony
Of pinched fanatics, who would rather choose
Freedom to clip an inch more from their hair,
Than the great chance of setting England free?
Not there, amid the stormy wilderness,
Should we learn wisdom; or, if learned, what room
To put it into act,—else worse than naught!
We learn our souls more, tossing for an hour
Upon this huge and ever-vexed sea
Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck
Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,
Than in a cycle of New England sloth,
Broke only by some petty Indian war,
Or quarrel for a letter, more or less,
In some hard word, which, spelt in either way,
Not their most learned clerks can understand.
New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
We cannot bring Utopia at once;
But better, almost, be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.
No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds:
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had felled
The goodly framework of a fairer state;
The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
Are seldom wielded by the selfsame hand;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the aftertime.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap

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The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come: I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart,
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever: better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants, *tyrants*, and maintain,
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by his grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

"I will have one more grapple with the man
Charles Stuart: whom the boy o'ercame,
The man stands not in awe of. I, perchance,
Am one raised up by the Almighty arm
To witness some great truth to all the world.
Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,
And mould the world unto the scheme of God,
Have a foreconsciousness of their high doom;
As men are known to shiver at the heart,
When the cold shadow of some coming ill
Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares.
Hath Good less power of prophecy than Ill?
How else could men whom God hath called to sway
Earth's rudder, and to steer the bark of Truth,
Beating against the wind toward her port,
Bear all the mean and buzzing grievances,
The petty martyrdoms, wherewith Sin strives
To weary out the tethered hope of Faith,
The sneers, the unrecognizing look of friends,
Who worship the dead corpse of old king Custom,
Where it doth lie in state within the Church,
Striving to cover up the mighty ocean
With a man's palm, and making even the truth
Lie for them, holding up the glass reversed,
To make the hope of man seem further off?
My God! when I read o'er the bitter lives
Of men whose eager hearts were quite too great
To beat beneath the cramped mode of the day,
And see them mocked at by the world they love,
Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths
Of that reform which their hard toil will make
The common birthright of the age to come,—
When I see this, spite of my faith in God,
I marvel how their hearts bear up so long;
Nor could they, but for this same prophecy,
This inward feeling of the glorious end.

"Deem me not fond; but in my warmer youth,
Ere my heart's bloom was soiled and brushed away,
I had great dreams of mighty things to come;
Of conquest, whether by the sword or pen
I knew not; but some conquest I would have,
Or else swift death: now, wiser grown in years,
I find youth's dreams are but the flutterings
Of those strong wings whereon the soul shall soar
In aftertime to win a starry throne;
And so I cherish them, for they were lots
Which I, a boy, cast in the helm of Fate.
Now will I draw them, since a man's right hand,
A right hand guided by an earnest soul,
With a true instinct, takes the golden prize
From out a thousand blanks. What men call luck
Is the perogative of valiant souls,
The fealty life pays its rightful kings.
The helm is shaking now, and I will stay
To pluck my lot forth; it were sin to flee!"

So they two turned together; one to die,
Fighting for freedom on the bloody field;
The other, far more happy, to become
A name earth wears forever next her heart:
One of the few that have a right to rank
With the true Makers: for his spirit wrought
Order from Chaos; proved that right divine
Dwelt only in the excellence of Truth;
And far within old Darkness' hostile lines
Advanced and pitched the shining tents of Light.
Nor shall the grateful Muse forget to tell,
That—not the least among his many claims
To deathless honor—he was Milton's friend,
A man not second among those who lived
To show us that the poet's lyre demands
An arm of tougher sinew than the sword.

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A DAY IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

One ramble through the woods with me,
Thou dear companion of my days!
These mighty woods, how quietly
They sleep in autumn's golden haze!

The gay leaves twinkling in the breeze,
Still to the forest branches cling,
They lie like blossoms on the trees—
The brightest blossoms of the spring.

Flowers linger in each sheltered nook,
And still the cheerful song of bird,
And murmur of the bee and brook,
Through all the quiet groves are heard.

And bell of kine that sauntering browse,
And squirrel, chirping as he hides
Where gorgeously, with crimson boughs,
The creeper clothes the oak's gray sides.

How mild the light in all the skies!
How balmily this south wind blows!
The smile of God around us lies,
His rest is in this deep repose.

These whispers of the flowing air,
These waters that in music fall,
These sounds of peaceful life, declare
The Love that keeps and hushes all.

Then let us to the forest shade,
And roam its paths the live-long day;
These glorious hours were never made
In life's dull cares to waste away.

We'll wander by the running stream,
And pull the wild grape hanging o'er,
And list the fisher's startling scream,
That perches by the pebbly shore.

And when the sun, to his repose,
Sinks in the rosy west at even,
And over field and forest throws
A hue that makes them seem like heaven.

We'll overlook the glorious land,
From the green brink of yonder height,
And silently adore the hand
That made our world so fair and bright.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray:
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen:
Aid it, hopes of honest men:
Aid, it paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play;
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
Lo! the right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

SONNET.

BY JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious Night! when our first Parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless Orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

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VOICES OF THE TRUE-HEARTED.

No. 17.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
  That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
  Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
  Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
  Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
  Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
  Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
  Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
  Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
  Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
  To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
  His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
  Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
  Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
  Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

LABOR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us!
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us!
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
  Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
  Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart;
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;—
From the small insect, the rich coral bower,
  Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
  Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-syrens that lures us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—Thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow!
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not though shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
  Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good,—be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! True labor is noble and holy;—
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

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A LYRIC FOR THE TIMES.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro:
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathy with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Have ye chosen, O my people, on whose party ye shall stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shake its dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet the Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon-actions see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twix old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate;
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin."

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Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey:
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, when the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the Cross stands ready, and the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves:
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime,—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse, which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailor? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away,
To light up the martyr-faggots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward, still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh, no!—not e'en when first we loved,
  Were thou as dear as now thou art,
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
  But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but passion's sigh before,
  Has since been turned to reason's vow:
And though I then might love thee more,
  Trust me, I love thee better now!

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
  Might kindle with more wild desire;
Believe me it has gained in truth
  Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core
  That then but sparkled on my brow;
And though I seemed to love thee more,
  Yet oh I love thee better now.

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THE FALCONER

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I have a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine,
No bird had ever eye so fearless
Or wing so strong as this of mine;
The winds not better love to pilot
The clouds with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
A star above the sunken sun.

But better he loves the lusty morning
When the last white star yet stands at bay,
And earth, half-waked, smiles a child's forewarning
Of the longed-for mother-kiss of day;
Then with a lark's heart doth he tower,
By a glorious upward instinct drawn,—
No bee nestles deeper in the flower,
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

What joy to see his sails uplifted
Against the worst that gales can dare,
Through the northwester's surges drifted,
Bold viking of the sea of air!
His eye is fierce, yet mildened over
With something of a dove-like ruth,
I am his master less than lover,—
His short and simple name is Truth.

Whene'er some hoary owl of Error
Lags, though his native night be past,
And at the sunshine hoots his terror,
The falcon from my wrist I cast;
Swooping, he scares the birds uncleanly
That in the holy temple prey,
Then in the blue air floats serenely
Above their hoarse anathema.

The herd of patriot wolves, that, stealing,
To gorge on martyred Freedom run,
Fly, howling, when his shadow, wheeling,
Flashes between them and the sun;
Well for them that our once proud eagle
Forgets his empire of the sky,
And, stript of every emblem regal,
Does buzzard's work for Slavery.

Mount up, my falcon brave and kingly,
Stoop not from thy majestic height,
The terror of thy shadow, singly,
Can put a thousand wrongs to flight;
Wherever in all God's dominions
One ugly falsehood lurks apart,
Let the dread rustle of thy pinions
Send palsy to its traitor-heart.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
Shudders to see thee overhead;
The rush of thy fierce swooping bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread;
Let frauds and wrongs and falsehoods shiver,
For, still, between them and the sky,
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever,
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

LOVE AND LIVE.

I said once, madly, that I'd hate my race,
For so much base ingratitude and wrong
As it had measured out to me, in place
Of justice, which it had deferred so long.
My best affections I thought wasted long enough,
On what rewarded only with a cold rebuff.

I turned away, and went in search of rest
And peace in Nature's quiet solitude:—
Here all I found with loving kindness blest,
And here I found for resignation,—food:—
Here first I learnt to know myself, and sought to know
What I was for, and what for all things live and grow.

In stagnant pools I saw the lily nourished
By fragrant roses on their borders shaded;
I saw the woodbine here with ivy flourished,
And birds for pleasure in their waters waded;
I saw pink meadow-sweet by poison hemlock grow,
And read a lesson here—a truth that all should know.

I wandered to the woods and cheerful groves,
And found them full of joy and melody;
The birds seemed happy singing of their loves,
And nought seemed lonely I could hear or see;
The flowers gave their bloom and fragrance to each other,
And all seemed near akin—as near as friend or brother.

The trees were social and the flowers and birds,
And nothing lonely was, nor yet unloved;
All seemed to chide my mood almost in words,
More eloquent than I could hear unmoved;
To make bird-cradles, vines and branches interlocked,
And floral bells sang lullabies as these were rocked.

I saw that nothing could exist alone—
That all was made *by* love, and lived *for* love;
And all that lived in borrowed colors shone—
All bade me back to love and friendship move.
I went, and tried my best to love my fellow-men,
And by the law of life abide, and live again.

THE GOOD.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

"The Prophets, do they live forever."—*Zech.* 1. 5.

Those spirits God ordained
To stand the watchmen on the outer wall,
Upon whose soul the beams of truth first fall,
They who reveal the Ideal, the unattained,
And to their age, in stirring tones and high,
Speak out for God, Truth, Man and Liberty—
Such Prophets, do they die?

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When dust to dust returns,
And the freed spirit seeks again its God,—
To those with whom the blessed ones have trod,
Are they then lost? No, still their spirit burns
And quickens in the race; the life they give
Humanity receives, and they survive
While Hope and Virtue live.

The land-marks of their age,
High-Priests, Kings of the realm of mind are they,
A realm unbounded as posterity;
The hopeful future is their heritage;
Their words of truth, of love and faith sublime,
To a dark world of doubt, despair and crime,
Re-echo through all time.

Such kindling words are thine,
Thou o'er whose tomb the requiem soundeth still,
Thou from whose lips the silvery tones yet thrill
In many a bosom, waking life divine;
And since thy Master to the world gave token
That for Love's faith the creed of fear was broken,
None higher have been spoken.

Thy reverent eye could see,
Though sinful, weak, and wedded to the clod,
The angel soul still as the child of God
Heir of His love, born to high destiny:
Not for thy country, creed or sect speak'st thou,
But him who bears God's image on his brow,
Thy *brother*, high or low.

Great teachers formed thy youth,*
As thou didst stand upon thy native shore;
In the calm sunshine, in the ocean's roar,
Nature and God spoke with thee, and the truth
That o'er thy spirit then in radiance streamed,
And in thy life so calmly, brightly beamed,
Shall still shine on undimmed.

Ages agone, like thee,
The famed Greek with kindling aspect stood
And blent his eloquence with wind and flood
By the blue waters of the Egean Sea;
But he heard not their everlasting hymn,
His lofty soul with error's cloud was dim,
And thy great teachers spake not unto him.

* "In this town I pursued my theological studies. I had no professor to guide me, but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice now so frequented as a public library; the other was the beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of the power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of winds and waves. There began happiness surpassing all worldly pleasure, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the work of God."—*Dr. Channing's Discourse at Newport, R.I.*

A TRUE PATRIOT.

BY JAMES C. FIELDS.

It is related that when Socrates fell a victim to the passions of a partial tribunal, and a deluded people, and all his disciples were terrified into flight, his friend Isocrates had the honorable intrepidity to appear in the streets of Athens with the mourning garb.

Ha! leave ye, in affright,
That sad, unmanly sight,—
The corse alone!
Have you not one true heart,
That thus from him ye part?
Are all,—all gone?

Reel back, ye cowering slaves!
Blanch, ye Athenian knaves,
With pallid fear!
Look where the true man stands,—
Look! for the dead commands,
The grey-haired seer!

Gaze on the patriot now,
With still unruffled brow,
In mourning robes;
Tremble! he fears ye not—
Stand back! he seeks the spot—
Grief his heart probes!

See how your soil he spurns,
A lofty soul he mourns,
Low bows his head.
Say, can ye longer sleep?
Weep! guilty cowards, weep!
Weep for the dead.

Ay! let the rushing tear
Down every cheek appear,
In sorrow driven.
Pale are the lips that spoke,
Hushed are the tones that woke
Calm thoughts of heaven!

Haste! matron, maid, and son,—
Cry to each slumbering one,
"Behold the slain."
Pass on through every street,
Bid every voice ye meet
Take up the strain!

Go, charge the flying Greek
That reverend form to seek,
That silent bier;
Let not the city's walls
Hold back your frenzied calls,
The *world* must hear!

Oh! ye have crushed the tie
Which bound that pulse; no sigh
Can break the spell;
In vain ye crowd around,
He hears no sob, no sound,
God-like!—Farewell!

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GONE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

——— "Gone before
To that unseen and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning?"—LAMB.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps fell,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And, grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well belov'd of ours.

LIGHT.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

God said, 'Let there be light!'
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then, startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, 'Tis day! 'tis day!'

'Hail, holy light!' exclaim'd
The thunderous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmur'd, 'Light'

Then was the sky-lark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon,
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod;
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the MIND of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone,
In light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds, is gone!

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Where time the measure of his hours
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
And like a young bride crowned with flowers,
Far Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her grateful gifts impart,
Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown
In the warm soil of Persian hearts;

There sat the stranger, where the shade
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long, and still, and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,
Strange odors filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,
Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,
As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened feelings new and sad,—
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,
Nor church with Sabbath bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,
And grey-beard Mollahs in low tones
Chanting their Koran service through.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conquerer knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,
The Sun's hot glances smote him through,

The flowers which smiled on either hand
Like tempting fiends, were such as they
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,
As gifts on demon altars lay.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,
"The hope which led my footsteps on,
And light from Heaven around them shed,
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

"Where are the harvest fields all white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight
From the dark hiding place of sin?

"A silent horror broods o'er all—
The burden of a hateful spell—
The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

"And what am I, o'er such a land
The banner of the Cross to bear?
Dear Lord uphold me with thy hand,
Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet
In mild rebuke, a floweret smiled—
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew
Its life from alien air and earth,
And told to Paynim Sun and Dew
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,
The Persian plants its beauty screened;
And on its pagan sisterhood,
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt,
Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air;
And angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

SONG.

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS.

What woke the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire—
But sunlight's touch—the kind—the warm—
This woke the mystic lyre!
This, this, awoke the lyre!

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Their music forth on life,
Like a sweet voice, prevailing o'er
The sounds of torrent strife?
Oh! not the conflict midst the throng,
Nor e'en the triumph's hour;
Love is the gifted and the strong
To wake that music's power!
His breath awakes that power!

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FOREFATHERS' DAY.

The 225th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated at Plymouth on the 22d inst. with the usual empty declamation about their virtues, sufferings and sacrifices. Among those who made speeches at the dinner given on the occasion were Edward Everett and Rufus Choate,—men who have not an atom of moral heroism in their composition, and who stand in this evil generation, where the time-serving and pusillanimous in all ages have stood. Respecting this matter, we find in the Boston Courier, of Tuesday last, the following original lines, which 'cut to the quick,' and which, though unaccompanied by any name or signature, we are almost certain were written by that true poet of Humanity and Freedom, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—*Liberator, for 2nd mo.* 2, 1846.

—

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH.

"I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds."—*Hamlet.*

I sate one evening in my room
In that sweet hour of twilight,
When mingling thoughts,—half light, half gloom,—
Throng through the spirit's skylight;
The flames by fits curl'd round the bars,
And up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped, like falling stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

I sate and mused; the fire burned low,
And, o'er my senses stealing,
Crept something of that ruddy glow
Which bloomed on wall and ceiling;
My pictures (they are very few,
The heads of ancient wise men,)
Smoothed down their knotty fronts, and grew
As rosy as excisemen.

Mine ancient, high-backed Spanish chair
Felt thrills through wood and leather
That had been strangers long since, while,
'Mid Andalusian heather,
The oak, that made its sturdy frame,
His happy arms stretched over
The ox, whose fortunate hide became
The bottom's polished cover.

It came out in that famous bark
That brought our sires intrepid,
Capacious as another ark
For furniture decrepid;
For as that saved of bird and beast
A pair for propagation,
So has the seed of these increased,
And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery seats;
But those slant precipices
Of ice, the northern sailor meets,
Less slippery are than this is;
To cling therein would pass the wit
Of royal man or woman,
And whatsoe'r can stay in it
Is more or less than human.

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestion,
When, as my musing eye grew fixed
Upon the chair in question,
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
Were somewhat worn and musty.

Now even those men whom nature forms
Only to fill the street with,
Once changed to ghosts by hungry worms,
Are serious things to meet with.
Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
And, though I'm not averse to
A cheerful ghost, they are not folks
One chooses to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of some mighty sum
Behind the wainscot buried?
There is a buccaneerish air
About that garb outlandish—
Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, "My name is Standish."

There was a bluntness in his way
That pleased my taste extremely;
The native man had fullest play,
Unshackled by the seemly:
His bold, gray eye could not conceal
Some flash of the fanatic,
His words, like doughty blows on steel,
Rang sharply through my attic.

"I come from Plymouth, deadly bored
With songs and toasts and speeches
As long and flat as my old sword,
As threadbare as my breeches;
They understand us Pilgrims! they,
Smooth men with rosy faces,
Strength's knots and gnarls all pared away,
And varnish in their places!

"We had some roughness in our grain;
The eye to rightly see us is
Not just the one that lights the brain
Of drawing-room Tyrtæuses;—
Such talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthrights high and holy!—
A mountain stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.

He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
That were not good at bending;
The homespun dignity of Man
He thought was worth defending;
He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
His country's shame forgotten,
Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er
While all within was rotten.

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These loud ancestral boasts of yours,
How can they else than vex us?
Where were your patriot orators
When Slavery grasped at Texas?
Dumb on his knee was every one
That now is bold as Cæsar;—
Mere pegs to hang an office on
Such stalwart men as these are!"

"Good sir," I said, "you seem much stirred,
The sacred compromises"—
"Now God confound that dastard word,
My gall thereat arises!
Northward it has this sense alone,
That you, your conscience blinding,
Shall bow your fool's nose to the stone,
When Slavery feels like grinding.

"While knaves are busy with their charts
For new man-markets seeking,
You want some men with God-stirred hearts
And good at downright speaking.
The soul that utters the North should be
Too wide for self to span it,
As chainless as her wind-roused sea,
As firm-based as her granite.

"'Tis true we drove the Indians out
From their paternal acres,
Then for new victims cast about,
And hung a score of Quakers;
But, if on others' rights we trod,
Our own, at least, we guarded,
And with the shield of faith in God
The thrusts of danger warded.

"O shame, to see such painted sticks
In Dane's and Winthrop's places,
To see your 'Spirit of Seventy-six'
Drag humbly in the traces,
With Slavery's lash upon her back,
And herds of office holders
To shout huzzas when, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders!

"*We*, forefathers to such a rout?
No, by my faith in God's word!"
Half rose the ghost, and half drew out
The ghost of his old broad-sword;
Then thrust it slowly back again,
And said, with reverent gesture,
"No, Freedom, no! blood should not stain
The hem of thy white vesture.

"I feel the soul in me draw near
The hill of prophesying;
In this bleak wilderness I hear
A John the Baptist crying;
Far in the East I see unleap
The first streaks of forewarning,
And they who sowed the light shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe,
Light in our day of sorrow,
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
The glory of thy morrow;
I hear great footsteps through the shade
Draw nigher still and nigher,
And voices call like that which bade
The prophet come up higher."

I looked, no form my eyes could find,
I heard the cock just crowing,
And through the window-cracks the wind
A dismal tune was blowing;
Thought I, my neighbour Buckingham
Hath somewhat in him gritty,
Some Pilgrim stuff that hates all sham,—
Perchance he'll print my ditty.

FROM "DREAM LOVE."

How slight is a smile or a kind word to the giver—how much it may be to the receiver. So little do we know of the thoughts and feelings of those who move about us, so little does the inward and hidden world correspond with the outward and apparent, that we cannot calculate our influence, and when we think that trivial offices of kindness, which cost us nothing, may make flowers to spring up in another's heart, we should be slow to refuse them. This passing jest may have built the climax to an argument, which shall turn a struggling soul from out the path of duty—that word of encouragement afforded the prompting impulse which shall last forever. We cannot help the bias which others take from us. No man can live for himself, though he bury himself in the most eremitical caverns. We, as it were, are an illimitable and subtly entangled chain in the vast mechanism of Nature. The vibration of one link sounds along the whole line.

Life is after all just what we choose to make it—and no man is so poor that he can not shape a whole world for himself even out of nothing. When I stand under the trees of another, and see the yellow morning gleaming through their tall shafts, and broken into a magnificent, illuminated oriel by the intervening leaves; when I look down the forest's sombre aisles, and hear the solemn groaning of the oaks, wrestling with the night blast, as if they struggled in prayer against an evil spirit—is it not my world that I behold, do I not own the silent stars that seem to fly through the clouds—and is not the large and undulating stretch of summer landscape mine, which my moving eye beholds? The power of enjoyment is the only true ownership that man can have in nature, and the landed proprietor may walk landless as MacGregor, though the world

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may call him the wealthy owner of a thousand acres. The poorest painter that ever passes his estate owns more of it than he; the little school-girl who stops to list his robin's song, or to dabble in his running brook, or to chase his butterfly, or to pluck his dandelion, owns more of all his land than he ever knew there was to own. I do not covet your broad woodlands, they are mine now—here from my window, all, as far as I can see, is mine,—I pay no taxes.

Habit steals the sweetness out of our pleasures. The hard drudgery of a week's work makes the silence of the seventh day its blessing. To the city man of business, the few free hours in which he can smell the fresh air of the country, are by far pleasanter for the tedious routine of his common life. Sleep is sweetened by labor. The poor student whose hard earned dollar was pressed out of aching needs and privations, and given for the book he coveted, sweetens his life and soul by it—but the rich virtuoso has no dark vista of expectation and desire, to heighten the charm of the object he purchases. Never was play so good as in the quarter hour at recess, hemmed in between the walls of study. Too much tasting vitiates the palate. We artists live the best lives. We are like children, lured on by the scent of flowers in a green and pleasant meadow, which, though they are seldom found, make the seeking a delight. Art thus entices us gently on. The mechanical is so harmoniously connected with the intellectual, that mind and body are both satisfied. We smell a perfume after which all common things, dusty and scentless in themselves, seem vivified and transfigured. The old barn-yard, the gnarled oak and the stunted willow, and every sunset and sunrise, and all the clouds, and all human faces, become full of interest for us. They are no longer tame and prosaic, but filled with an ever-shifting beauty. Had we only the ideal, we should soon give up, but the constant contact of the actual, from which our problem is to shape out the ideal, gives a sincerity and truth to all our aspirations and labors. Our brushes and paints lie between the picture and our hands, and between the conception and its embodiment there is a great deal of actual work. Thus a pleasant vibration is constantly kept up between the spirit and the sense. Along the pencil runs the thought to bury itself in the canvass, as the lightning from heaven flashes along the iron rod to seek the earth. We are kept from being too visionary by a constant necessity of reducing all our feelings and emotions and ideas, to something actual and visible. Thus we can sit and realize our ideal world—and is not this the greatest joy?

I wandered out into the moonlight to be alone. I sat down upon a rock beside the water. The waves beat gently around its base, and the gleaming path of flickering light, paved with myriads of sparkles, seemed to invite me to walk over the bosom of the sea into the distant horizon. The few large stars shone steadily—and the rest had withdrawn behind the veil of the moonlight into their fathomless blue chambers. No! Science is not opposed to Poetry, it only opens a wider field. When I think that each of those sparkling points that I see above me sprinkled over the blue shell of the sky, is a distant world that spins along its meted course forever, and that its twinkling is but the incessant obscuration caused by the passage of invisible atoms across its disk; when I know that some of them are double, and of complementary color, though they seem to us as one, do I not find a lofty truth therein, which is full of Poetry? We need not fear that science shall crowd poetry out of nature, by depriving it of mystery—for ever the web grows more complicate, and the secret more unfathomable. Yet the imaginative may well fear, for it is our stand point, that enables us to find poems in the common life of every day. This dry muscle-shell which lies beside me, will grow translucent and veined with a thousand curious hues and prismatic lights, as soon as the salt spray touches it. And so when the commonest fact of nature is wet from the fountain of inspiration, it shows its thousand radiant, yet hidden beauties. Custom and convention alone kill the poetry out of nature. Laws of society, which are barren forms, hang lead weights upon the young enthusiastic Apollo. Every youthful heart, which in its first flush of hope would clasp the world to its bosom, finds that it clasps a cold mailed body—stuffed with a trite commonplace, instead of the genial glowing spirit that it sought. Enthusiasm is unfashionable—the ideal, a bore—high projects are foolish transcendentalism—and when the bewhipped heart, after it has run its gauntlet, turns and asks, what is true and good? "Our forms," says the world, and he consents for sake of peace.

——— I have been looking out of my window into the moon-light. The fresh air as it blew in, fluttered the flame of my candle, which stood on the mantel, and threatened momentarily to extinguish it. Being in a superstitious mood, I determined not to move it, but to try my fate by it. If it were blown out, my love would also melt away. If it resisted the wind and burned on, my love was not a foolish fancy, but would live to shed light and happiness around me. I have watched with curiosity, for some time, the struggle between the wind and the candle. Now it seems as if the wind would get the better, for the flame hangs fluttering around the wick, and seems barely to keep its hold. And now again the wind flags, and the flame burns brightly and steadily. So it is with me. Love, the flame, now burning brightly, and now threatened with doubt and distrust. How universally this desire of snatching an intimation of the future out of the passing facts of the present, possesses the mind of man. Do we not, when anxious for an undetermined result, endeavor to strengthen our belief in what we hope,

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by watching the chance ending of trivial facts then pending, and attaching an encouraging and significant interpretation to one of the two issues. Yes we cannot build up so strong a wall of confidence, that it needs no prop to sustain it. And we are willing but too often that chance shall decide, when reason and judgment are wavering. And yet our destiny is almost the creation of our will—and often when a peculiar providence seems to have directed the result, and to have aided the individual, he in fact has created the circumstances and fashioned the event. When we are broken down in hope, and drowning, we grasp at straws. If a chance happen in our favor it gives us faith—and belief in our ability is the touchstone to success. When we have taken counsel in moments of hesitation, from chance throws of dice, from fates cut in a book, and the result has proved fortunate as thereby indicated, is it not the faith which the chance decision has inspired, that decided the issue? When Robert Bruce lay on his pallet watching the spider, and saw him make six unsuccessful attempts to fasten its web to a beam above his head, and then determined, that if the insect succeeded in his seventh attempt, he also, who had six times failed in his efforts for the freedom of his country, would make one more trial; was it not the faith which the final success of the indefatigable insect inspired, that was the guaranty of victory, and under the guidance of which, defeat and failure were next to impossible? We can do, what we do not doubt that we can do. All great minds have a settled fearlessness and confidence, which looks like inspiration. Napoleon conquered and intimidated all Europe, by his sublime faith in himself. After marshalling all his resources and omitting no precaution which pointed even dimly to success, he had over and above this, a fiery faith, which spread like wildfire over his whole army, which conquered the most fearful odds, and which strode over and crushed all doubt to the earth. No army could withstand that desperate resolution, which never harbored a doubt of its own ability. Without this faith, he might have possessed his eagle insight, his quick instinct, his rapid combination, his subtle calculation and foresight, still never have grasped the hydra of anarchy, and tamed it to submission, even while its fangs were dripping with gore, nor have waded through the blood of Europe to an imperial throne. If we have no faith in ourselves, who is to have faith in us? No great man is astonished at his own success.

For dubious meanings learned polemics strove,
And words on faith prevented works of love.

CRABBE.

THE POOR MAN'S DEATH BED.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! how great soe'er,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that wretched bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No whispering courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with pale thin hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—agen
That short, deep gasp—and then
The parting groan.

O change, oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized,—and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the senseless clod;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

SONNET.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I thank ye, oh ye ever noiseless stars!
That ye do move so silent, in your high
Eternal marches through the voiceless sky.
When Earth's loud clamor on the spirit jars,
—The Captive's groans, the victor's loud huzzas,
And the worn toilers' deepening hunger cry,
Then from your height ye gaze so placidly,
That the low cares whose fretful breathing scars
Life's holy deeps, shrink back abashed before
The love-sad meekness of your still rebuke,
And the calmed soul forgets the earth-storm's roar
In the deep trust of your majestic look,
Till through the heart by warring passions torn,
Some pulse of your serener life is born.

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ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I do not come to weep above thy pall,
  And mourn the dying-out of noble powers;
The poet's clearer eye should see, in all
  Earth's seeming woe, the seed of Heaven's flowers.

Truth needs no champions: in the infinite deep
  Of everlasting Soul her strength abides,
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
  Through Nature's veins her strength, undying, tides.

Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,
  Where force were vain, makes conquests o'er the wave;
And love lives on and hath a power to bless,
  When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of death-strewn fields,
  And Glory's epitaph is writ in blood;
But Alexander now to Plato yields,
  Clarkson will stand where Wellington hath stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
  And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,—
  One onward step of Truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants link their chain;
  The poet sings through narrow dungeon-grates;
Man's hope lies quenched;—and, lo! with steadfast gain
  Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack, and cross
  Make up the groaning record of the past;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
  And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
  Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
  When he who called it forth is but a name.

Therefore I cannot think thee wholly gone,
  The better part of thee is with us still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
  And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good things;
  What words thou spak'st for Freedom shall not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings
  To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

And often, from that other world, on this
  Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
  And clothe the Right with lustre more divine.

Thou art not idle: in thy higher sphere
  Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength, to perfect what it dreamed of here,
  Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

For sure, in Heaven's wide chambers, there is room
  For love and pity, and for helpful deeds;
Else were our summons thither but a doom
  To life more vain than this in clayey weeds.

From off the starry mountain-peak of song,
  Thy spirit shows me, in the coming time,
An earth unwithered by the foot of wrong,
  A race revering its own soul sublime.

What wars, what martyrdoms, what crimes, may come,
  Thou knowest not, nor I; but God will lead
The prodigal soul from want and sorrow home,
  And Eden ope her gates to Adam's seed.

Farewell! good man, good angel now! this hand
  Soon, like thine own, shall lose its cunning, too,
Soon shall this soul, like thine, bewildered stand,
  Then leap to thread the free unfathomed blue:

When that day comes, O, may this hand grow cold,
  Busy, like thine, for Freedom and the Right;
O, may this soul, like thine, be ever bold
  To face dark Slavery's encroaching blight!

This laurel-leaf I cast upon thy bier;
  Let worthier hands than these thy wreath entwine;
Upon thy hearse I shed no useless tear,—
  For me weep rather thou in calm divine!

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,—
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,—
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

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THE WASTED FLOWERS.

On the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird which warbled at her side.

The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet, and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream—"Bring back my flowers." But the stream danced along, regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And, long after, amidst the wailing of the breeze and the fitful bursts of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry,—"Bring back my flowers."

Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed on thee—see in the thoughtless impulsive child, an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings on all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent GIVER.

Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the weeping child—"Bring back my flowers." And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past—"Bring back my flowers."

The Lowell Offering.

EPITOME OF WAR.

BY "THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice.—They eyed each other awhile in silence, with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow.

'What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?'

'What's that to you, Donald? I'll look whar I've a mind, an' hinder me if you daur.'

To this a hearty blow was the return; and then began such a battle! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general. At first they fought at a distance, with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length, coming hand to hand, they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received.

I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing one party, I asked, 'What are you fighting those boys for? What have they done to you?'

'O, naething at a', maun; we just want to gie them a gude thrashin'—that's a'.'

My remonstrance was vain; at it they went afresh; and after fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between the combatants, himself covered with blood and his clothes all torn to tatters, and addressed the opposing party thus:—'Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye—*if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.*' There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scampered away to their play.

That scene was a lesson of wisdom to me. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that this trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out for themselves the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after an immense waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' condition—'*if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.*'

THE FREE MIND.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Written by him while despotically imprisoned in Baltimore, in 1831, on a charge for libel; he having published an article against a New England merchant by the name of Todd, who freighted a vessel with slaves for the New Orleans market.

HIGH walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fire-side tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

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THE REVELLERS.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

There were sounds of mirth and revelry,
In an old ancestral hall,
And many a merry laugh rang out,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely pass'd around,
And the red wine freely quaff'd;
And many a heart beat high with glee,
And the joy of the thrilling draught—
In that broad and huge ancestral hall,
Of the times that were, of old.

A voice arose as the lights grew dim,
And a glass was flourished high,
"I drink to Life!" said a Reveller bold,
"And I do not fear to die.
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant, Death;
For he's but a grim old gentleman,
And wars but with his breath."
A boast well worthy a revel rout
Of the times that were, of old.

"We drink," said all, "We drink to life,
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of quick wings sweeping by;
And soon the old latch was lifted up,
And the door flew open wide,
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride;
In visor and cloak, like a secret knight
Of the times that were, of old.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchan rite,
And I drink the toast ye have fill'd to drink,
The pledge of yon dauntless knight;
Fill higher—Fill higher—we drink to life,
And we scorn the vagrant, Death,
For he's but a grim old gentleman,
And wars but with his breath."
A pledge well worthy a revel rout
Of the times that were, of old.

"He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he wears a martial brow;
Oh, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!"
The Reveller stood in deep amaze—
Now flash'd his fiery eye;
He muttered a curse—then shouted loud,
"Intruder, thou shall die!"
And his sword leap'd out, like a Baron's brave
Of the times that were, of old.

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
When a phantom before him stood,
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
That curdled his boiling blood.
He stirred not again, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
Then the Reveller fell at the Phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—DEATH!
In that broad and high ancestral hall,
Of the times that were, of old.

TO A WATERFOWL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side.

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

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THE FAREWELL

Of a Virginia Slave Mother to her Daughters, sold into Southern Bondage.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the Fever Demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,
To their cheerless homes again—
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play—
From the cool spring where they drank—
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the Spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy, we played;—
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow:
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;—
We have laughed at little jests
When the fount of love was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts;—
But laughter now hath fled thy lips,
And sullen glooms thy brow:
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow,—
We have been sad together—
Oh, what shall part us now?

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THE FEMALE MARTYR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Mary G—, aged 18, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

"Bring out your dead!" the midnight street
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet—
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet—
Her coffin and her pall.
"What—only one!" The brutal hackman said,
As, with an oath, he spurn'd away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As roll'd that dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
The dying turn'd him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!—
Onward it roll'd; while oft its driver stay'd,
And hoarsely clamor'd, "Ho!—bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;
"Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—
With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one—
Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,
Together trodden in the church-yard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there—
No white-robed sisters round thee trod—
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,
Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallow'd taper gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer!—there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,
Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night,
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O high soul'd martyr!—thou wast there,
Inhaling from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hush'd as a seraph's fell thy tread—
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!
How turn'd to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,
An angel's features—a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Ere being's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had seal'd her early vow—
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward;
Thine is a treasure far more dear—
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard,—
The joys prepared—the promised bliss above—
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy—
These have but frail and fading honors;—thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea—and, when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall,—
The herald's line of long renown—
The mitre and the kingly crown—
Perishing glories all!
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part!

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some,
Whose blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

P. J. BAILEY.

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VOICES OF THE TRUE-HEARTED.

No. 18.

POEMS ON SOME INCIDENTS OF ANTI-SLAVERY.

Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart,
With feelings all too delicate for use?

COLERIDGE.

The general history of any one radical reform is the history of all. There is, at first, the deep conviction of right, and devotedness to the truth whatever betide, opposed by the scorn, loathing, and hatred of the mass. Then comes open violence beating down, if possible, the firm endurance of men who have foreseen the peril and do not fear to brave it. Then is heard above the clamor the voices of some few whom the world calls noble, who yet by the world's love are not altogether corrupt. And then peal upon peal arise the shouts of victory after victory by those who, once dispised, are now going on conquering and to conquer. Then high names are given to martyrs; and men believing them to be God-sent, and therefore inimitable, sit down with folded arms while the roar, it may be, of a yet mightier combat is raging around them.

Such was the case when Socrates drank the hemlock; when Jesus was the Word-made-flesh, and was nailed to the cross; when Luther rocked Catholicdom with its array of soulless mummeries and countless heresies, to its foundation; when George Fox shook priestdom in England sorely; and when Sharpe and Wilberforce and Clarkson pleaded for the rights against the powers of men, and gave to the world a most noble proof of Truth's might. And such too, is now the case when Anti-Slavery—that only democracy which our nation has—defying the triple alliance of Love of Power with Love of Gold and Hatred of Man, has kept to the breeze its banner these more than twenty years, bearing it up and down through church aisles and legislative halls, flapping it in the faces of drowsy wealth and rank, and, from beneath it, pouring out defiance and resolve upon the startled ear of oppression.

In that warfare have been many incidents right worthy of the poet's song. And well have some of them been used. I have hastily thrown together such poems upon them as are at hand, with this eulogium—that never in any struggle did more Manly and Christian poetry gush up from the deep fountains of the soul.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

Late President of Western Reserve College.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"He fell a martyr to the interests of his *colored brethren*. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy: and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent."—*Correspondent of the 'Liberator,' 16th of 11th mo.* 1833.

Thou hast fallen in thine armor,
Thou martyr of the Lord!
With thy last breath crying—"Onward!"
And thy hand upon the sword.
The haughty heart derideth,
And the sinful lip reviles,
But the blessing of the perishing
Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling
The added drop is given,
And the long suspended thunder
Falls terribly from Heaven,—
When a new and fearful freedom
Is proffer'd of the Lord
To the slow consuming Famine—
The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood
Shall be swept away in wrath,
And the temple shall be shaken
With its idol to the earth,—
Shall not thy words of warning
Be all remember'd then?
And thy now unheeded message
Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter
Its nettles on thy tomb,
And even Christian bosoms
Deny thy memory room;

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For lying lips shall torture
Thy mercy into crime,
And the slanderer shall flourish
As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the South-wind lingers
On Carolina's pines,
Or, falls the careless sunbeam
Down Georgia's golden mines,—
Where now beneath his burthen
The toiling slave is driven,—
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offer'd unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its alters
Wet o'er with human blood,
And Pride and Lust debases
The workmanship of God—
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeem'd from Falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the *slave* shall be a *man!*

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
A thousand hearts are warm—
A thousand kindred bosoms
Are baring to the storm.
What though red-handed Violence
With secret Fraud combine,
The wall of fire is round us—
Our Present Help was thine!

Lo—the waking up of nations,
From Slavery's fatal sleep—
The murmur of a Universe—
Deep calling unto Deep!
Joy to thy spirit, brother!
On every wind of Heaven
The onward cheer and summons
Of FREEDOM'S SOUL is given!

Glory to God for ever!
Beyond the despot's will
The soul of Freedom liveth
Imperishable still.
The words which thou hast utter'd
Are of that soul a part
And the good seed thou hast scatter'd
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
And the trials yet to come—
In the shadow of the prison,
Or the cruel martyrdom—
We will think of thee, O brother!
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive,
And the anthem of the free.

SONG OF THE FREE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Living, I shall assert the right of FREE DISCUSSION; dying, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of FREE PRINCIPLES, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them."—*Daniel Webster.*

Pride of New England!
Soul of our fathers!
Shrink we all cravan-like,
When the storm gathers?
What though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where's the New Englander
Shamefully cowering?
Graves green and holy
Around us are lying,—
Free were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's
Padlocks and scourges!
Go—let him fetter down
Ocean's free surges!
Go—let him silence
Winds, clouds, and waters—
Never New England's own
Free sons and daughters!
Free as our rivers are
Ocean-ward going—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be:
Freedom for ever!
Truce with Oppression,
Never, oh! never!
By our own birthright-gift,
Granted of Heaven—
Freedom for heart and lip,
Be the pledge given!

If we have whisper'd truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Sterner and stronger;
Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur;
God and our charter's right,
Freedom for ever!
Truce with Oppression,
Never, oh! never!

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CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, "*The* CLERGY *of all denominations attended in a body*, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!"

Just God!—and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The task'd and plunder'd slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church which lends
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke.

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
And, in your tassel'd pulpits, thank the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a Priesthood barter truth away,
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not thy hand stretch'd forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a Common Father down!
To all who plunder from th' immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the Priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of A WORLD'S LIBERTY.

Oh! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known
As in their home above.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died on the 17th of the 9th month, 1836, a devoted Christian and Philanthropist.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing!
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves!
In the white robe of angels clad!
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God for ever!

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee
Our tears are shed—our sighs are given:
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finish'd thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When Autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride;
And at the bondman's tale of woe,
And for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweeping;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping!
Oh! for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man!
Oh! for thy spirit, tried and true,
And constant in the hour of trial,
Prepared to suffer, or to do,
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh! for that spirit, meek and mild,
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining—
By man deserted and reviled,
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
Still prompt and resolute to save
From scourge and chain the hunted slave!
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
Even where the fires of Hate are burning,
Th' unquailing eye of innocence
Alone upon th' oppressor turning!

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O loved of thousands! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quicken'd its dying grass again!
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh! for the death the righteous die,
An end, like Autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shining;
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening Heaven!
As if that pure and blessed light,
From off th' Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing, in its upward flight,
The spirit to its worship going!

LINES.

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions, in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's "Bill of Abominations" to a second reading, in the Senate of the United States.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where's the spirit
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their *names* alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quench'd within us?
Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us
To silence now?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name, let us speak while there is time!
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
SILENCE IS CRIME!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors
Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman seek the free to fetter?
Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high?
And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger
Day after day?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher' skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion
Round rock and cliff—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken
A PEOPLE'S VOICE.

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd and lowly,
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter
With all they left ye peril'd and at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

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THE VOICE OF BLOOD.

BY J. BLANCHARD.

Elijah Parrish Lovejoy was shot down by a mob at Alton Illinois, 11th mo. 7th, 1837, for exercising in his paper his right of free speech with regard to American Slavery.

I'm the voice of blood! and I wail along
As the winds sweep sullenly by;
All choked and still is its wonted song,
As soft, or solemn, or brisk, or strong,
It sung to the answering sky.
One breath, one shuddering breath—a moan
Like the flap of a pall on a coffin of stone,
Or a dead man's long last sigh!

It comes to thee, ALTON, by day or by night,
Where Freedom's champion stood;
And the child, when he hears it, shall cry for light,
Though the sun is high, and the day is bright;
And the mother, in frantic mood,
Shall shriek as it mutters, the cradle near,
In a whisper so loud that the dead might hear,
"I AM BLOOD!—THE VOICE OF BLOOD!"

In street, lane, and alley, in parlor and hall,
That sepulchre voice is there
Crying—"'Hear, hear the martyr's imploring call!
O God! see the blood!—how it follows the ball,
As he sinks like the song of despair;
But I come—the precursor of sorrow, I come
In church-aisle and dwelling, in cellar and dome,
To cry with the tongue of the air;—

"'O could ye not hear when the young mother plead
For the babe starting wild by her side?—
Must her husband's cold bosom then pillow her head,
And her warm kiss, impressed on the lips of the dead,
Excite no emotion but pride!
I tell thee, Proud City, the vengeance of God,
Shall be felt, if not feared, on thy Golgotha sod,
Where the Martyr of Liberty died.'"

Wake, wake, ILLINOIS! for through prairie and glen
There is blood!—there's the voice of blood!
It bids thee arouse, or the rust on their chain
Shall scar the fair necks of your daughters—a stain
Bleach'd alone by your hearts' hot flood;
Your sons low in manacles crouch at your feet
Where the prairie-fowl starts at the young lambkins' bleat,
In the fields where your free dwellings stood.

Rouse, rouse thee!—or purchase for Freedom a shroud,
And bury your hopes in her grave,—
Then, hush'd be the glee of your laborers proud,
As, driven with the mule and the ass, in a crowd
They slink to the task of a slave,
With a curse on their lip and a scowl in their eye,
As they mope by your tomb-stones and tauntingly cry—
"Ho! here go the sons of the brave?"

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Weep—for a brother fallen!—weep for him
Who first hath found a glorious martyrdom!
Weep for the broken heart!—the desolate home,
Whose light of gladness is for ever dim!
Who of us, next, on Slavery's bloody altar
Shall meet his doom? Thou only knowest, God!
Yet will we tread the path our brother trod,
Trusting in Thee! Our spirits shall not falter
Amid the darkness of the coming strife,
Though drunk with agony the soul should reel!
Here, LOVEJOY! on thy bloody grave we kneel,
And pledge anew our fortune—honor—life—
All—for the slave!
Farewell!—thy rest is won!
One tear for thee—then, strengthened, press we on!

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes;
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords;
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,
And, underneath their soft and flowery words,
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good.

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A WORD FROM A PETITIONER.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

What! our petitions spurned! The prayer
Of thousands,—tens of thousands,—cast
Unheard, beneath your Speaker's chair!
But ye *will* hear us, first or last.
The thousands that, last year, ye scorned,
Are millions now. Be warned! Be warned!

Turn not, contemptuous, on your heel;—
It is not for an act of grace
That, suppliants, at your feet we kneel,—
We stand;—we look you in the face,
And say,—and we have weighed the word,—
That our petitions SHALL be heard.

There are two powers above the laws
Ye make or mar:—they're our allies.
Beneath their shield we'll urge our cause,
Though *all* your hands against us rise.
We've proved them, and we know their might;
The CONSTITUTION and the RIGHT.

We say not, ye shall snap the links
That bind you to your dreadful slaves;
Hug, if ye will, a corpse that stinks,
And toil on with it to your graves!
But, that ye *may* go, coupled thus,
Ye never shall make slaves of *us*.

And what, but more than slaves, are they,
Who're told they ne'er shall be denied
The right of prayer; yet, when they pray,
Their prayers, *unheard*, are thrown aside?
Such mockery *they* will tamely bear,
Who're fit an iron chain to wear.

'The ox, that treadeth out the corn,
Thou shalt not muzzle.'—Thus saith God.
And will ye muzzle the free-born,—
The *man*,—the owner of the sod,—
Who 'gives the grazing ox his meat,'
And you,—his servants here,—your seat?

There's a cloud, blackening up the sky!
East, west, and north its curtain spreads;
Lift to its muttering folds your eye!
Beware! for, bursting on your heads,
It hath a force to bear you down;—
'Tis an insulted people's frown.

Ye may have heard of the Soultán,
And how his Janissaries fell!
Their barracks, near the Atmeidán,
He barred, and fired;—and their death-yell
Went to the stars,—and their blood ran,
In brooks, across the Atmeidán.

The despot spake; and, in one night,
The deed was done. He wields, alone,
The sceptre of the Ottomite,
And brooks no brother near his throne.
Even now, the bow-string, at his beck,
Goes round his mightiest subject's neck;

Yet will *he*, in his saddle, stoop,—
I've seen him, in his palace-yard,—
To take petitions from a troop
Of *women*, who, behind his guard,
Come up, their several suits to press,
To state their wrongs, and ask redress.

And these, into his house of prayer,
I've seen him take; and, as he spreads
His own before his Maker there,
These women's prayers he hears or reads;—
For, while he wears the diadem,
He is instead of God to them.

And this he *must* do. He may grant,
Or may deny; but *hear* he must.
Were his Seven Towers all adamant,
They'd soon be levelled with the dust,
And 'public feeling' make short work,—
Should he not hear them,—with the Turk.

Nay, start not from your chairs, in dread
Of cannon-shot, or bursting shell!
These shall not fall upon your head,
As once upon your house they fell.
We have a weapon, firmer set,
And better than the bayonet;—

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;—'tis the ballot-box.

Black as your deed shall be the balls
That from that box shall pour like hail!
And when the storm upon you falls,
How will your craven cheeks turn pale!
For, at its coming though ye laugh,
'T will sweep you from your hall, like chaff.

Not women, now,—the *people* pray.
Hear us,—or *from* us ye will hear!
Beware!—a desperate game ye play!
The men that thicken in your rear,—
Kings though ye be,—may not be scorned.
Look to your move! your stake!—YE'RE WARNED.

1837.

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THE TOCSIN.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

'If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, *the pulpit is false to its trust.*'—D. WEBSTER.

Wake! children of the *men* who said,
'All are born free!'—Their spirits come
Back to the places where they bled
In Freedom's holy martyrdom,
And find *you* sleeping on their graves,
And hugging there your chains,—ye slaves!

Ay,—slaves of slaves! What, sleep ye yet,
And dream of Freedom, while ye sleep?
Ay,—dream, while Slavery's foot is set
So firmly on your necks,—while deep
The chain, her quivering flesh endures,
Gnaws, like a cancer, into yours?

Hah! say ye that I've falsely spoken,
Calling you slaves?—Then prove ye're *not*;
Work a free press!—ye'll see it broken;*
Stand to defend it!—ye'll be shot.—†
O yes! but people should not dare
Print what 'the brotherhood' won't bear!

Then from your *lips* let words of grace,
Gleaned from the Holy Bible's pages,
Fall, while ye're pleading for a race
Whose blood has flowed through chains for ages;
And pray,—'Lord, let thy kingdom come!'
And *see* if ye're not stricken dumb.

Yes, men of God! *ye* may not speak,
As, by the Word of God, ye're bidden;
By the pressed lip,—the blanching cheek,
Ye feel yourselves rebuked and chidden;‡
And, if ye're not cast out, ye fear it;—
And why?—'The brethren' will not hear it.

Since, then, through pulpit, or through press,
To prove your freedom ye're not able,
Go,—like the Sun of Righteousness,
By wise men honored,—to a stable!
Bend *there* to Liberty your knee!
Say *there* that God made all men free!

Even there,—ere Freedom's vows ye've plighted,
Ere of her form ye've caught a glimpse,
Even there are fires infernal lighted,
And ye're driven out by Slavery's imps.*
Ah, well!—'so persecuted they
The prophets' of a former day!

Go, then, and build yourselves a hall,
To prove ye are not slaves, but men!
Write 'FREEDOM,' on its towering wall!
Baptize it in the name of PENN;
And give it to her holy cause,
Beneath the Ægis of her laws;—

Within let Freedom's anthem swell;—
And, while your hearts begin to throb,
And burn within you —— Hark! the yell,—
The torch,—the torrent of the MOB!—
They're Slavery's troops that round you sweep,
And leave your hall a smouldering heap!†

At Slavery's beck, the prayers ye urge
On your own servants, through the door
Of your own Senate,—that the scourge
May gash your brother's back no more,—
Are trampled underneath their *feet*,
While *ye* stand praying in the street!

At Slavery's beck, ye send your sons‡
To hunt down Indian wives or maids,
Doomed to the lash!—Yes, and their bones,
Whitening 'mid swamps and everglades,
Where no friend goes to give them graves,
Prove that ye are not Slavery's slaves!

At Slavery's beck, the very hands
Ye lift to Heaven, to swear ye're free,
Will break a truce, to seize the lands
Of Seminole or Cherokee!
Yes,—tear a *flag*, that Tartar hordes
Respect, and shield it with their swords!§

* Bear witness, heights of Alton!

† Bear witness, bones of Lovejoy!

‡ Bear witness, 'Grounds of Complaint preferred against the Rev. John Pierpont, by a Committtee of the Parish, called "The Proprietors of Hollis street Meeting house," to be submitted to an Ecclesiastical Council, as Reasons for dissolving his Connexion with said Parish, July 27th, 1840: one of which runs thus: Because 'of his too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits;—of his too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of imprisonment for debt;—of his too busy interference with the popular controversy on the subject of the abolition of slavery.' And this, in the eighteen hundred and fortieth year of Him whom the Lord sent 'to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound!'

* Bear witness, that large 'upper room,' the hay-loft over the stable of the Marlborough Hotel, standing upon the ground now covered by the Marlborough Chapel; the only temple in Boston, into which the friends of human liberty, that is, of the liberty of man as *man*, irrespective of color or caste, could gain admittance for the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, January 25th, 1837. Bear witness, too, that smaller room in Summer street, where a meeting was held the same day, by members of the same Society; where their only altar was an iron stove,—their only incense, the fumes of a quantity of cayenne pepper, that some of the 'imps' had sprinkled upon the hot stove-plates, to drive the friends of the freedom of all men out of that little asylum.

†Bear witness, ye ruins of 'Pennsylvania Hall!'—a heap of ruins made by a Philadelphia mob, May 17th, 1838,—and allowed to remain a heap of ruins, as I was lately told in Philadelphia, from the fear, on the part of the city government, that, should the noble structure be reared again, and dedicated again to Liberty, the fiery tragedy of the 17th of May would be *encored*.

‡ Bear witness, Florida war, from first to last.

§ Bear witness, ghost of the great-hearted, broken-hearted Osceola!

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Vengeance is thine, Almighty God!
To pay it hath thy justice bound thee;
Even now, I see thee take thy rod,—
Thy thunders, leashed and growling round thee;
Slip them not yet, in mercy!—Deign
Thy wrath yet longer to restrain!—

Or,—let *thy* kingdom, Slavery, come!
Let Church, let State, receive thy chain!
Let pulpit, press, and hall be dumb,
If so 'the brotherhood' ordain!
The Muse her own indignant spirit
Will yet speak out;—and men shall hear it.

Yes;—while, at Concord, there's a stone
That she can strike her fire from still;
While there's a shaft at Lexington,
Or half a one on Bunker's Hill,
There shall she stand and strike her lyre,
And Truth and Freedom shall stand by her.

But, should she *thence* by mobs be driven,
For purer heights she'll plume her wing;—
Spurning a land of slaves, to heaven
She'll soar, where she can safely sing.
God of our fathers, speed her thither!
God of the free, let me go with her!
1838.

ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY,

Secretary of the Boston Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gone before us, O our brother,
To the spirit-land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Who shall offer youth and beauty
On the wasting shrine
Of a stern and lofty duty,
With a faith like thine?

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting
Who again shall see?
Who, amidst the solemn meeting,
Gaze again on thee?—
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
Wear so calm a brow?
Who, with evil men before us,
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
Brother of our love!
Autumn's faded earth around thee,
And its storms above!
Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And, with future showers,
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,
Not a silvery streak;
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing
On thy fair young cheek;
Eyes of light and lips of roses,
Such as Hylas wore—
Over all, that curtain closes
Which shall rise no more!

Will the vigil Love is keeping
Round that grave of thine,
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping
Over Sibmah's vine—
Will the pleasant memories, swelling
Gentle hearts, of thee,
In the spirit's distant dwelling
All unheeded be?

If the spirit ever gazes,
From its journeyings back;
If the immortal ever traces
O'er its mortal track;
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us
Sometimes on our way,
And, in hours of sadness, greet us
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the spirit-land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Unto Truth and Freedom giving
All thy early powers,
Be thy virtues with the living,
And thy spirit ours!

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THE SLAVE SHIPS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"——— That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."
Milton's Lycidas.

The French ship Le Rodeur, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves, (only half a wine glass per day being allowed to an individual,) and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another was smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June* 17, 1820.

"All ready?" cried the captain;
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
"Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—
"Now let the sharks look to it—
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the Spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compress'd.
"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growl'd through that matted lip—
"The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell!
The ringing clank of iron—
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—
The starving infant's moan—
The horror of a breaking heart
Pour'd through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness—
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of Heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cool'd in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fetter'd and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above—
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
Rang upward unto Thee?
Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard—
The last wave caught its stain—
And the unsated shark look'd up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * *

Red glow'd the Western waters—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand—
Curse on't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laugh'd—but only
His echo'd laugh replied—
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.

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"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"
And, as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur,
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy—
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind:

"Help *us!* for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship 's the slaver Leon—
We've but a score on board—
Our slaves are all gone over—
Help—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone—
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan.
Wail'd from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

* * * *

In the sunny Gaudaloupe
A dark hull'd vessel lay—
With a crew who noted never
The night-fall or the day.
The blossom of the orange
Was white by every stream,
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever
And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hill-side,
And the streamlet of the dell;
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles as full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
To the ever darkened eye;
For, amidst a world of beauty,
The slaver went abroad,
With his ghastly visage written
By the awful curse of God!

HUSBANDS FOR FEMALE PETITIONERS.

Henry A. Wise "presented a memorial of ladies and gentlemen of Halifax County, in the state of Virginia, praying Congress to furnish husbands, at public expense, to all female petitioners upon subjects relating to slavery, thereby giving direction to their minds culculated to make them good matrons, and averting the evils with which the priestcraft and fanaticism of the Eastern states threaten the people of the South *Journal of Congress.*

Furnish husbands to *us?*—where *your* influence extends,
Do you deem there are any we'd rank with our friends?—
That the humblest among us, would e'er join her hand
With one who belongs to your soul-selling band?
No! though wand'ring an exile o'er land and o'er sea—
No! while upon earth there's one spot for the free!

Would we take the protection your fetters bestow?
The *kindness* you force on your relatives? No!
Your sons and your brothers, with faces "so light
Unless closely observ'd they'd be taken for white,"
Seek the kindness of strangers;—your daughters are sold
To those who coin sinews and souls into gold.

But for us—(for the blessing we humbly thank Heaven,)
To our minds "a direction" has long since been given
That has made us such 'matrons,' such sisters and friends,
(The tree you know grows as the slender twig bends,)
Such *teachers*, that yet you may tremble and bow
To the young sons of freemen were fostering now,

Believe not your MURDERS will force them to yield:
You will find that "six Richmonds" are left "in the field;"
Neath our banner of Freedom, there still will be men
With Burleigh's devotion and Whittier's pen.

Could they see you but pause in your guilt-branded course
With one human feeling, one pang of remorse,
They would hail your repentance: And well do you know
From the best purest fountain their warm feelings flow,—
That those feelings by insult and murder are met;—
But their strength is from Heaven.—They'll conquer you yet.

Nov. 1837.

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"THE ONE IDEA."

BY SARAH JANE CLARKE.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"

Our glorious one Idea!
From the source of life it came,
And it shineth far and mounteth high,
An ever living flame.

Then let it burn! what mortal hand
Its fiery wing shall bind?
For it hath reached the moral wastes,
The prairies of the mind!

It sweepeth off the wild, rank growth
Of prejudice and wrong,
As, fanned by mighty viewless wings,
It rolls and leaps along!

Our men are men of "One Idea!"
Ah, thou must elsewhere turn
For gloomy and unsocial churls,
Ascetics hard and stern

For pilgrims toiling on to pay
Their cold reluctant vows—
For prophets, in woe's sackcloth clad,
And dust upon their brows.

Thus come our band—impassioned zeal
Lights their uncowering eyes,
And on their brows a cheerful faith
Like Heaven's own sunshine lies!

Their father's glory, as an Ark,
Moving in light before them—
The promises of Freedom's God,
As rainbows bending o'er them!

Their foes, like pirates half o'ercome,
Stand fierce and stern at bay,
Or like a sullen convict gang,
Go scowling on their way;—

But as to some high festival,
Our glad band sweeps along—
And now rings out a joyous laugh,
And now peels out a song!

Their steeps keep time to freedom's march,
Sounding within the soul,
And high, and broad, and startling truths
Their daring hands unroll,

And rear with bold, exulting shouts,
Aloft in freedom's air,
Till they float before a gazing world
As glorious banners, there!

Our wives, our girls, of "One Idea!"
In each devoted mind
It dwells in beauty and in power,
Like a deity enshrined.

They are no slavish devotees,
Cloistered in gloom and night,
Their life is like a morn in May,
Flowers, dew, and warm sunlight:

The flowers of good and modest deeds,
The dew of generous love,
The sunlight of that perfect peace
Which cometh from above.

They have that strong, brave, soaring hope
Which true-soul freedom brings,
That earnest, fearless, fervent faith,
In all good, blessed things!

That beautiful, impassioned love,
That worship of the truth,
That flings around their fleeting years,
Immortal bloom and youth.

So far beneath their lofty gaze
Rank's vain distinctions lie,
They could stand before a crowned queen
And look her in the eye,—

Then turn, and smile on honest worth,
Though Monarchs on it frowned—
And bow to royal intellect,
Though by the world uncrowned.

And yet no stern Zenobias,
No maids of Orleans they,
Ye seek in vain their gentle forms
Amid the stormy fray;

But once name Freedom's holy war
A crusade mad and vain,
And dare to sneer at human rights,
As phantoms of the brain—

Then cringe beneath each lightning glance
Their proud eyes on thee fling,
As in their souls the "One Idea"
Unfurls its flashing wing!

Now blessed Father of us all,
God of the bond and free!
Regard in mercy still our foes,
The foes of liberty!

Lead them from error's labyrinth,
To tread the paths of right—
Pour on their poor benighted minds,
Truth's clear and perfect light!

Oh! break upon the sleep of death
That wraps their moral powers—
Breathe in them as a living soul,
This "One Idea" of ours!

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MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, (Va.) in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The blast from Freedom's northern hills, upon its Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay:
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horseman's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go—
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of Commerce swell, but none are spread for War.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand forgoes its honest labor here;
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank,
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape-Ann.

The cold North light, and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
False to their father's memory—false to the faith they loved,
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,
Must *we* of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell—
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood-hounds' yell—
We gather, at your summons, above our father's graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow,
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and calm, and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

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All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden, ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the 'cleaving curse' that writes upon your plains,
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the *shambles* where human flesh is sold—
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame, and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men;
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang.

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as of one—
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington—
From Norfolk's ancient villages; from Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,
Swelled up to heaven the thrilling cry of 'God save Latimer!'

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray—
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters—
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've hunted for our lives—
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

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We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen—to wrestle while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For Freedom and Humanity, is registered in Heaven:
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our Land!

TEXAS.

THE VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen,
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion crouching low,
Like a night-storm rising slow,
Like the tread of unseen foe,

It is coming—it is nigh!
Stand your homes and altar by!
On your own free hearthstone die!

Clang the bells on all your spires!
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal fires!

From Wachusett, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flaming heralds speak!

O, for God and Duty stand
Heart to heart and hand to hand
Round the old graves of your land!

Whoso shrinks and falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow.

We have only left us space
For a free and fearless race,—
Nor for traitors false and base.

Like the angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of time,

In the proud ear of the South,
With one heart and with one mouth,
Utter Freedom's mighty oath:

"Make our union-bond a chain,—
We will snap its links in twain,
We will stand erect again!

"Give us bright though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

"Keep your land of sun and bloom,
Only leave to Freedom room
For her forge and plough and loom.

"Take your slavery-blackened vales,
Give us but our own free gales
Blowing on our thousand sails.

"Live as paupers, mean and vile
On the fruits of unpaid toil,
Locusts of your glorious soil!

"Live, if it be life to dwell
In your tyrant citadel,
Mined beneath by fires of hell!

"*Our* bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow.

"And, when vengeance lights your skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes
As the damned on Paradise!

"We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's brown and honest hand,

"Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the pilgrim's rugged sod
Blessed of our father's God!"

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THE BRANDED HAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In 1836, Capt. Jonathan Walker, a citizen of Massachusetts, removed with his family to Florida, and in that territory resided till 1842, when he returned to his native State. During his residence at the South, he *hired*, but never *owned* slaves—and while they were in his employ, he treated them as our Northern farmers and mechanics are accustomed to treat their laborers—recognizing their rights as *men*, instead of regarding them as "*chattels personal*." While this course won the confidence and good will of the slaves, it was anything but agreeable to the slaveholders.

In pursuance of his lawful business, Captain Walker visited Pensacola, in the month of June, 1844. While there, seven men—the same, we understand, who had worked for him during his residence in Florida—applied to him for a passage to Nassau, where they might enjoy that *Liberty* which is the inalienable right of all. Captain Walker, in obedience to the great law of humanity, received them on board his vessel—a small, open boat—and proceeded along the coast, towards the destined haven. Exposed to the broiling sun, Capt. Walker was soon taken sick, and continued very ill for many days. On the 8th of July, when off Cape Florida, they were discovered by a wrecker, which took them all captive—as clear an act of *piracy* as was ever committed upon the high seas. They were taken into Key West, where Capt. Walker was thrust into jail, loaded with double irons—thence he was conveyed in the hold of a United States vessel, to Pensacola, where he was examined before a magistrate and committed to prison in default of $10,000 bail. Though greatly emaciated, and in feeble health, he was thrust into a cell unsupplied with either chair, table, or bed, and was chained to the floor. No physician was sent him, and no attention whatever was paid to his enfeebled condition. Here he remained till the following November, when he was taken before the United States Court, tried and convicted upon four indictments, for aiding the escape of slaves, and sentenced to pay a fine of $150, stand in the pillory one hour, be branded with the letters S. S. (slave stealer) on the right hand, and suffer imprisonment fifteen days. The whole sentence was carried into execution—the branding was done by binding his hand to a post, and applying a red hot iron to the palm, which left the letters an inch long and about an eighth of an inch deep. The branding was performed by a recreant yankee from Maine, whose name is DORR. Let it be embalmed in eternal infamy. "After the fifteen days of imprisonmnet had expired, he was retained in consequence of inability to pay the fine and costs of court, amounting to something over $400. On the 6th of February last, while yet in prison, three more indictments were found against him for aiding slaves to escape. On the 9th of May he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of $5 on each offence. This was the smallest sum the law would allow, and Capt. Walker returned his thanks to the Jury for their leniency. On the 16th of June he was liberated by the assistance of friends, who paid the fine, and on the 10th of July last arrived in New York."

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain,
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?
When all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out
On the great heart of Humanity too legible for doubt!
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given to honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations as they crowd our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars,
The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimetars,
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true SHECHINAH, the present home of GOD!

For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine—

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While the multitude in blindness to a far off SAVIOUR knelt;
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present SAVIOUR dwelt;
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto HIM!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling schoolmen know;
God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels only can,
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is MAN!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of GOD!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophesy 'SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!'
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that sign,
When it points its fingers southward along the Puritan line:
Woe to the state's gorged leeches, and the church's locust band,
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that HAND!

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;
Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when
Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Ye build the tombs of the Prophets."—HOLY WRIT.

Yes—pile the marble o'er him! It is well
That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,
And planted in the pathway of his life
The ploughshares of your hatred, hot from hell,
Who clamored down the bold reformer when
He pleaded for his captive fellow men,
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought
Within thy walls, St. Tamany, to bind
In party chains the free and honest thought,
The angel utterance of an upright mind,—
Well it is now that o'er his grave ye raise
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame.

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